

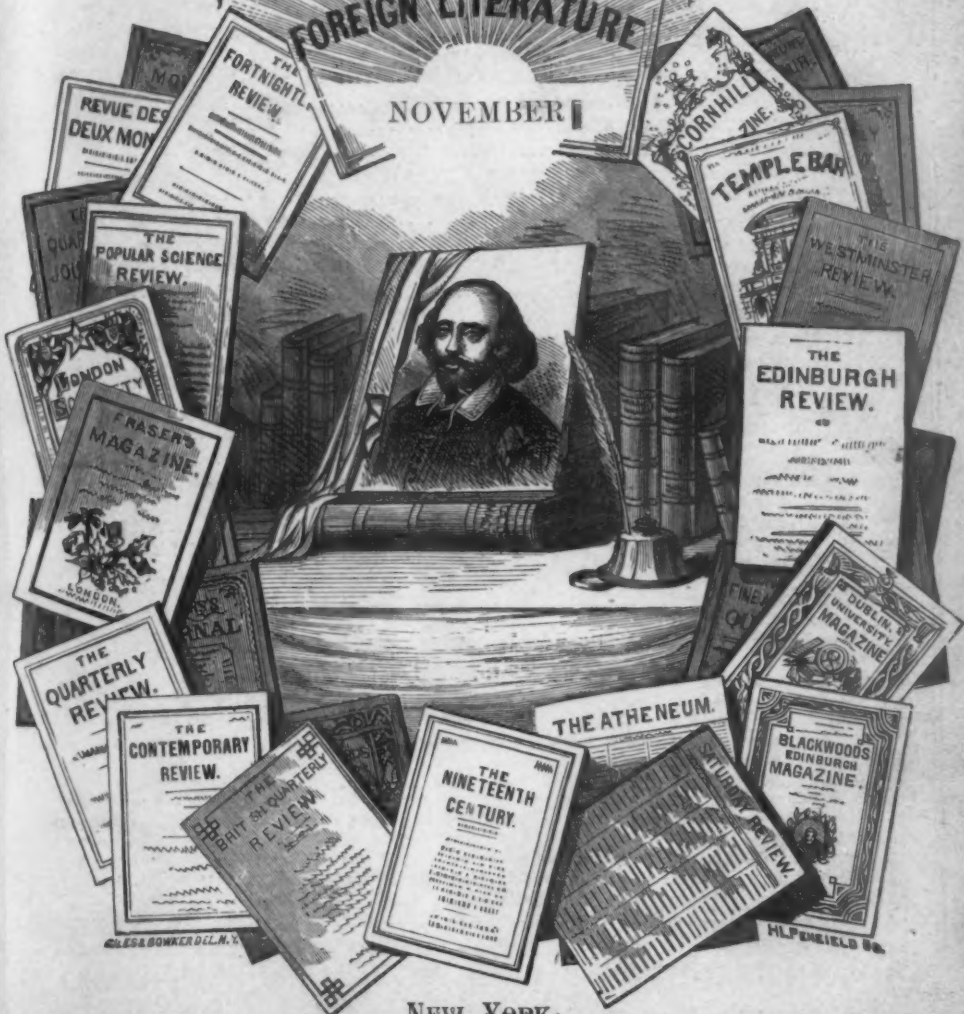


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WHO WAS PRIMITIVE MAN?

BY PROFESSOR GRANT ALLEN.

WHEN Sir Charles Lyell's *Antiquity of Man* and Mr. Darwin's two great works first set all the world thinking about the origin of our race, there was a general tendency among scientific men and the public generally to take it for granted that the earliest known men, those whose remains we find in the river-drift, were necessarily "missing links" between the human species and its supposed anthropoid progenitors. People naturally imagined that these very ancient men must have been hairy, low-browed, semi-brutal savages, half-way in development between the gorilla and the Australian or the Bushman. Striking word-pictures painted the palæolithic hunter for us as an evolving ape; and we all acquiesced in the pictures as truthful and accurate. With the progress of discovery, however, another phase of the question has come uppermost, and anthropologists have

now for some time inclined with marked distinctness to the exactly opposite view. As we examined more and more closely the relics of the cave-men, for example, it became clear that their works of art were those not merely of real human beings, but of human beings considerably in advance of many existing savages. Professor Boyd Dawkins, who knows more about the cave-men than any one else in Britain at least, unhesitatingly states his opinion that they were in all important respects the equals of the modern Eskimo, whom he indeed regards as their probable lineal representatives. Any one who has closely examined the remains recovered from the French caves, cannot fail largely to fall in with this view, so far at least as regards the high level of palæolithic art. In fact, it is daily becoming clear that the antiquity of man is something even deeper and more far-reaching in its im-

plications than Lyell himself at first imagined. For while on the one hand geologists are inclining more and more to the opinion that palæolithic man was as old as or older than the last glacial period, anthropologists on the other hand are inclining more and more to the opinion that this preglacial and interglacial man was really quite as human and quite as capable of civilization as any race now living, except perhaps a few of the most cultivated European stocks. Instead of being the "missing link," our cave-man turns out to be a mere average savage, living a rude and unintelligent life, to be sure, but quite capable, so far as regards his faculties, of becoming as civilized as the Sandwich Islanders have become within our own memory.

It is, of course, obvious that these facts may be easily turned by opponents of Darwinism into powerful arguments against the theory of man's evolution from a lower form. "Here we accept all your facts," says the defender of the fixity of species; "we allow that man has inhabited the earth for as long a period as you choose, say 200,000 years; and when we go down to the very beginning of that period, what do we meet with? A missing link? An evolving ape? No; nothing of the sort; a man exactly the same as the man of the present day. However far back we push our researches in the past we find either no man at all, or else the same man that we now know. Your theory of evolution is disproved by the very facts which you were wont to allege in its favor. We used at first to argue against your facts, because we did not see in what direction they really pointed: nowadays we allow them all, and we find in them the very best bulwark of our own belief."

This argument or something very like it has lately been employed with great effect by Dr. Mitchell, of Edinburgh, in his able and interesting work, *The Past in the Present*. The Scotch archaeologist there shows good grounds for supposing that the cave-men and the river-drift men were really, in faculties and potentialities, the equals of most existing savages, if not even of our own average English population. He gives excellent reasons for the belief that while

we have advanced very greatly in social organization and in material comfort since that early date, we may have advanced very little, if at all, in brain-power or in potentiality of thought. There are still isolated communities in out-of-the-way parts of Scotland which use hand-made pottery of the rudest primeval type, and spin with stone whorls of the prehistoric pattern; while their works of imitative art are ruder and more unlike the originals they depict than anything ever attempted by the earliest known men. Yet these people, as Dr. Mitchell rightly observes, are fully the equals in intelligence and moral feeling of their contemporaries in the great manufacturing centres. Hence we must not confound mere material backwardness with lowness of type or intellectual deficiency. It is probable, nay, almost certain, that the ordinary cave-man was superior in ingenuity and mental power to nine out of ten among our modern savages, and quite equal to the fair run of our own laboring classes.

Nevertheless, I believe it is allowable for us frankly to admit all these facts, and yet remain evolutionists just as hearty as before. No doubt our general tendency was at first in the opposite direction, and many evolutionists will be staggered by the conclusions of Professor Dawkins and Dr. Mitchell, while others will endeavor, under the influence of false prepossessions, to dispute their facts. But modifiability of opinion is the true test of devotion to truth, and honest thinkers can hardly fail to modify their opinions on this question in accordance with the latest discoveries. After frankly and fairly facing all the difficulties of the situation I believe we may come at last to the following conclusions, which, for clearness' sake, I will number separately: 1. The cave-men were not only true men, but men of a comparatively high type. 2. But the river-drift men, who preceded them, were men of a lower social organization, and probably of a lower physical organization as well. 3. The earliest human remains which we possess, though on the whole decidedly human, are yet in some respects of a type more brute-like than that of any existing savages. 4. They specially recall the most striking

traits of the larger anthropoid apes. 5. There is no reason to suppose that these remains are those of the earliest men who inhabited the earth. 6. There is good reason for believing that before the evolution of man in his present specific type, a manlike animal, belonging to the same genus, but less highly differentiated, lived in Europe. 7. From this manlike animal the existing human species is descended. 8. Analogy would lead us to suppose that the line of descent which culminates in man first diverged from the line of descent which culminates in the gorilla and the chimpanzee, about the later Eocene or early Miocene period.

In order to give such proof of these propositions as the fragmentary evidence yet admits, it will be necessary first to clear the ground of one or two common misapprehensions. And before all, let us get rid of that strangely unscientific and unphilosophical expression, the Stone Age.

Most people who have not specially studied prehistoric archaeology, and many of those who have studied it, believe that the period of human life on the earth may be divided into three principal epochs, the Iron Age, the Bronze Age, and the Stone Age; and that the last-named epoch may be once more subdivided into the Palæolithic and the Neolithic Ages. All the great archaeologists know, of course, that such a division would be utterly misleading; yet in their written works they have often used language which has led the world generally to fall almost without exception into the error. The division in question can only be paralleled by a division of all human history into three periods, the Age of Steam, the Age of Printing, and the Age of Unprinted Books; the latter being subdivided into the Medieval and the Egyptian Ages. The real facts may much better be represented thus.

There are two great geological epochs in which we find remains of man. The first is that of the palæolithic or old chipped flint weapons. The second is the modern or recent period, including the three so-called Neolithic, Bronze, and Iron Ages. The first or palæolithic epoch is separated from the second or recent epoch by a vast and unknown

lapse of time. We may place its date at somewhere about 200,000 years back. The remains of human origin belonging to it, all occur under the conditions which we ordinarily describe as geological; they are found either in the drift deposits of our river-valleys, or beneath the concreted floors of caves. They consist chiefly of rude stone weapons, in unpolished flint, chipped off by side-blows. What events caused the break in continuity between palæolithic and recent man in Europe we do not exactly know; but many of the best authorities believe that it was brought about by the coming on of the last glacial epoch (that is to say, the final cold spell of the recurrent pleistocene cycles). If these authorities are right, then at a period earlier than 200,000 years since, Europe was peopled by palæolithic men; and about 80,000 years ago these men were very gradually driven southward by the spread of the polar ice over the whole of the northern temperate zone. Be this as it may, however, we know at any rate that they belonged to a far earlier state of things, when the whole geographical condition of Europe differed in many respects from that which prevails at the present day.

On the other hand, recent man in Europe dates back, probably, only some twenty thousand years or so. His remains, whether of the Neolithic, the Bronze, or the Iron Age, are found in tumuli still standing on the surface of the ground. Since his reappearance here, no notable changes have taken place in the face of the country. Instead of occurring in deep natural deposits or under the solid floors of primeval caves, his bones and his weapons are found in graves or mounds of recent make. The neolithic men, though they used implements of stone, polished them exquisitely by grinding and smoothing, and were in all respects, save in the use of metals, and a few similar particulars, as advanced as their successors of the Bronze Age. No great gap in time separates them from the bronze and iron men, as a great gap separates all three from the palæolithic cave-men and drift-men. They were probably identical with two modern races, in three successive stages of their culture; whereas the palæolithic race is cut off utterly

from the recent race by a whole unknown interval, presumably representing the time during which northern Europe was glaciated. Accordingly, with recent man we shall have nothing to do here.

Again, I must further premise that the very question which heads this paper—who was Primitive Man?—is in itself a somewhat irrational one. For of course, if we accept the evolutionist theory at all, there never was a *first* man. The early undifferentiated ancestors of men and anthropoid apes slowly developed along different lines toward different specific forms; but there never was a point in the series at which one might definitely put down one's finger and say—"Here the man-like ape became a complete man." All that we can do is to decide that the ancestors of modern man at such and such a given date had progressed just so far in their way toward the existing highest type.

Professor Boyd Dawkins, in his recent work on *Early Man in Britain*, and in his discourse at the last meeting of the British Association, has so clearly summed up the results of all the latest investigations as to palæolithic man that it will only be necessary here briefly to recapitulate the views he has enunciated. He divides the men of the Pleistocene period in Europe and Asia into two successive classes, the earlier or river-drift men, and the later or cave-men. The drift of the Thames, Somme, and other rivers is the earliest geological stratum in which we find unquestionable evidence of the existence of man. The evidence in point consists entirely of chipped flint instruments of the very rudest type, incomparably ruder than anything produced by the very lowest of modern savages. Man at that period was clearly a rough and perhaps almost solitary hunter, using rude triangular stone implements. Moreover, we have evidence of that homogeneous condition which betokens an early stage of evolution, in the fact that implements of precisely the same sort are found all over Europe, Asia, and Africa. The primeval hunter who chased the stag in Africa had brethren who chased the fallow deer in Spain and Italy, and others who chased the various wild beasts among the jungles of India. Over the whole eastern

hemisphere, so far as we can judge, man was then a single homogeneous race, living everywhere the same life, and producing everywhere the same rude and primitive weapons.

The drift-men were succeeded, in northern Europe at least, by another and higher development of humanity, the cave-men. How far they may have differed physically from their predecessors of the Drift period we have no sufficient means of judging; but the analogy of other human varieties would lead us to suspect that they presented some marked signs of advance; for we know that among all existing races there is a pretty constant ratio between social development and physical peculiarities. At any rate, the cave-men were apparently far more advanced in the rudiments of culture than the drift-men, especially toward the end of the cave period, during which they made continuous advances in the arts of life. Their weapons, though still chipped (instead of being ground, like those of the neolithic Europeans and the modern savages), were more varied in shape and better worked than the rude triangular hatchets of the drift. They manufactured in their last stage, excellent barbed harpoons of good designs. They made fish-hooks and needles of bone with some degree of finish. They employed ruddle for personal decoration, and collected fossil shells, which they drilled and strung as necklaces. Moreover, they had a remarkable talent for imitative art, producing spirited sketches on mammoth ivory or reindeer horn of various animals, living or extinct. In fact, they seem to have been in most essential particulars almost as advanced as the modern Eskimo, with whom Professor Dawkins conjecturally identifies them.

But if Professor Dawkins means us to understand that the cave-men were physically developed to the same extent as the Eskimo, it is necessary to accept his conclusion with great caution. It does not follow because the Eskimo are the nearest modern parallels of the cave-men, that the cave-men therefore resembled them closely in appearance. Several of the sketches of cave-men, cut by themselves on horn and bone, certainly show (it seems to me) that they were

covered with hair over the whole body ; and the hunter in the antler from the Duruthy cave has a long pointed beard and a high crest of hair on the poll utterly unlike the Eskimo type. The figures are also those of a slim and long-limbed race. And when Professor Dawkins tells us that the very earliest known man was unquestionably a man and not a "missing link," it becomes a matter of importance to decide exactly what the phrase "a missing link" is held to imply.

Man differs from the anthropoid apes mainly in the immensely larger development of his brain ; for the other peculiarities of his pelvis, his teeth, and the position of his head on the shoulders, are mere small adaptive points, dependent upon his upright attitude and the nature of his food. Even the lowest savage and the oldest known human skull have a brain-capacity far bigger in proportion than that of the highest apes. Now, this brain could not, of course, have been developed *per saltum* ; it must have been slowly evolved in the course of a long and special intercourse with nature. But between civilized man and his early ancestor, common to him and the anthropoid apes there must at some time have existed every possible intermediate link. Some such links still survive in the Bushman, the Australian black fellow, and the Andaman islander. Other and earlier links probably became extinct at various previous periods, under the pressure of the higher varieties from time to time developed, just as these lowest savages are now in process of becoming extinct before the face of the European colonists. But we would naturally expect the men of the palæolithic period to be still a trifle more brute-like in several small particulars than any existing savages, because they were so much the nearer to the primitive common ancestor, a few of whose distinctive traits they would probably retain in a higher degree than any race now living. In short, while it would be absurd to suppose that palæolithic men were "missing links" in the sense of being exactly half-way houses between apes and Bushmen, it is yet natural to expect that they would be the last or penultimate links in a chain whose other links are many and want-

ing. Do we, as a matter of fact, find any such slight traces of brute-like structure in the earliest human remains which have come down to us ?

In dealing with this question we have to remember in the first place that the number of quite undoubted palæolithic human bones of the earliest period is all but absolutely nil ; and that even the few dubious and suspected bodily remains which we possess, presumably of that age, are for the most part mere broken fragments. Most of our palæolithic bones belong to the latest cave age, and represent a comparatively high race of savages, known as the Cro-Magnon men. Of their earlier predecessors we know but little. We have, however, two remarkable portions of skulls, one of which is almost free from suspicion, while the other, though more doubtful, is still accepted as genuine by good continental anthropologists. Both apparently belong to the earliest age of the cavemen. -The first is the celebrated jaw of La Naulette. This is a massive and prognathous bone, with enormous and projecting canine teeth ; and these canine teeth, as Mr. Darwin notes, point back very clearly, to a nearly anthropoid progenitor.* The second is the much debated Neanderthal skull, which possesses large bosses on the forehead, strikingly suggestive of those which give the gorilla its peculiarly fierce appearance. So good an anatomist as Professor Rolleston assures us that if these frontal sinuses had been found without the skull to which they are attached, he would have been a bold man indeed who would venture to pronounce them human. The thickness of the bones in the rest of the Neanderthal skeleton, to which Professor Schaafhausen calls attention, also approximates to the anthropoid pattern. "No other human skull," says that able anthropologist, "presents so utterly bestial a type as the Neanderthal fragment. If one cuts a female gorilla skull in the same fashion, the resemblance is truly

(1) Since this article was sent to press, Professor Maska, of Neutitschein, has discovered a human jaw-bone, associated with pleistocene mammalian remains, in the Schipka cave (Moravia). This bone, which belongs to a very young child (as inferred from the development of the teeth), "is of very large, indeed, of colossal dimensions."

astonishing, and we may say that the only human feature in this skull is its size." All the skulls of what De Quatrefages and Hamy call the "Canstadt race" show these same low characteristics, and "must have presented a strangely savage aspect." The other supposed relics of the earlier cave-men are either too slight, too much crushed, or too uncertain, to be of much use for purposes of argument. When we add that even the later cave-man was almost certainly hairy, like the modern Ainos, we have before us the picture of what may fairly be considered a sort of missing link, though only the last in a long chain.

Moreover, it is a most deceptive practice to speak of the cave-men as if they were a single set of people, representing a merely temporary type. As a matter of fact, the period covered by the cave remains is enormously long, and the men of one epoch must have differed widely from those of another. M. de Mortillet has actually distinguished three subdivisions of the cave period, marked by a successive improvement in the arts of working stone and bone, to which he gives the names of the Moustier epoch, the Solutré epoch, and the La Madeleine epoch, from the stations which best typify each stage of primitive culture. M. Broca has shown that between the time when the Moustier cave was inhabited by troglodytes, and the time when the La Madeleine cave was similarly inhabited, the valley of the Vézère had undergone a denudation to the depth of twenty-seven metres; while from the date of the La Madeleine cave to our own time the denudation was only four or five metres. In other words, the interval between the two epochs was far greater than the interval between the last of them and our own times.

As to the drift-men, the few bones attributed to them are so singularly and suspiciously like those of neolithic times that it seems very unsafe to build any definite conclusion upon them. Accordingly, when Professor Dawkins tell us that "the river-drift man first comes before us endowed with all human attributes, and without any signs of a closer alliance with the lower animals than is presented by the savages of to-

day," I think we must venture to suspend judgment for the present. Seeing that a later skull, like that of Neanderthal, is strikingly ape-like in one most important particular, is considerably lower in general type than that of the lowest living savage, and (as Professor Huxley has shown) is rather nearer the chimpanzee than the modern European in outline, it seems hazardous to conclude on very dubious evidence that a still earlier race had skulls as well formed as those of the neolithic Iberians. The least doubtful cases are acknowledged to be identical in character with the far later Cro-Magnon remains (belonging to the latest cave age), which in itself is enough to rouse considerable suspicion. So many supposed palæolithic skeletons, like the "fossil man" of Mentone, have turned out on further examination to be neolithic or later, that it is unwise to base conclusions upon them, when those conclusions clearly run counter to the general course of evolution.

With regard to the previous history of the human race, we can only guess at it by the analogy of the other higher mammalia. But late researches have all gone to show that the general progress of mammalian development has been singularly regular. If we apply this analogy, and couple it with the other known and observed facts, we may be able still further to bridge over the gap between man and his anthropoid progenitor. As Professor Huxley remarks, "The first traces of the primordial stock whence man has proceeded need no longer be sought by those who entertain any form of the doctrine of progressive development in the newest tertiaries; they may be looked for in an epoch more distant from the age of the *Elephas primigenius* than that is from us."

The bifurcation of the European placental mammals begins in the Eocene; and it is to the Eocene that we must look for the earliest appearance of the Primates. At that period, there existed lemurs in Europe and America, of a transitional type, showing points of resemblance to the hoofed animals of the same age, the ancestors of our own horses and tapirs. The Eocene was the epoch of the first great placental mammalian population, and we know that in such early epochs

of each main class, when the class is assuming a dominant position, it always possesses an immense plasticity, rapidly dividing and sub-dividing into more and more definitely specialized types. Accordingly, it was probably as early as this period that the ancestors of the higher apes began to differentiate themselves from the ancestors of the modern lemurs. All analogy shows us that these divisions begin a long way down in time, proceed rapidly at first, and grow less rapid as the various creatures become more and more specialized, so losing their original plasticity.

In the Miocene, the specialization of the Primates must have continued very fast; for as early as the mid-Miocene strata we find in continental Europe a large anthropoid ape, identified by good authorities as a close relation of the modern gibbons. Other apes of the same date are similarly identified as nearly allied with other living genera. Hence the question naturally arises—if the bifurcation of the Primates had already proceeded so far in the mid-Miocene period, that even existing genera of higher apes had been fairly well demarcated, must not the ancestors of man have already begun to be generically distinct from the ancestors of the other anthropoids? Is it not consonant with analogy to suppose that the monkey group should have separated from the lemur group in the Eocene; that the anthropoid apes should have separated from the monkeys in the lower Miocene; and that the human genus (as distinct from the fully developed human species) should have separated from the anthropoid apes in the mid-Miocene? There seems to be good reason for this conclusion.

In mid-Miocene strata at Thenay, the Abbé Bourgeois has found certain split flints, some of them bearing traces of fire, which he believes to be of artificial origin; and in this belief he is upheld by M. de Mortillet, Dr. Hamy, MM. de Quatrefages, Worsaae, and Capellini, and other distinguished anthropologists. Specimens may be seen in the Musée de St. Germain, almost as obviously human in their workmanship as any of the St. Acheul type. M. Delaunay has similarly found a rib of an extinct manatee, which seems to have been notched

or cut with a sharp instrument; and M. Ribeiro, of the Portuguese geological survey, has noted wrought flints in the Miocene deposits of the Tagus, which he exhibited in Paris in 1879. On the evidence of these and other facts M. de Mortillet pronounces in favor of what he calls Tertiary man. But as he carefully distinguishes him from Quaternary man, "l'homme de St. Acheul"—the river-drift man of Professor Dawkins—I suppose he means to imply that this species, though belonging to the same genus as ourselves, was yet so far unlike us, so little differentiated, as to be man only in the generic, not in the specific sense.

Professor Boyd Dawkins, on the other hand, argues apparently against the existence of man in any form in Miocene Europe. "There is," he says, "one important consideration which renders it highly improbable that man was then living in any part of the world. No living species of land mammal has been met with in the Miocene fauna. Man, the most highly specialized of all creatures, had no place in a fauna which is conspicuous by the absence of all the mammalia now associated with him." . . . "If we accept the evidence advanced in favor of Miocene man, it is incredible that he alone of all the mammalia living in those times in Europe should not have perished, or have changed into some other form in the long lapse of ages during which many Miocene genera and all the Miocene species have become extinct." But if I understand M. de Mortillet aright, this is just what he means by distinguishing Tertiary from Quaternary man. Professor Dawkins argues as though the animal which split the Abbé Bourgeois' flints must either have been man or not-man; but the whole analogy of evolution would lead us to suppose that it was really a "tertium quid" or half-man; as Professor Dawkins himself suggests, a creature, "intermediate between man and something else," a creature which should "bear the same relation to ourselves as the Miocene apes, such as the *Mesopithecus*, bear to those now living, such as the *Semnopithecus*."

But Professor Dawkins, who seems strangely unwilling to admit the existence of such an intermediate link, en-

deavors to account for the split flints of the mid-Miocene by curiously round-about ways. "Is it possible," he asks, "for the flints in question, which are very different from the palæolithic implements of the caves and river deposits, to have been chipped or the bone to have been notched without the intervention of man? If we cannot assert the impossibility, we cannot say that these marks prove that man was living in this remote age in the earth's history. If they be artificial, then I would suggest that they were made by one of the higher apes then living in France rather than by man. As the evidence stands at present, we have no satisfactory proof either of the existence of man in the Miocene or of any creature nearer akin to him than the anthropomorphous apes. These views agree with those of Professor Gaudry, who suggests that the chipped flints and the cut rib may have been the work of the *Dryopithecus*, or the great anthropoid ape, then living in France. I am, however, not aware that any of the present apes are in the habit of making stone implements or cutting bones, although they use stones for cracking nuts." And in a foot-note, Professor Dawkins further observes—"Even if the existing apes do not now make stone implements or cut bones, it does not follow that the extinct apes were equally ignorant, because some extinct animals are known to have been more highly organized than any living members of their class." Does not this reasoning exactly remind one of that which was current when M. Boucher de Perthes first called attention to the Abbeville flints?

Now, I confess I am at a loss to comprehend why Professor Dawkins should be so anxious to escape the natural inference that these flints were split by an ancestor of man. If he were a determined opponent of evolutionism it would be easy enough to understand his attitude; but as he is a consistent and bold evolutionist one can hardly guess why he should go so far out of his way to get rid of a simple conclusion. He argues most strenuously that man was fully developed in the Pleistocene Age. He cannot imagine that man reached this full development by a sudden leap or miraculous interposition. And, there-

fore, he might naturally conclude that an early and less differentiated ancestor of man was living in the Miocene Age, and developing upward through the Pliocene times, till he reached that highly specialized specific form which he had demonstrably attained in the later Pleistocene period. Implements such as we should naturally expect *à priori* to be produced by such an intermediate form are actually forthcoming in the Miocene. The traces of use and marks of fire upon them seem irresistible proofs—the edges are chipped and worn exactly like those of undoubted flake-knives—while the regular repetition of their shapes is most noticeable. Yet, for some unknown reason, rather than accept the plain conclusion of M. de Mortillet, Professor Dawkins prefers to believe that they were produced by apes, and to leave man without any traceable ancestry whatsoever. Surely he does not believe that man was so suddenly evolved, at a single bound, from a creature no nearer akin to him "than the anthropomorphous apes." Yet this is certainly the conclusion which most readers would draw from his facts and arguments.

It is clear that the difficulty in all these cases depends upon the too great definiteness of our words, with their hard-and-fast lines of demarcation, when applied to the gradual and changeable forms of evolving species. The very question as to the existence and character of "primitive" man thus becomes one of mere artificial and arbitrary distinctions. We try to draw a line somewhere, and wherever we draw it we must necessarily cause confusion. Let us try, then, to set forth the probable course of evolution in the line which finally culminates in civilized man, from the Eocene Age upward, using so far as possible such language as will the least involve us in classificatory distinctions.

In the very first part of the Eocene Age man's ancestors were very plastic and unspecialized placental mammals of the early "generalized" type. They were still so little removed from the original form, so little adapted for special habits and habitats that they at the same time closely resembled the progenitors of the horses and the hedgehogs. But

before the middle of the Eocene period this homogeneous group had begun to split up into main branches. And by the later Eocene times the particular branch to which man's ancestors belonged had reached, even in Europe, the stage of lemuroid creatures—four-handed and relatively small-brained animals, still retaining many traces of their connection with the ancestral horse-like and insectivore-like forms. These lemuroids were forestine and, perhaps, nocturnal fruit-eaters. They lived among trees, which their hands were especially adapted for climbing.

In the lower Miocene times the lemuroids again must have split up into two main branches, that of the monkeys and of the lemurs. We find no trace of the monkeys in the remains of this age; but as they were highly developed in the succeeding mid-Miocene period, they must have begun to be distinctly separated at least as early as this point of time. To the monkey branch, of course, the progenitors of man belonged.

By the epoch of the mid-Miocene deposits the monkey tribe had once more presumably subdivided itself into two or three minor groups, one of which was that of the anthropoid apes, while another was that of the supposed man-like animal who manufactured the earliest known split flints. The anthropoid apes remained true to the old semi-arboreal habits of the race, and retained their four hands. The man-like animal apparently took to the low-lying and open plains, perhaps hid in caves, and, though probably still in part frugivorous, eked out his livelihood by hunting. We may not unjustifiably picture him to ourselves as a tall and hairy creature, more or less erect, but with a slouching gait, black-faced and whiskered, with prominent prognathous muzzle and large pointed canine teeth, those of each jaw fitting into an interspace in the opposite row. These teeth, as Mr. Darwin suggests, were used in the combats of the males. His forehead was no doubt low, and retreating, with bony bosses underlying the shaggy eyebrows, which gave him a fierce expression, something like that of the gorilla. But already, in all likelihood, he had learned to walk habitually erect, and had begun to develop a human pelvis, as well as to carry his

head more straight upon his shoulders. That some such an animal must then have existed seems to me an inevitable corollary from the general principles of evolution, and a natural inference from the analogy of other living genera. Moreover, we actually find rude works of art which occupy a position just midway between the undressed stone nut-cracker of the ape and the chipped weapons of palæolithic times. This creature, then, if he existed at all, was the real primitive man, and to apply that term to the cave-men or the drift-men is almost as absurd as to apply it to the civilized neolithic herdsmen.

The supposed Miocene ancestor of humanity must have been acquainted with the use of fire, and have been sufficiently intelligent to split rude flakes of flint. But his brain was no doubt about half-way between that of the anthropoid apes and that of the Neanderthal skull. Such an intermediate stage must have been passed through at some time or other, and the mid-Miocene is just about the time when one would naturally expect it to have existed. The fact that no bones of this man-like creature have yet been found militates very little against the argument, for in all cases the mammalian remains, which we actually possess from any particular stratum, are a mere tithe of the species which we know must have been living during the period when it was deposited. And after all, the works of man (or of a man-like animal) are just as good evidence of his existence as his bones would be; for, as Sir John Lubbock rightly observes, the question is whether men then existed, not whether they had bones or not.

During the Pliocene period, the scent does not lie so well, and we seem to lose sight for awhile of man's ancestry. Such gaps are common in the geological history, and need surprise no one, considering the necessarily fragmentary nature of the record, based as it is upon a few stray bones or bits of flint which may happen to escape destruction and be afterward brought to light. Some cut bones, however, have actually been detected in Tuscan Pliocenes, and may possibly bear investigation. Professor Dawkins, it is true, objects that the presence of a piece of rude pottery

together with the bones casts much doubt upon their authenticity. But Professor Capellini, their discoverer, now writes that Mr. Dawkins is mistaken in this particular, and that the pottery belongs to quite a different stratum from the bones. Other marked remains have been discovered in Pliocene strata elsewhere; and worked flints have been detected in the gravels of St. Prèst which, however, are of doubtfully Pliocene age. Nevertheless, the ancestors of man must have gone on acquiring all the distinctive human features during this period, and especially gaining increased volume of brain. If we could find entire skeletons of our Miocene and Pliocene progenitors, analogy leads us to suppose that naturalists would arrange them as at least two, if not more, separate species of the genus *Homo*. Whether we should call them men or not is a mere matter of nomenclature; but that such links in the chain of evolution must then have existed seems to me indisputable.

In the Pleistocene period, we come at last upon undoubted traces of the existing specific man. The early Pleistocene strata show us no very certain evidence; but in the mid-Pleistocene we find the earliest indubitable flint flake, split by chipping, and very different in type from the workmanship of the supposed mid-Miocene man-like creature. In the later Pleistocene we get the well-known drift implements. Without fully accepting Professor Dawkins's argument that the drift-men were human beings of quite a modern type, one may at least admit that the remains prove them to have been really men of the actual species now living—men not much farther removed from us than the Andamanese or the Digger Indians. Accordingly, we cannot suppose that they had been developed straightway from a totally inferior quadrumanous form and reached their Pleistocene mental eminence by a leap. "The implements of the drift," says Professor Dawkins, "though they imply that their possessors were savages like the native Australians, show a considerable advance on the simple flake left behind as the only trace of man of the mid-Pleistocene Age." They also show a still greater advance upon the very rude chips of the unknown mid-Miocene

ancestor. Hence the progressive improvement is exactly what we should expect it to be, and we are justified, I think, in concluding that by the beginning of the Pleistocene Age, the evolving anthropoid had reached a point in his development where he might fairly be considered as a man and a brother. At the beginning of that age, he was probably what naturalists would recognize as specifically identical with existing man, but of a very low variety. By the mid-Pleistocene, he had become an ordinary savage of an exaggerated sort; and by the age of the drift, he had reached the stage of making himself moderately shapely stone implements. The river-drift man, however, as Professor Dawkins believes, has no modern direct representative—or, to put it more correctly, the whole race, even in its lowest varieties, has now quite outstripped him, certainly in culture, and probably in physique as well.

At last, we reach the age of the cave-men. By that period, man had become to a certain extent cultured. He had learned how to make finished implements of stone and bone, and to draw and carve with spirit and with a rude imitative accuracy. It is possible enough that the cave-man was the direct ancestor of the Eskimo, and that that race has kept its early culture with but few later additions and improvements.* Nevertheless, it does not at all follow that in physical appearance the earlier cave-men were the equals of the Eskimo, or indeed that the Eskimo are any more nearly related to them than ourselves. They may have been darker-skinned and less highly human-looking: they probably had lower foreheads, with high bosses, like the Neanderthal skull, and big canine teeth like the Naulette jaw. Even if the Eskimo are lineally descended from the later cave-men with little

* I am not, however, inclined to attach much importance to the evidence of Eskimo art; or rather, that art seems to me to point in the opposite direction. After carefully comparing numerous specimens, I am convinced that the art of the cave-men is of quite a different type from that of the Eskimo, and far higher in kind. Both, it is true, represent animals; but there the likeness stops. The Eskimo represent them with wooden stiffness; the cave-men represent them with surprising spirit and life-like accuracy.

change of habit or increase of culture, the mere lapse of time, aided by disuse of parts, may have done much to modify and mollify these brute-like traits. "The fact that ancient races," says Mr. Darwin, "in this and several other cases [he is speaking of the inter-condyloid foramen, observed in so large a proportion of early skeletons] more frequently present structures which resemble those of the lower animals than do the modern races, is interesting. One chief cause seems to be that ancient races stand somewhat nearer than modern races in the long line of descent to their remote animal-like progenitors." We must not be led away by identifications of race in too absolute a sense. We ourselves are, of course, the lineal descendants either of the cave-men or of their contemporaries in some geologically unexplored region; yet it does not follow on that account that our late Pleistocene ancestors were white-skinned people with regular Aryan features. Granting that the Eskimo are nearer representatives of the cave-men than any other existing race (which is by no means certain), it may yet be true that the earlier cave-men themselves were black-skinned hairy savages, with skulls and brains of the low and brutal Neanderthal pattern. The physical indications certainly go to show that they were most like the Australian savages.

With the cave-men our inquiry ceases. The next inhabitants of Europe were the comparatively modern and civilized neolithic Euskarians—a race whom we may literally describe as historical. I trust, however, that I have succeeded in pointing out the main fallacy which, as it seems to me, underlies so much of our current reasoning on "primitive man." This fallacy lies in the tacit as-

sumption that man is a single modern species, not a tertiary genus with only one species surviving. The more we examine the structure of man and of the anthropoid apes, the more does it become clear that the differences between them are merely those of a genus or family, rather than distinctive of a separate order, or even a separate sub-order. But I suppose nobody would claim that they were merely specific; in other words, it is pretty generally acknowledged that the divergence between man and the anthropoids is greater than can be accounted for by the immediate descent of the living form from a common ancestor in the last preceding geological age. Mr. Darwin even ranks man as a separate family or sub-family. Therefore, according to all analogy, there must have been a man-like animal, or a series of man-like animals, in later, if not in earlier tertiary times; and this animal or these animals would in a systematic classification be grouped as species of the same genus with man. In the Abbé Bourgeois' mid-Miocene split flints we seem to have evidence of such an early human species; and I can conceive no reason why evolutionists should hesitate to accept the natural conclusion. To speak of palæolithic man himself—a hunter, a fisherman, a manufacturer of polished bone needles and beautiful barbed harpoons, a carver of ivory, a designer of better sketches than many among ourselves can draw—as "primitive," is clearly absurd. A long line of previous evolution must have led up to him by slow degrees. And the earliest trace of that line, in its distinctively human generic modification, we seem to get in the very simple flint implements and notched bones of Thenay and Pouvancé.—*Fortnightly Review*.

RACHEL.

It is already rather more than twenty-four years since all that was mortal of Rachel was laid to rest in the Jewish cemetery at Père la Chaise. The streets through which the funeral procession passed were thronged; and around her grave on that bleak, dark, showery January day (January 11th, 1858) were gathered all the Parisian men and women

of distinction in her own art. There, too, might be seen all the leaders in literature and the fine arts, whom Paris held most in honor, come to pay the last sad homage to one whose genius had often thrilled their hearts and stirred their imaginations as no other actress of her time had done. How many blanks in that brilliant array can even now be

counted! Of these, Rachel's great teacher, Samson, to whom she owed so much, Monrose, the elder Dumas, Villemain, Scribe, Sainte Beuve, Alfred de Vigny, Mérimée, Jules Janin, Halévy, Théophile Gautier, Baron Taylor, Emile de Girardin, are but a few of the most conspicuous. As one reads the record, the old, old question starts up, "Where are they all, the old familiar faces?" Fading fast away, like the fame of her whom they had met to mourn, into that dim twilight of memory, which for most of them will soon deepen into unbroken night.

"*Pauvre femme! Ah, la pauvre femme!*" were the words that broke again and again from the old but ever-young Déjazet, as she tried in vain to make her way through the dense crowd in the cemetery to throw a huge bouquet of violets into the grave. They are words which were often used in Rachel's life by those who knew its sad story. They are the words that rise naturally to our lips, as we lay down the volume just published by M. Georges d'Heylli, "*Rachel d'après sa Correspondance*," in which it has been told in fuller detail and with a kindlier spirit, than in any of the numerous biographies by which it has been preceded. What a strange sad story it is! The years of childhood and girlhood spent in poverty, in squalor, and privation, passing suddenly into a blaze of European fame—the homage of the leaders of society and of thought laid at the feet of one whom they looked upon as "a thing inspired"—wealth pouring in profusion into her lap—the passionate aspiration of the young spirit after excellence in her art, and the triumphs there, which were more to her than either wealth or the plaudits of the theatre. Then the melancholy reverse of the picture! A life, wherein that which makes the main charm and glory of womanhood is sought for in vain—the practice of her noble art, continued not from delight in its exercise, or with purpose to raise and to instruct, degenerating into a mere mechanical pursuit, swiftly avenged by the decline of that power which had once enabled her to move men's hearts to their inmost fibres, and by the break-up of her constitution, taxed, as it was, beyond endurance in efforts to make as much

money as possible in the shortest possible time. Then disease—acute bodily suffering—anguish in the retrospect of a mistaken life, and in forebodings of the eclipse of a fame which was the very breath of her nostrils, yet which she knew too well she had not labored honorably to maintain—death drawing nearer and nearer, with none of the consolations either in looking backward or forward that rob it of its bitterness, and relentlessly closing its icy hand upon her heart, while that heart still yearned after the scene of her former glories, and felt some stirrings of the old power which had won them. A sad life indeed, and anything but noble. It is not, however, without instruction, either for artist or critic; for it brings strongly home the too often forgotten truth, that to rise to the level of great art, and to keep there, the inner life and the habits of the artist must be worthy, pure, and noble.

Let us try, with the help of M. d'Heylli's volume, and some others which bear upon the subject, to present some of its leading features.

In an *auberge* called the *Soleil d'Or*, in the small village of Mumpf, near Aarau in Switzerland, Elizabeth Félix, the Rachel of the French stage, first saw the light on the 28th of February, 1820. Thither her mother had come a few days before, unaccompanied by her husband, Jacob Félix, a Jewish travelling peddler, with whom she had for some time been moving about in Germany and Switzerland. The kindness of some of the Israelites of the village helped her over her time of trouble; and a few days afterward she left the place, taking with her the baby who, she little dreamed, was to bring back Racine, Corneille, and Voltaire to the French stage. Years passed in wandering up and down with her parents, who plied their vocation of peddlers with indifferent success—were not favorable either to the education or to the health of their gifted child, or of their other children—for they had several—and probably laid the seeds of that delicacy of chest which ultimately proved fatal to Rachel. This is all the more probable, if we remember that at Lyons, where her parents went to reside in 1830, and subsequently in Paris, to

which they removed in 1832, her elder sister Sophie (afterward known on the stage as Sarah Félix), and herself used to eke out the scanty means of the household by selling oranges and by singing at the *cafés*, upon the chance of earning a few sous from the visitors. It was while plying this vocation that they attracted the notice of M. Choron, a musician, who devoted himself to the training of pupils for the musical profession. Rachel's voice was a contralto, but Choron soon found that the organ was of too thin a quality to give hopes of turning it to any good account. But in the course of her training the young girl had shown qualities as a declaimer, which induced him to recommend her to the notice of M. St. Aulaire, of the Comédie Française, who, although an indifferent actor himself, was esteemed as an admirable instructor in declamation and the technical business of the stage.

Under M. St. Aulaire the young Rachel made rapid progress. She had a quick and retentive memory, and was soon grounded in all the old tragedies and comedies of repute. Her master was in the habit of exercising his pupils upon the stage of an obscure *bourgeois* theatre, called the "Théâtre Molière," in the Rue St. Martin, where performances were given upon Sundays. It was here, as M. Samson mentions in his delightful Memoirs,* that he first saw the young girl, whose subsequent success was in a great measure due to his instructions.

"She had been," he writes, "for some time making attempts in tragedy at the theatre of M. St. Aulaire, who, although a Sociétaire of the Comédie Française, only occupied a modest place there. He made his pupils perform, and gave them tickets, which they undertook to dispose of for money. This was the way he made his income. The performances in which Rachel took part were the most lucrative. She was frequently brought before the inhabitants of this part of Paris, and she was applauded and made much of by this homely public, and her renown had even spread beyond the narrow sphere where she paved the way for more serious successes. Some of my pupils, struck by her abilities, spoke of her to me, and inspired me with the desire to judge of her for myself. I went to hear her one day that she played in the *Don Sanche* of Corneille. She astonished me, I admit, in the character of Isabella, Queen of

Castille: I was struck by the tragic feeling which she showed. The sacred fire burned in this young and feeble breast. She was then very little; and yet, having a queen to represent, she dwarfed by her grand manner the actors who surrounded her. These were tall young men unaccustomed to the stage, and her ease of deportment threw their awkwardness into stronger relief. Although forced by her lowness of stature to raise her head to speak to them, the young artist seemed to address them as from above. Still there were here and there, if I may use the phrase, *lacune* of intelligence; the character was not perfectly understood—of this there could be no doubt—but all through one felt the presence of the tragic accent: the special gift was manifest at every point, and one already saw by anticipation the great theatrical future of this wonderful child. Between the pieces I went upon the stage to congratulate her. By this time she had donned a man's dress for Andrieux's comedy, *Le Manteau*, which was to follow. As I arrived, she was playing at some kind of game in which it was necessary to hop on one foot, and it was in this attitude that I surprised the ex-Queen of Spain. She listened to my compliments with one leg in the air, thanked me very gracefully, and resumed her game."

A talent of so much promise was sure to attract the attention of those whose business it was to find recruits for the great national theatre. M. Vedel, the treasurer, and subsequently the director of the Comédie Française, saw her play *Andromaque* at the same little theatre, and was so deeply impressed by a distinction of manner which triumphed over every disadvantage of an undeveloped figure and shabby costume, as well as by the correctness and purity of her elocution, that he procured for her an admission into the Conservatoire. She was then only fifteen years and a half old, but when she appeared before the Areopagus of that great school—Cherubini, d'Henneville, Michelot, Samson, and Provost—she excited their warmest admiration, producing upon them, says M. Samson, "the same happy impression which she had been in the habit of producing upon less competent hearers." Samson recorded on the books of the school his opinion of her in the words: *Physique grêle, mais une admirable organisation théâtrale.*" From some cause not well ascertained, the young girl remained at the Conservatoire for only four months, and was soon afterward engaged upon liberal terms at the Gymnase. Here she made her *début* in a new drama called *La Vendéenne*, on the 4th of April, 1837. The piece failed,

* Mémoires de Samson de la Comédie Française. Paris, 1882.

and the young actress shared its fate. A fresh attempt at the same theatre as Suzette in the *Mariage de Reason*, was equally unsuccessful; but here she was contrasted to disadvantage with Leontine Fay, whose personal charms and flexible grace of style were already identified with the part. Rachel's appearances at the Gymnase showed that a theatre devoted to drama of everyday life was not suited to the severe and impassioned tone, and the large style in which her genius found its natural vent. Accordingly, her manager, whose faith in her remained unshaken, recommended her to resume her studies for the higher drama with a view to appearing upon the stage of the Théâtre Français. Then it was, says M. Samson ("Mémoires," p. 306), "that I again saw her, and in my own house, to which she had come once before to bid me good-by"—no doubt, on her hasty withdrawal from the Conservatoire. "I had preserved," continues M. Samson, "a recollection of her full of regrets, and was very glad to see her again. I became her professor, and eight months afterward she made her *début* at the Théâtre Français, in the part of Camille in *Les Horaces*."

M. Samson was the means of securing her an engagement at this theatre so early as February, 1838, but she did not actually appear till the 12th of June. In his journal he records (February 6th, 1838) that as she was "ignorant in the extreme, owing to the poverty of her parents," he told her father to put her into the hands of Madame Brouzet, the teacher of his own children, for tuition in language and history. That lady offered to undertake her instruction for twenty francs a month, and M. Samson continued as before to give his own lessons gratis. Of the value of these some estimate may be formed from the fact that, among the great number of distinguished pupils whom he guided to a successful career, were such artists as Mesdames Plessy, Allan, Favart, Madeleine and Augustine Brohan, Rose Chéri, Judith, and Jouassain. Samson was not the man to allow his pupil to venture on the stage of the great theatre of the Rue Richelieu, until he was assured that she would prove herself worthy of its traditions, and an honor to her instructor.

Besides, she had not only to bear the always heavy ordeal of the candidate before an exacting audience for the honors won and worn by the favorites of the past, but also to win back their attention to the tragedies of Racine and Corneille, which had been thrown for some time into the shade by Victor Hugo and the other writers of the Romantic School. The art of interpreting the great works of the classical drama had for some years fallen into disuse, and they were voted slow by those who had never seen their beauties developed by the histrionic genius, to which, more than any other, dramatic work of the highest order must always be in a great measure indebted for success. Let us hear what M. Samson says on this point:

"Talma, dying in 1826, seemed to have carried classic tragedy away with him. Old gentlemen mourned at this; but their regrets were not shared by the new generation, whose wish was that ruin should overwhelm what they regarded as having had its day. At the moment when the crash of political storms was making itself heard, a literary revolution was carried out. What had been called 'the battles of Hernani' set all minds on fire, and the stage had also its 1830. Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire were only played at long intervals, and to empty houses; and these isolated representations only serve to show more clearly the public indifference for works of this class, which, after two centuries of triumph and glory, saw themselves relegated for the future to the silence and the dust of libraries. But in 1838, twelve years after the death of our great tragedian, an unexpected event occurred: a reaction, which surprised even those by whom it was desired, brought back to the great classic works a crowd that could not be accommodated within the theatre of the Rue Richelieu, which only yesterday had been so unpeopled. The young and great artist to whom this miracle was due was Rachel."

The time fixed for Rachel's *début* was by no means favorable, even if a tragedy of the old school had been as attractive as at that epoch it certainly was not. It was high summer. Consequently, writes M. Samson—

"She had to show herself for the first time amid the solitude habitual on such occasions. The only people there were a sprinkled few in the orchestra-stalls, regular subscribers, and those who had free admissions, either as a rule or for the occasion. Besides the spectators of this class, there were of course the never-failing loungers of the *foyer* and the side-scenes. This by no means numerous assemblage is composed of actors who are not

playing, and of certain friends of the establishment, who, having nothing to do in the evening, drop in to enjoy behind the curtain the pleasure of a chat and of the *far niente*."

The languid interest with which the audience had entered the theatre hung upon them for a time. But, according to M. Samson, it was soon dispelled :

"In the first three acts the part of Camille contains nothing remarkable, except one scene between her and Julie. The young *tragédienne* was listened to with interest. People noticed the appropriate emphasis of her elocution, the clearness of her articulation, and, in her action as in her speaking, a noble simplicity to which they had long been unaccustomed. In the fourth act her success was brilliant; and at the end of the celebrated curse, she was covered with applause loud enough to have come from an audience of 2000 spectators. She repeated the part several times, and always with increasing success. The receipts, however, did not increase."

At first, indeed, they were most miserable; on the first night 753 francs, and on subsequent repetitions of the play, 373, 393, and 595 francs respectively. The last sum was reached on the 18th of August, even although attention had by this time been called to the exceptional qualities of the young actress by her appearance in four other important parts of the classical drama. The enthusiasm, however, says M. Samson, "made up for want of numbers."

"Her second part," he continues, "was *Emilie in Cinna*.* I remember well the amazement of the audience. As I write I see before me all their eyes bent upon the young girl, all their ears strained, the better to enjoy this utterance which seemed so novel, and of which the originality consisted in its being at once natural and grandiose. Her third part was *Hermione*, then *Eriphile*, then *Amenaide* in *Tancrède*. Always the same success, but success without rebound, since all the leaders of Parisian society were still at the watering-places, and the few journalists who were left in Paris, appalled by the word 'tragedy,' could not screw up courage to cross the threshold of the Théâtre Français. At length came the month of October, the number of spectators increased, and my young pupil continued her representations to splendid houses. Oh those glorious evenings! Never shall I forget them, any more than the mornings consecrated to the stage education of my marvellous scholar. I numbered them among the most delightful hours of my life. What quickness of perception! What nice accuracy

in feeling and tone! Bear in mind that this child knew nothing; that I had to explain to her the character of the personage she had to represent, and in a manner to go through a little course of history with her before our lesson of declamation; but when once she understood me, she entered thoroughly into the spirit of the part. Nothing was vague, nothing left to chance. We noted every point together. From the very first her elocution was of the highest order, and worthy to serve as a model. For Mademoiselle Mars, who—being, as she was, the daughter of Monvel, an actor renowned for truth and perfect intonation as a speaker—was an excellent judge, came, after hearing Rachel, to compliment me in the warmest terms, adding these words: 'This is how tragedy ought to be spoken; this was the way my father treated it.'"

Rachel's greatest success with the public in these early performances was in *Amenaide*, which she performed for the first time on the 8th of August. The house had been filled by free admissions of people to whom her very name was unknown. They soon felt that in her they saw no ordinary novice. She was greatly applauded throughout the piece, and was recalled at its close, when a bouquet and wreath were flung to her—these were days in which such recalls and floral tributes had a real significance; but still the receipts showed no symptoms of improvement. On this night they only reached 625 francs. Upon this, the lady who was entitled, by her position in the theatre, to claim the parts in which Rachel had made her trial performances, importuned the director to bring them to a close. But M. Vedel was firm. He believed that his novice possessed the sacred fire which must ere long attract the worship of the Parisian public, and the representations were continued. As the shortening days of autumn brought people back to Paris, they heard of the new star that had begun to shine in the theatrical firmament. The leading critics resumed their labors. Chief among them, Jules Janin, the theatrical critic of the *Journal des Débats*, was persuaded to see her (4th September) in *Hermione*, the character of which the best judges had spoken as her masterpiece. He entered the theatre expecting to see only the merely respectable promise, of which he had already seen too much; he left it convinced that the French stage possessed in this young girl a genius worthy of its best days. His enthusiasm

* This was played on the 16th of June, four nights after Rachel's first appearance. She repeated the part on the 11th of July, but not again till the 27th of September.

was expressed in his next weekly *feuilleton* in the *Débats* with so much fervor, that public attention was arrested. Encouraged by this criticism, those who had seen the *débutante* were emboldened to give voice to the admiration which they had felt, but had hitherto feared to express. The effect was seen in a great increase of the receipts the next night. Another article by Jules Janin a fortnight later (24th September, 1838), written in still more enthusiastic terms, effectually roused the Parisian public. The theatre became thronged to an extent hitherto unknown. People spent hours in waiting for the opening of the doors. Hundreds were turned away disappointed. The new idol became the one great topic of conversation in all societies.

From this moment the receipts of the house ran up to a figure calculated to make every member of the Comédie Française happy. £25 a night was the average return of Rachel's first eighteen performances. For the next eighteen it was within a fraction of £200 a night—a sum of which nothing would now be thought, but which was then regarded as a magnificent return. In fact, M. Vedel, the director of the theatre, himself described it as "colossal;" and he proved his sincerity by raising Rachel's salary, at the end of October, from 4000 to 20,000 francs. Her father, ever thinking less of his daughter's art as art than as a valuable commodity for sale, two months afterward demanded that it should be raised to 40,000, or exactly ten times the modest £160 a year which in June, when they were living *au sixième* in the Rue Traversaire St. Honoré, had been regarded by the family as wealth. The demand was resisted, but only for a time. The theatre found it could not get on without Rachel, and she could therefore dictate her own terms—an advantage which neither she nor those around her were likely to forego. The 40,000 francs demand soon rose to 60,000, and had to be conceded.* But

while papa and mamma Félix were thinking only of making up for the privations of the past by raising the family income to the highest figure, Rachel herself was straining every nerve to gratify and to maintain the admiration she had excited, adding several new parts to her *répertoire*, and augmenting her reputation by them all. Among these was Roxane in Racine's *Bajazet*, a character which it wanted no small courage in a girl so young, and, of necessity, so inexperienced in the passions by which it is inspired, even to think of undertaking. But courage was never a quality in which Rachel was deficient; and with the precepts of M. Samson to enlighten her, she yielded to M. Vedel's request, and allowed herself to be announced for the part on the 29th of November. The house was crammed with an audience prepared to admire. But when Rachel came to grapple with the part upon the stage, she lost her nerve, her declamation showed none of its wonted fire, her gestures none of their wonted appropriate and spontaneous grace, and the sullen silence which reigned through the house on the fall of the curtain was only too significant of a hopeless failure. Anxious to mitigate the censure of Rachel's staunchest friend in the press, M. Vedel visited Jules Janin the next day. They were discussing the disaster of the previous night, when Rachel herself was announced. "She was greatly agitated and embarrassed," writes M. Vedel, who told the story years afterward. "She hung down her head, said nothing, and looked for all the world like a culprit before her judge." Janin received her most kindly, and tried to cheer her, but told her plainly—for he was a man true to his responsibilities as a critic—that notwithstanding all the interest and affection he felt for her, he could not speak favorably of her performance. "Poor Rachel wept scalding tears, like a scolded child. We did our best to comfort her, Janin sparing no pains in this direction, but insisting nevertheless that she

* This was the sum stipulated for by Rachel in 1840, when she attained majority, and was free to act for herself. The exorbitance of her demands then and subsequently made her very unpopular with her associates of the theatre; for although the receipts upon the nights she acted were very great, they fell off

so much on the nights she did not act, that the balance for general distribution was kept very low indeed. So completely, in fact, did the public reserve itself for Rachel, that the general interests of the establishment suffered rather than profited by her success.

should not repeat the part." On this point he and M. Vedel were by no means at one, for Vedel was satisfied that Rachel would quickly retrieve her failure. Accordingly, as he drove her home he told her that, despite M. Janin, the play should be repeated the next night but one; and she promised to be ready. This her father tried to prevent; but M. Vedel's resolution was not to be shaken. After a stormy scene, in which papa Félix found his threat that his daughter should not play fell upon deaf ears, M. Vedel wrote to Rachel, urging her in the kindest terms not to listen to her father, or to put her future in peril by violating the terms of her engagement. This brought the following reply:

"Ne suis-je a vos ordres? Quand on aime les gens, on fait tout pour *leurs* plaisir. Tout à vous."—RACHEL.

The next morning Jules Janin's article appeared. It was remorseless:

"What," it said, "were people about in making her play *Roxane*? How could this child divine a passion of the senses, not of the soul? . . . This delicate girl, this puny over-tasked frame, this undeveloped bosom, this troubled tone—could these suffice to represent the stalwart lioness whom we call *Roxane*? Mdlle. Rachel appeared, and in an instant the house felt she was unequal to the task: this was not the *Roxane* of the poet, it was a young girl astray in the *seraglio*."

No pleasant reading this for the director, still less for the young actress. Putting the best face on matters which he could, M. Vedel went to her dressing-room before the play began. He found her ready, and looking superb in her sultana costume. "Well, child," he exclaimed, "how do you feel?" "Oh, well," she answered, smiling; "I have done what I wished to do, but it has cost me no small trouble. I had a terrible struggle to face; but I believe things will go better to-night." "You are not afraid, then?" "No." "I like this confidence: it augurs well. You have read Janin's article?" "Yes: he pays me out finely. I am furious, but so much the better. It has strung me up. Anger is sometimes a useful stimulant."

* Rachel's grammar, as it appears in her letters, like her spelling, was often very shaky.

However this may be, Rachel's performance that night completely effaced the impression of her former failure. It even threw all her previous successes into shade. The audience were in raptures. She was recalled at the end of the play with frantic applause, and an avalanche of bouquets descended upon her in such profusion that they had to be removed by the servants of the theatre. After the play M. Vedel repaired to her dressing-room, when, making her way through the crowd of voluble admirers that filled it, she threw herself into his arms, exclaiming, "Thanks! thanks! I felt sure that you were right." From this point Rachel's position as the foremost actress of her class was secured; and as she gained in physical strength and in experience, her hold upon her audiences became greater and greater—for in these early days she prosecuted her studies with enthusiasm, and her heart was filled with high aspirations after an exalted ideal.

M. Samson's description of her person and style in her early and best days, between 1840 and 1845, will recall her vividly to those who had then the good fortune to see her:

"Rachel," he says, "was over the middle height; her forehead was arched, her eyes deeply set, and, without being large, very expressive; her nose straight, with, however, a slight curve in it. Her mouth, furnished with small teeth, white and well set, had an expression at once sarcastic and haughty. Her throat was perfect in its lines, and her head, small and with a low forehead, was set gracefully upon it. She was very thin; but she dressed with an art so subtle as to make of this thinness almost a beauty. Her walk and gestures were easy, all her movements supple—her whole person, in short, full of distinction. She had, to use a common expression, the hands and feet of a duchess.* Her voice,

* This description may be compared with that given by Mrs. Fanny Kemble in her "Records of Later Days," vol. ii. p. 99, where she speaks, writing in June 1841, of Rachel as "of a very good height, too thin for beauty, but not for dignity or grace. . . . Her face is very expressive and dramatically fine, though not absolutely beautiful. It is a long oval, with a head of classical and very graceful contour, the forehead rather narrow, and not very high; the eyes small, dark, deep set, and terribly powerful; the brow straight, noble, and fine in form." As we write, we have before us a medallion profile, life-size, of Rachel, and a cast of her hand, closed upon a dagger

which was a contralto, was limited in its compass; but thanks to the extreme accuracy of her ear, she made use of it with exquisite skill, and drew from it the finest and most delicate inflections. When she began to speak, her tones were a little hoarse, but this soon went off.

"When she first appeared at the Comédie Française, her figure had not reached the development which it subsequently acquired: there was in her small features, in her close-set eyes, a sort of confusion, if I may be allowed the expression, and people said she was ugly. Later on they said she was beautiful. In point of fact, she was neither the one nor the other, but both, according to the hour, the day, the expression which dominated her face.

"Ah," he continues, 'how to give an idea of this admirable talent to those who have not heard her? I, who taught her for so many years the secret of the art, am forced to avow how impotent are my attempts to make her known. . . . The talent of the actor descends to the grave with him, and the recollections which he has left with his admirers—recollections always imperfect—fade away by degrees from the memory, and perish at last with the generation that loved and applauded him.'"

We find an account of her, in what was the most interesting period of her history, in a letter written in May 1839 by Alfred de Musset to a female friend, which appeared in the volume of his posthumous works published in 1867. It is one of those vivid sketches which only a poet could have written, and which places the young artist before us in lines never to be forgotten. The "noble *enfant*," as De Musset calls her, had played Aménáide in *Tancrède* that evening superbly; and in the great scene of the fifth act she had seemed to De Musset to surpass herself. She told him that she had herself been so much overcome by emotion, her tears falling thick and fast, that she had been afraid she would have broken down. Emotion so strong, all great actors have said, is generally fatal to true artistic effect.* But Rachel was then young

—both gifts of the great actress in 1841. To beauty, in so far as that consists of finely balanced symmetry of outline, Rachel could lay no claim; but her features had pre-eminently that "best part of beauty," due to play of expression, which, as Bacon has said, "no art can express." Her hand was small and beautifully formed, and even in the cast shows how intense was the nervous force which she threw into her action.

* Thus Talma writes: "Acting is a complete paradox; we must possess the power of strong feeling, or we could never command

in her vocation, and had not learned the self-control of the practised artist. she was on her way home from the theatre, with a train of young friends of both sexes, when the poet met her under one of the arcades of the Palais Royal. "Come home and sup with us," she said; and home to her father's homely apartment in the Passage Véro Dodat the party went. They had scarcely sat down when Rachel discovered that she had left her rings and bracelets at the theatre. The maid-servant—the household had but one—was despatched to fetch them. Mamma Rachel was famishing—others of the guests were conscious of a void that cried aloud to be filled. But, alas! there was no servant to get the supper ready or to serve it up. Rachel solved the difficulty.

"She rises," writes De Musset, "goes off to change her dress, and repairs to the kitchen. In quarter of an hour, she returns in a dressing-gown and night-cap, a handkerchief over her ears, pretty as an angel, holding in her⁸ hand a plate, on which are three beefsteaks, cooked by her own hand. She sets down the dish in the middle of the table, saying, 'Fall to!' Then she returns to the kitchen, and comes back holding in one hand a soup-tureen full of smoking *bouillon*, and in the other a *casseroles* with spinach. Behold the supper! No plates nor spoons, the maid having carried off the keys. Rachel opens the buffet, finds a salad-bowl filled with salad, seizes the wooden spoon, unearths a dish and sets herself to eat alone.

"But," says mamma, 'there are pewter plates in the kitchen.'

"Off goes Rachel in search of them, brings

and carry with us the sympathy of a mixed audience in a crowded theatre; but we must, at the same time, control our sensations on the stage, for their indulgence would enfeeble execution." So again, M. Samson says ("Mémoires," p. 39): "An actor who should regard his own emotions in any other light than as materials to be made use of, or make the passions of his part his own, would run the risk of a *fiasco*. Emotion stammers and sobs. It makes the voice broken and unsteady. Indulged, it would cease to be articulate. The natural effect of passion is to deprive us of self-control. The head goes; and why should you suppose that one should do a thing well rather than ill when one has ceased to know what one is doing at all?" The truth seems to be, that to be great, an actor or actress must, in studying a part, feel all the emotions proper to it, be shaken by passion, weep tears over it, live through its agonies, be transported by its joys, and do this so completely that on the stage the right tone of feeling shall pervade the impersonation, but be all the while held in check by the controlling power of art.

them, and distributes them to the guests. On which the following dialogue begins, in which you have my assurance that I have not changed one word :

"Mamma. My dear, the beefsteaks are overdone.

"Rachel. Quite true; they are as hard as wood. In the days that I did our housework I was a better cook than that. Well, it is one talent the less. What would you have? I have lost in one way, gained in another. Sarah, you don't eat.

"Sarah. No; I can't eat off a pewter plate.

"Rachel. Oh! and so it is since I bought a dozen plated dishes out of my savings that you are too fine to soil your fingers with pewter! If I grow richer, you will soon be wanting one servant behind your chair and another before it. (*Pointing with her fork.*) I will never banish these old plates from our house. They have served us too long. Isn't it so, mamma?

"Mamma (*with her mouth full*). What a child it is!

"Rachel (*turning to me*). Just fancy! when I played at the Théâtre Molière, I had only two pairs of stockings, and, every morning—

"Here Sister Sarah began jabbering in German, to prevent her sister from going on.

"Rachel. No German here! There is nothing to be ashamed of. At that time I had but two pairs of stockings, and, to play at night, I had to wash a pair of them every morning. That pair was hanging up on a cord in my room while I was wearing the others.

"I. And you did the housework?

"Rachel. I rose every day at six; and by eight all the beds were made. I then went to market to buy the dinner.

"I. And did you take toll upon the purchases? (*Faisiez-vous danser l'anse du panier?*)

"Rachel. No: I was a very honest cook; wasn't I, mamma?

"Mamma (*going on eating*). Oh, that's true.

"Rachel. Once only I played the thief for a month. When I bought for four sous, I counted five, and when I paid ten sous, I charged twelve. At the end of a month I found myself at the head of three francs.

"I. (*severely*). And what did you do with these three francs mademoiselle?

"Mamma (*seeing that Rachel was silent*). Monsieur, she bought Molière's works with them.

"I. Indeed!

"Rachel. Indeed yes! I already had a Corneille and a Racine; a Molière I sorely wanted. I bought it with my three francs, and then I confessed my crimes."

This kind of talk bored the majority of the guests, and three fourths of them got up and left. De Musset continues:

"The servant returns, bringing the rings and bracelets. They were laid upon the table. The two bracelets are magnificent—worth at least four or five thousand francs. They are accompanied by a crown in gold, and of great value. The whole lie higgledy-piggledy on the table with the salad, the spinach, and the

pewter plates. Meanwhile, struck with the idea of the housemaid's work, of the kitchen, of the beds to make, and the toils of the needy life, I fix my eyes upon Rachel's hands, rather fearing to find them ugly or injured. They are delicately small, white, dimpled, and tapering off into fine points—a true princess's hands.

"Sarah, who does not eat, continues to grumble in German. . . .

"Rachel (*replying to the German growls*). You worry me. I want to talk about my young days."

Supper ended, Rachel brews a bowl of punch for her guests, amuses herself by setting fire to it; has the candles—much to the horror of the Argus-eyed mamma, who obviously had her doubts as to what De Musset might do in the dark—put under the table, so as to heighten the effect of the blue flames; and when they are put back, and the punch distributed, takes the little poignard from De Musset's cane, and uses it for a toothpick.

"Here," says the poet, "the common talk and childish pranks come to an end. A single word is enough to change the whole character of the scene, and to bring into this picture poetry and the artistic instinct.

"I. How you read the letter to-night! You were greatly moved.

"Rachel. Yes. It seemed as if something within me were going to break. But that is nothing. I don't like the piece [*Voltaire's Tancrède*] much. It is false.

"I. You prefer the plays of Corneille and Racine?

"Rachel. I love Corneille dearly, and yet he is sometimes trivial; sometimes stilted. There is not the ring of truth in these passages.

"I. Oh, gently, mademoiselle!

"Rachel. Let us see. When in *Horace*, for example, Sabine says, *On peut changer d'amant, mais non changer d'époux*; I don't like that. It is coarse.

"I. You will admit, at any rate, it is true.

"Rachel. Yes; but is it worthy of Corneille? Talk to me of Racine! Him I adore. Everything he says is so beautiful, so true, so noble!

"I. *Apropos* of Racine, do you remember receiving some time ago an anonymous letter, which contained a suggestion about the last scene of *Mithridate*?

"Rachel. Perfectly; I followed the advice given to me, and ever since I have been greatly applauded in this scene. Do you know who it was wrote to me?

"I. I do; it is the woman in all Paris with the largest mind, and the smallest foot. What part are you studying just now?

"Rachel. This summer we are going to play *Marie Stuart* and then *Polyeucte*, and perhaps—

"I. Well?

"Rachel. (*striking the table emphatically*). Well, I want to play *Phèdre*. They tell me I am too young, too thin, and a thousand other

absurdities. But I answer, it is the finest part in Racine; I believe I can play it.

"Sarah. Perhaps, dear, you are mistaken.

"Rachel. That's my affair. If people say that I am too young, and that the part does not suit me, *parbleu!* they said heaps of things about my playing Roxane; and what did they all come to? If they say that I am too thin, I maintain this is sheer nonsense. A woman who is possessed by a shameful love, but who dies rather than abandon herself to it; a woman parched up with the fire of passion and the waste of tears,* such a woman cannot have a chest like Madame Paradol. It would be contrary to all nature. I have read the part ten times within the last eight days. How I shall play it I do not know, but I tell you that I feel it. Let the papers say what they please, they shall not change my mind on the subject. They are at their wits' end to find things to annoy me, when they might help and encourage me; but I shall act, if it comes to that, for three people. (*Turning toward me*). Yes! I have read certain articles that speak out frankly and conscientiously, and I know nothing better, more useful; but there are people who use a pen to lie, to destroy. They are worse than thieves or assassins. They kill the mind by pin-pricks. Oh, I feel as though I could poison them!

"Mamma. My dear, you do nothing but talk; you are tiring yourself. This morning you were up by six; I can't imagine what you are made of. You have been chatter-chattering all the day, and played to-night, besides; you will make yourself ill.

"Rachel (*with vivacity*). No! I tell you—no! All this gives me life. (*Then turning to me*). Would you like me to fetch the book? We shall read the play together.

"J. Would I like it? You could not please me more.

"Sarah. But, dear, it is half-past eleven.

"Rachel. Very well; what prevents you from going to bed?"

Thereupon off goes Sarah to bed. Rachel rises and leaves the room. Presently she returns with the volume of Racine in her hand; her look and bearing have in them something not to be described—something solemn and devout, like that of an officiating priestess on her way to the altar, bearing the sacred vessels. She seats herself near De Musset, and snuffs the candle. Mamma, with a smile on her face, drops off into a doze.

"Rachel (*opening the volume with marked respect and bending over it*). How I love this man! When I put my nose into this book, I would like to stay there two days without drinking or eating.

"Rachel and I began to read the *Phèdre*, with the book placed on the table between us.

* Rachel was thinking of the line, "*J'ai langui, j'ai séché, dans les feux, dans les larmes.*"

All the guests go away. Rachel, with a slight nod, salutes them one by one as they leave, and goes on reading. At first she recites in a kind of monotone, as if it were a litany. By degrees she kindles. We exchange our remarks, our ideas, on each passage. At length she comes to the declaration.* She stretches out her right arm upon the table; with her forehead resting upon her left hand, which is supported on her elbow, she gives full vent to her emotion. Nevertheless, she only speaks in a suppressed voice. All at once her eyes sparkle—the genius of Racine illuminates her face; she grows pale, then red. Never did I behold anything so beautiful, so interesting; never, on the stage, has she produced such an effect upon me.

"The fatigue, a little hoarseness, the punch, the lateness of the hour, an animation almost feverish on her small girlish cheeks, encircled by the night-cap, a strange unwonted charm diffused over her whole being, those brilliant eyes that read my soul, a childlike smile, which finds the means of insinuating itself through all that passes; add to this, the table in disorder, the candle with its flickering flame, the mother dozing beside us—all this composes at once a picture worthy of Rembrandt, a chapter of romance worthy of 'Wilhelm Meister,' and a souvenir of the artist's life which shall never fade out of my memory.

"This went on till half-past twelve, when her father returns from the opera, where he had been to see Mdlle. Judith make her first appearance in *La Juive*. No sooner is he seated, than he addresses to his daughter two or three words of the most churlish kind, ordering her to cease reading. Rachel closes the volume, saying, 'Disgusting! I shall buy a matchbox, and read in my bed alone.' I looked at her great tears were standing in her eyes.

"It was indeed disgusting, to see such a creature treated thus. I rose and took my leave, filled with admiration, with respect for her, and profound sympathy."

Years were to elapse and the young actress to rise to the height of her fame, before she realized her dream of impersonating *Phèdre*. It was well that it was delayed until her powers were fully matured, and she was able to present it to the world as her masterpiece. Meanwhile the public of Paris were content to see her again and again in the parts in which she had first won their regards, with the addition of a few others—such as *Esther* (Racine), *Laodice* in *Nicomède* (Corneille), *Pauline* in *Polyeucte* (Corneille)—from the old classical pieces, which had so recently been thought to have completely lost their

* That is, the fine scene, act ii. sc. 5, in which *Phèdre* makes confession to Hippolytus of her love for him.

hold upon the stage. The favorite of the theatre became also the favorite of the saloons, and the doors of the most exclusive houses, even of the Quartier St. Germain, were thrown open to her. At none was she more welcome than at that of Madame Recamier, where she held her own with distinction amid the brilliant circle which clustered round that fascinating woman. What Rachel was then, Madame Lenormand describes in her *Memoirs* of Madame Recamier, with an accuracy for which those who met her in society at this period can vouch.

"Whoever," she writes, "has not heard and seen Mlle. Rachel in a *salon* can have only an incomplete idea of her feminine attractions, and of her talent as an actress. Her features, a little too delicate for the stage, gained much by being seen nearer. Her voice was a little hard; but her accent was enchanting, and she modulated it to suit the limits of a *salon* with marvellous instinct. Her deportment was in irreproachable taste; and the ease and promptitude with which this young girl, without education or knowledge of good society, seized its manner and tone, was certainly the perfection of art. Deferential with dignity, modest, natural, and easy, she talked interestingly of her art and her studies. Her success in society was immense."

What wonder! In the poetical world in which her imagination was then and had for years been working, she had lived in the society in which the simplicity, courtesy, and absence of self-assertion which go to produce distinction of manner, are best learned.

The echo of Rachel's fame, confirmed as it was by the great cities of France, in the course of successful but most exhausting tours in 1840, greatly excited public curiosity on this side of the Channel; and when she appeared at her Majesty's Theatre in May 1841, she was received with a warmth for which she was not prepared. In a letter quoted in M. d'Heylli's volume (17th May 1841), she writes:

"Here I am in London—my success most brilliant—for everybody says they never witnessed anything to equal it. I made my first appearance as Hermione in *Andromaque*, and I assure you that, when I went upon the stage, my feet shook under me, and I believe I should have dropped down with fright, had not a tremendous volley of applause come to sustain me, and to rouse me to fuller consciousness of all it behooved me to do to merit this reception, which was mere kindness, and nothing but kindness, since they had not

yet heard me. The bravos and plaudits accompanied me to the close of my part, and then I was recalled. Hats and handkerchiefs waved from the boxes, and a number of bouquets fell at my feet. A magnificent engagement has just been offered me for next season."

A few days further on (31st May), she writes to the same friend: "The English journalists say quantities of fine things about me, and all unsolicited (*sans cartes de visite*). On Wednesday I am engaged to the Queen (Dowager) at Marlborough House. All the Court will be there! I am so frightened!" All was not sunshine, however. A bad attack of illness interrupted her performances, and she was surrounded exclusively by strangers. Her sister Sarah came over from Paris. "Ah," Rachel writes (15th June), "how glad I am I made her come to London! I was so sad far away from all those I love, and without the power even of speaking of them! I assure you this contributed greatly to my eight days' illness."

In the same letter she speaks of her triumphant success in Marie Stuart, which was certainly not one of her best parts. "Ten bouquets and two chaplets fell at my feet with thunders of applause. The receipts mounted to 30,000 francs (£1200) and a few guineas. . . . 13,000 (£520) were sent to me next morning. I am content."

In England Rachel was received in the best society with no less cordiality than she had been in Paris. She still bore an unblemished reputation as a woman, without which in those days her admission into good society would have been impossible.* The houses of the leading nobility were opened to her. The Dowager-Queen Adelaide paid her marked attention. She performed at Windsor Castle, and was presented by the Duchess of Kent to the Queen, from whom she received a handsome bracelet, with the inscription, "*Victoria Reine à Mademoiselle Rachel*." The parts in which she appeared were not of a kind to endear her to our English tastes, for they had in them little of the

* Our fine ladies had not as yet been so completely educated out of the simplest rules of propriety as not to be startled by the announcement of an actress admitted to their drawing-rooms as "*Mademoiselle Sarah Bernhardt et son fils*."

womanly tenderness and charm which Shakespeare has led us to look for in our dramatic heroines, and for which neither her voice nor powers of expression were well suited. But these were of a kind that penetrated even when they pained; for not in our time had been seen such thrilling delineations of the passions enumerated by Mrs. Fanny Kemble as "the haunt and main region" of Rachel's genius—"scorn, hatred, revenge, vitriolic irony, concentrated rage, seething jealousy, and a fierce love, which seems in its excess allied to all the evil which sometimes springs from that bitter-sweet root."

The English critics complained of this want of the more attractive feminine qualities in Rachel's performances. It was a want which no actress, no young one at least, would be willing to own; and in the hope of disproving the charge, Rachel, in the following year, essayed the character of Chimène in Corneille's *Cid*, and of Ariane in the same author's tragedy of that name. But these impersonations only confirmed the judgments of those of her critics, in Paris as well as in London, who denied to her the power of touching "the sacred source of sympathetic tears." Still, within her own peculiar province she stood alone; and when she returned to England in 1842, she established that supremacy even more firmly by an obvious improvement, not merely in physical power, but also in the resources of her art. Not the least in Rachel's estimation of the trophies which she carried away from this visit, was a letter from the Duke of Wellington, assuring her of his great anxiety to be present at her benefit, for which he had secured a box, which he will not fail to occupy "*si il lui devient possible*"—the French, it will be observed, is rather of the "*Frenche atte Bowe*" kind—"de s'absenter ce jour là de l'assemblée du Parlement dont il est membre. Il regrettera beaucoup *si il se trouve impossible ainsi d'avoir la satisfaction de la voir et l'entendre encore une fois avant son départ de Londres.*"

The enthusiasm of Paris and London was, if possible, surpassed by that of the principal cities of France and Belgium. Some of Rachel's letters from Rouen, Bordeaux, and Marseilles, quot-

ed in M. d'Heylli's volume, give a vivid picture of the heavy cost to the strength and to the emotions of the young artist at which her successes in the provinces were purchased, at the time when she ought to have been seeking repose. Thus, on the 11th June 1840, she writes from Rouen to a friend: "True, I have success, but not one friend. Here I never stir out: I write all day long; 'tis my only distraction. It seems to me death were preferable to this life, which I drag along as a convict drags his chain." Everywhere the fatigue had to be encountered of receiving all sorts of admirers, who quite forgot to consider whether their compliments compensated for the inroads they made upon the artist's hours of study and repose. "I am interrupted every minute," she writes from Bordeaux (4th August 1841) to Jules Janin, "by people who constantly ply me with the same phrases, and this without ever altering a syllable." The odes and sonnets from young poets which rained upon her, provoked more of her mirth than of her sympathy. "To-day," she writes a few days later, "I received another set of verses from a young *avocat*; they are warm in the South, and declarations abound. These amuse me, when they are written; but, *par bouche*, any tragic air comes in to my assistance, and I make short work of them." In the midst of all these distractions, Rachel reads and studies, and dreams of the new part of Judith, on which Madame de Girardin is at work for her.* But the strain was too heavy, and on the 19th of August 1841, we find her writing from Bordeaux: "Sooth to say, I know not if I can live long in this way. I am exhausted, sad, and were I to write longer, I should weep hot tears." Rachel was still under age, and at the disposal of her parents. They seem to have taken no account of her fatigue. The receipts she brought in were superb. What more could their gifted daughter desire?

Deeply and fatally as Rachel became

* It was produced in April 1843, but played only nine times. Even if it had been a stronger play than it was, it had no chance in competition with the *Phèdre*, in which Rachel had recently appeared, and about which all Paris was in ecstasy.

infected in after-years with the same greed of gain, it is obvious from her letters that in these early years it had not deadened in her the instincts of the artist. When playing in Marseilles in June 1843, she read her audience a lesson which our English audiences would be all the better of having occasionally read to them. Writing to Madame de Girardin, she says :

"Let me tell you of a little stroke of audacity, which fills me with alarm when I recall it in cold blood. In the middle of one of the most stirring scenes of *Bajazet*, some one took it into his head to throw me a wreath, to which I paid no heed, desiring to keep in the part (*plâter en situation*), while the audience shouted, 'The wreath ! the wreath !' Atalide, thinking more of the audience than of her part, picked up the wreath, and presented it to me. Indignant at a barbarous interruption of this kind, truly worthy of an opera audience, I seized the unlucky wreath with indignation, and flinging it on one side, went on with Roxane. Fortune loves the bold. Never was there a stronger proof of this axiom ; for this movement of unstudied impulse was hailed with three salvos of applause."

So again, when writing to her young brother, Raphael Félix, from Lyons (7th July 1843), her words of excellent advice show that her heart still burned with the enthusiastic reverence for her art, from which she drew her inspiration, and by which Alfred de Musset had been so deeply fascinated.

"Now, my dear brother," she writes, "tell me something of your pursuits, your plans for the future, for it is time you were up and doing. You will soon be a man, and you ought to know, '*Que, l'habit ne fait pas le moine.*' If, as I foresee, your inclinations carry you toward the stage, try at least to look upon the actor's vocation as an art ; treat it as a matter of conscience, not as something merely to make a position for you—as one does with a girl, who is married off when she leaves the convent, in order that she may have the right to dance at a ball six times instead of three—but rather out of love, out of passion for those works which feed the mind, and which guide the heart. . . .

"It is possible for a woman to attain an honorable position, where she is esteemed and respected, without very possibly having that polish which the world rightly calls education. Why? you will ask me. It is because a woman does not lose her charm, but the reverse, by maintaining a great reserve in her language and demeanor. A woman answers questions, she does not ask them ; she never initiates a discussion, she listens. Her natural coquettishness makes her long for information ; she retains what she learns, and without having a solid foundation, she thus acquires that su-

perficial culture which may upon occasion pass for real culture. But a man ! what a difference ! All that the woman cannot know, the man should have at his finger-ends, he has occasion for it every day of his life ; it is a resource with which he augments his pleasures, diminishes his pains, gives variety to his enjoyments, and which, moreover, makes him be regarded as '*un homme d'esprit.*' Think of this, and if the early days seem to you somewhat hard, then reflect that you have a sister who will feel pride and pleasure in your success, and who will cherish you with all her soul. I venture to hope that this letter will not have appeared to you too long to read, but on the contrary that you will often find time to reread it—and if not often, why, then, at least every now and then."

It is in this and other letters to her family that Rachel as a woman shows at her best. There is abundance of good sense, of sprightliness, and of *esprit* in her other letters—but in these she lets us see that she has a heart. Love of kindred is no uncommon phenomenon even in the most selfish, and it certainly does not deserve a place among the higher virtues. But where a life is in all other ways tainted with selfishness, we hail this as a saving grace, and are fain to think that under happier conditions it might have blossomed into qualities of a more generous strain. Her father's name rarely appears in Rachel's letters ; but both to and of her mother she always speaks with the filial devotion of her race.* She was warmly attached, not only to her brother, but also to her four sisters, all of whom had their way to success upon the stage paved by her;† but Rebecca, the youngest and most gifted, was her especial favorite. Over her she watched with a mother-like care ; and when the young girl was taken from her by early death in 1854, just as she had begun to

* In a letter to her mother, written 9th June 1857, a few months before her death, Rachel says, very charmingly—"On ne remercie pas une mère des ennuis, des fatigues qu'on lui cause ; on l'aime, et jamais on ne s'acquitte vers elle . . . et voilà !" Both father and mother survived her, the former dying in 1872, the latter in 1873.

† Sarah, the eldest and least capable as an actress, left the stage, and made a fortune by the sale of the *Eau de Fées*, which still keeps its place on many toilet-tables. She died at Paris in 1877. Dinah and Lia Félix still survive ; and the latter, we believe, appeared till quite lately upon the stage of the Comédie Française.

give promise of becoming an ornament to the stage, the blow struck home. Thus when urged, after she was herself fatally touched by the same malady, consumption, to go for her health to Eaux Bonnes in 1856, Rachel wrote, "I should never regain my health there, where I saw my poor darling sister Rebecca die." And within a few hours of her own death, she found comfort in the thought of their reunion. "Ma pauvre Rebecca," she exclaimed, "ma chère sœur, je vais te revoir ! Que je suis heureuse !"

From the glimpses which have been furnished to us of the home in which Rachel was reared, there could have been in it little to refine or elevate the moral nature. There is a charming passage in Rabelais, where, borrowing from Lucian, he makes Cupid tell his mother Venus, that those who were wedded to the Muses were so absorbed in their noble pursuit, that he unbandaged his eyes, and laid down his quiver, and, in very reverence for their high and pure natures, sought not to infect them with the sweet poison of his shafts. The apologue sprang from a juster and nobler appreciation of the qualities of the true artist, than the modern belief that to indulge the sensuous appetites and passions is a characteristic and a necessity of the artistic temperament. In the early days of her triumphs, Rachel's heart seems to have been kept pure amid many temptations by "the holy forms of young imagination ;" and had they continued to be cherished there, her career would have gone on brightening to the close. But it proved not to be of the kind which the Cupid of the fable spares. To her infinite loss, she gave the jewel of her honor to a man who, when she found him worthless, and discarded him, took the incredibly base revenge of making her weakness known to the world by publishing her letters to himself. Straightway society turned its back upon the erring sister whom it had believed to be spotless ; and she, made reckless apparently by what had happened, was at no pains to retrieve her damaged reputation. Her "tragic air" no longer kept suitors at bay, and she became twice a mother of sons : first in 1844, and again in 1848—Count Walewski claiming, and

being accorded, the honors of paternity in the first case ; while in the second, the boy received, and now bears, only his mother's name. Rachel, the great *tragédienne*, still reigned supreme on the stage of the Comédie Française, but she was no more seen in the *salons*, where to be admitted was an honor ; and good men there, who had admired her genius and the charm of her manner in her early days, spoke of her with a sigh as "*pauvre Rachel !*"

No cloud had as yet overshadowed her personal character when, on the 24th January 1843, she made her first appearance as Phèdre. The character, like Juliet on our stage, has always been regarded in France as the touchstone of an actress's tragic powers. Champmeslé, Adrienne Lecouvreur, Dumesnil, Clairon, Raucourt, Georges, Duchesnois, all regarded it as trying their skill to the uttermost ; and Clairon, who alone of them all was able not only to act but to write well, says of herself in it : "I am forced to admit that, even when I spoke and acted my best, I always fell far short both of the author and of my own ideal." How true was young Rachel's conception of the part is apparent from De Musset's description. But in having M. Samson's guidance in this, as in her other most important characters, she was peculiarly fortunate, for he had heard Talma read it at the Conservatoire.

"I see him," he writes ("Mémoires," p. 79). "I hear him still. Destitute of all the means of illusion, without theatrical costume, a chair between his legs, and an eye-glass in his hand, he was as tragic as upon the stage, and made us thrill as he spoke to us the verses of *Andromaque* or of *Phèdre*. In the declaration of Phèdre to Hippolytus, I hear the rising passion of his tones, as he delivered the words, '*Mais fidèle, mais fier, et même un peu farouche.*' The way also in which he said, '*Cette noble pudeur colorait son visage,*' made the line stand vividly out, and gave it a grace not to be expressed. 'No straining for effect ! Let not a trace of anything of the kind be seen !' he said to a Phèdre of his class who did not appear to comprehend him. 'Bear in mind that Phèdre, who has been consumed for a long period by her passion, has passed three days without food and three nights without sleep. Does not *Cenone* say to her—

" 'Les ombres par trois fois ont obscurci les cieux,
Depuis que le sommeil est entré dans vos yeux,
Et le jour a trois fois chassé la nuit obscure,
Depuis que votre corps languit sans nourriture ?' "

" 'Phèdre's life is the fever that burns her up

and the dream that haunts her: she is not on the earth, she is in the clouds,' and the voice of the great professor grew muffled, like his look, as he made the wife of Theseus speak."

To an artist of Rachel's intelligence, a record such as this, enforced by voice and action as M. Samson would enforce it, must have been of priceless value. Those who saw her play *Phèdre* in her best days—for it lost much of its weird charm in the latter part of her career—will remember the same shrinking look and the same muffled voice throughout the avowal of her love for Hippolytus, which so impressed her master in Talma's reading. But, indeed, the whole performance, from her entrance upon the scene up to her death at the close, was a thing never to be forgotten. There was something appallingly true and terribly beautiful in this woman wasting away by inches in the consuming fires of a passion which she abhorred, but which Venus herself was fanning in her veins with pitiless persistency. It was real as life itself, but it was reality steeped in the hues of poetry. The outlines of the conception were broad and large; but every word, every look, every movement, had a specific value. Not all at once, however, did this fine impersonation reach this pitch of excellence. Rachel, on the night she played it first, lost her nerve, as she had done on her *début* as Roxane. Her performance was without inspiration, and the audience saw in her only the skilful artist, who had calculated her effects with care, but who left their hearts and sympathies untouched. Nevertheless the ideal was clear in her mind. Nor did she rest until she had found the true means of expressing it. Each time she played the part she grew nearer its embodiment, till in about two years it became, what many like ourselves must remember it, all that Racine himself could have desired.* To this hour it stands out in solitary splendor; for the attempts of Ristori and of Sarah Bernhardt in the part are unworthy to be named in the same breath. They only served to mark how wide is the difference between the

merely picturesque and practised actress, and her in whom the intuitions of genius are disciplined and fortified by the resources of art. The same contrast was no less apparent between the Adrienne Lecouvreur of these ladies and the Adrienne Lecouvreur of Rachel. In 1849, when it was produced, Rachel's power had visibly declined; yet her treatment of this striking but painful character furnished a standard, by which to measure the capabilities of those who ventured to enter into competition with her, that told severely against them.

Of the plays written for Rachel—fifteen in all—*Adrienne Lecouvreur* alone has kept the stage. The others, either from being poor in themselves, or affording little scope for her peculiar qualities, lived for but a few nights. To this the *Lady Tartufe* of Madame de Girardin is scarcely an exception. The Madame de Blossac of Rachel alone saved this unpleasant play: and yet it was not until the fifth act that it afforded any scope for the display of her best powers. It was performed for thirty-five nights; but the fact that it had no vitality beyond what Rachel gave it, was made apparent when it was revived in 1857 at the Comédie Française, with Madame Plessy in the part. For although that most attractive actress brought to the performance all the charms of a beautiful person and a most refined talent, the play was performed to empty benches, and for only six times. Two graceful little pieces—Armand Barthet's *Le Moineau de Lesbie* and the *Horace et Lydie* of Ponsard—which Rachel made peculiarly her own by exquisite grace of manner and subtle beauty of utterance, still survive in the recollections of Parisian playgoers. But they are well content to forget her Thisbe in Victor Hugo's *Angelo*, her Messalina and Lisiska in Maquet and J. Lacroix's detestable *Valeria*, and other parts wholly unworthy of her powers, which she made the mistake of accepting.

Rachel had the idea that she could play comedy, and even hankered, it seems, after the parts known on the stage as *soubrettes*. The opinion was not shared by M. Samson or her best critics; and although she played Mo-

* In 1845 she writes to M. Samson: "I have been giving a deal of study to *Phèdre*; I will call to-morrow to ask you what my profound researches have come to."

lière's Celimène in England and elsewhere, they prevented her from periling her reputation by doing so in Paris. She was not by any means the only eminent tragic actress who has failed in comedy. Mrs. Siddons's Rosalind was at once commonplace and lachrymose; and Miss O'Neill's Lady Teazle so lacked breeding, that although she was then in the height of her reputation, she was not allowed to repeat it. The woman as she is in herself, pure and good, humorous and refined, or the reverse, as it may be, speaks out in comedy. If she be wanting in essential ladyhood, the flaw is sure to make itself felt. It was felt in Rachel's performances, where the incidents and passions of the scene came near ordinary life, and seemed to bring to the surface the hard and *tant soit peu* Bohemian elements of her nature. The free play of movement, the flexibility, the agile grace, the playfulness veiling depth of feeling, which make the charm of comedy, were not within her command. She measured her own strength perfectly when, writing to M. Legouvé to explain why she would not act his Medea, she said:

"I see the part is full of rapid and violent movements; I have to rush to my children, I have to lift them up, to carry them off the stage, to contend for them with the people. This external vivacity is not my style. Whatever may be expressed by physiognomy, by attitude, by sober and measured gesture—that I can command; but where broad and energetic pantomime begins, there my executive talent stops."

Rachel, as an artist, stood at her best between the years 1843 and 1847. From that time she sensibly fell off, and the reason of her doing so is obvious. She had set her mind more upon the improvement of her fortune than of her skill as the interpreter of the great dramatists of her country. Her physical strength, never great, was lavishly expended on engagements in all quarters where money was to be picked up, and where she went on reiterating the same parts until they lost all freshness for herself, and, as a consequence, that charm of spontaneousness and truth which they had once possessed. It was in vain that wise friends like Samson and Jules Janin warned her against the ruin she was causing to her talent and

to her health. The simple, self-centred life which they urged her to cultivate, of the true artist, to whom the consciousness of clearer perceptions and of finer execution, developed by earnest study, brings "riches fineless," was abandoned for the excitement of lucrative engagements constantly renewed, and of new circles of admirers serving up the incense of adulation in stimulating profusion. To this there could be but one end, and that a sad one. The strain upon the emotions of a great tragic actress, under the most favorable conditions, is enough to tax the soundest constitution. She must "spurn delights, and live laborious days" to maintain her hold upon an inexorable public, before whom she must always seem at her best. As Rachel herself says in writing to Madame de Girardin (2d May 1851), "On ne mange pas toujours quand on veut, lors qu'on a l'honneur d'être la première tragédienne de sa majesté le peuple français." Long seasons of rest for both body and spirit could alone have enabled her to be true to her own genius. These Rachel would not take until too late. Thus we find her in 1849 playing during three months that should have been given to repose in no fewer than thirty-five towns from one end of France to the other, and giving seventy performances in the course of ninety days. "Quelle route," she writes, "quelle fatigue, mais aussi quelle dot!" The day was not far off when she was doomed to feel in bitterness of heart how dearly this "dot" was purchased.

The temptation of wealth, which her European fame brought her, was no doubt great. The sums she received in England, Belgium, Holland, Austria, Prussia, and Russia, were enormous, and the adulation everywhere paid to her might have made the steadiest head giddy. At the staid court of Berlin she was received in 1853 with courtly honors. The Emperor Nicholas of Russia approached her, after a private performance at Potsdam, with all the chivalrous gallantry which sate so gracefully upon him; and when she offered to rise as he accosted her, took her by both hands and pressed her to remain seated, saying as he did so, "Asseyez vous, mademoiselle; les royautés comme la mienne

passent, la royauté d'art ne passe pas." And when, in the following year, she went to Russia for six months, she not only brought back £12,000 as the solid gains of her visit, but such recollections of courtly homage paid to her, as she describes with admirable vivacity in the following letter from St. Petersburg to her sister Sarah :

"Yesterday evening your humble servant was entertained like a queen—not a sham tragedy queen, with a crown of gilded paste-board, but a real queen, duly stamped at the royal mint. First of all, realize to yourself the fact that here the Boyards all follow me, stare at me as if I were some strange animal, and that I cannot move a step without having them after me. In the street, in the shops, wherever I go, or may be caught a glimpse of, I am marked and pointed at. I no longer belong to myself.

"To sum up all, the other day I was invited to a banquet, given in my honor at the Imperial Palace—a fact, oh daughter of papa and mamma Félix ! It came off yesterday. What a regale ! When I reached the palace, lo, there were gorgeous footmen, all powder and gold lace, just as in Paris, to wait upon and escort me : one takes my pelisse, another goes before and announces me, and I find myself in a saloon gilded from floor to ceiling, with everybody rushing to salute me. It is a grand duke—no less—the Emperor's brother, who advances to offer me his hand to conduct me to the dinner-table—an immense table, raised upon a sort of dais, but not laid out for many—only thirty covers ; but the guests, how select ! The imperial family, the grand dukes, the little dukes, and the archdukes—all the dukes, in short, of all calibres ; and all this tra-la-la of princes and princesses, curious and attentive, devouring me with their eyes, watching my slightest movements, my words, my smiles—in a word, never keeping their eyes off me. Well ! Do not imagine that I was in any way embarrassed. Not the least in the world ! I felt just as usual—at least up to the middle of the repast, which, moreover, was excellent. But everybody seemed to be much more occupied with me than with the viands. At that point the toasts in my honor begin ; and very strange indeed is the spectacle which ensues. The young archdukes, to get a better view of me, quit their seats, mount upon the chairs, and even put their feet upon the table—I was about to say into the plates !—and yet nobody seemed the least surprised, there being obviously some traces of the savage still even in the princes of this country ! And then the shouts, the deafening bravos, and the calls upon me to recite something ! To reply to toasts by a tragic tirade was indeed strange ; but I was equal to the occasion. I rose, and, pushing back my chair, assumed the most tragic air of my *répertoire*, and treated them to *Phèdre's* great scene. Straightway a deathlike silence ; you might have heard the flutter of a fly, if there be such

a thing in this country. They all listened devoutly, bending toward me, and confining themselves to admiring gestures and stifled murmurs. Then, when I had finished, there was a fresh outbreak of shouts of bravos, of clinking glasses, and fresh toasts, carried so far that for the moment I felt bewildered. Soon, however, I too caught the infection, and excited at once by the odor of the wine and of the flowers, and of all this enthusiasm, which had the effect of tickling what little pride I have, I rose again and began to sing, or rather declaimed, the Russian national hymn with no small fervor. On this it was no longer enthusiasm, but utter frenzy ; they crowded round me, they pressed my hands, they showered thanks upon me ; I was the greatest tragedian in the world, and of all time past and future—and so on for a good quarter of an hour.

"But the best things have an end, and the hour came for me to take my leave. I effected this with the same queenly dignity as I had managed my arrival, reconducted even to the grand staircase by the same grand duke, who was very gallant, but maintained at the same time all ceremonious respect. Then appeared the gorgeous footmen in powder, one of them carrying my pelisse. I put it on, and was escorted by them to my carriage, which was surrounded by other footmen carrying torches to illuminate my departure."

Triumphant, however, as in one point of view was Rachel's visit to Russia, it had its heavy drawbacks. She returned to Paris more shaken than ever in health, and the failure in vigor was quickly perceived when she resumed her place upon the stage there. The public, moreover, were out of humor with her for having forsaken them so long—she had been away a year—and they marked their displeasure by leaving her to play to comparatively empty houses. A new piece, *Rosemonde*, in which she sustained the principal part, was coldly received ; and an epigram of the day tells the tale both of her broken health and of the eclipse of her popularity :

"Pourquoi donc nomme-t-on ce drame Rosemonde ?

Je n'y vois plus de rose et n'y vois pas de monde."

The *Czarine*, written for her by Scribe—the last of the characters created, as the phrase is, by Rachel—in the following year, was not more successful. The wrong she had done to her body and to her great natural gifts, was now to be avenged. "Glory," she writes to a friend even in 1854, "is very pleasant, but its value is greatly lowered in my eyes, since I have been

made to pay so dearly for it." Years before she had been warned. In 1847 she had written, "I have had great success, but how? At the expense of my health, of my life! This intoxication with which an admiring public inspires me, passes into my veins and burns them up." But this alone would not have wrought the havoc which by 1855 was visible in her person and in her general powers. Things had come to a serious pass with her, when in that year she wrote to M. Emile de Girardin:

"Houssaye told me it was he who gave you the little Louis XV. watch which you have arranged so daintily by replacing the glass, through which one could see the entrails of the beast, by the enamel in which they have had your humble servant baked. I think, and so does Sarah, the lower part of my face too long. But enamels (*émaux*) or rather *émaux*—for everywhere there are *des maux*—cannot be corrected once they have gone through the fire. In any case I think it is a thing not to be worn except after my death. I am so shaky that perhaps this is not very far off. If Madame de Girardin would write for me the part of some consumptive historical personage, if such there be—for I delight in a part with a name to it—I believe I should play it well, and in a way to draw tears, for I should shed them myself. It is all very fine to tell me this is only my nerves; I feel very surely there is a screw loose somewhere. We spoke of the watch; when one turns the key too strongly, something goes *crack*! I often feel something go *crack* within me when I screw myself up to act. The day before yesterday, in Horace, when I was giving Maubant his cue, I felt this *crack*. Yes, my friend, I cracked. This quite *entre nous*, because of my mother and the boys."

Conscious though she was of this perilous state of health, Rachel was still so bent on making one more grand effort to augment her fortune, that she entered upon an engagement to play for six months in the United States. After performing in Paris during the summer all her great classical parts, she gave seven representations in London, and sailed on the 11th of August from Southampton for New York. Her success, however, fell far short of what she had anticipated. Corneille and Racine were not attractive to American audiences; and although she supplemented them with *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, *Lady Tartuffe*, and *Angelo*, she did not establish any hold upon the public. In the course of forty-two representations, the total receipts were a little over £27,000, of which Rachel's share

was about half; a very handsome return, but most disappointing to Rachel, who had counted on gains even beyond those which Jenny Lind had shortly before been making across the Atlantic. So feeble was the impression she produced, that it is quite certain Rachel would have lost money had the engagement gone on. But her progress was cut short by a bad cold, followed by such an aggravation of her pulmonary weakness, that she was compelled to return to Europe at the end of January 1856. To be back with those she loved—and with whom she felt her stay could not be long—was all her wish. "J'ai porté mon nom aussi loin que j'ai pu," she writes from Havannah (7th January 1856), "et je rapporte mon cœur à ceux qui l'aiment."

Next winter was spent in Egypt with no abatement of the fatal symptoms. She returned to France, feeling that her work in life was done, and that she would be "doomed to go in company with pain" for whatever term of life might be vouchsafed her. In October she left Paris for Cannel, a few miles from Cannes, where the father of M. Victorien Sardou had placed his villa at her disposal. Before quitting Paris she wrote to her friend and fellow-worker, Augustine Brohan: "Patience and resignation have become my motto. I am grateful to you, dear Mdlle. Brohan, for the kind interest you express; but let me assure you, God alone can do anything for me! I start almost immediately for the South, and hope its pure and warm air will ease my pains a little." Very touching are the words of a letter to another friend, written at the same time:

"It sometimes seems as though night were settling down suddenly upon me, and I feel a kind of great void in my head, and in my understanding. Everything is extinguished all at once, and your Rachel is left the merest wreck. Ah, poor me! That *me* of which I was so proud, too proud, perhaps. Behold it to-day so enfeebled, that scarce anything of it is left. . . . Adieu, my friend. This letter will perhaps be the last. You who have known Rachel so brilliant, who have seen her in her luxury and her splendor, who have so often applauded her in her triumphs, what difficulty would you not have in recognizing her to-day in the species of fleshless spectre which she has become, and which she carries about with her unceasingly!"

The end, which she clearly foresaw, was not far off. The mild air of the South somewhat lightened her pains, but could not arrest the disease. Many sad thoughts of powers wasted and unworthy aims pursued, must have darkened the solitary hours when she was face to face with those questionings of the spirit that will not be put by. Her art, and all it might have been to her, were among her other thoughts. How much greater glory might she not have achieved, to how much higher account, might she not have turned her gifts, how much more might she not have done to elevate and refine her audiences, had she nourished to the last the high aspirations of her youth? Very full of significance is what she said to her sister Sarah, who attended her death-bed: "Oh, Sarah, I have been thinking of *Polyeucte* all night. If you only knew what new, what magnificent effects I have conceived! In studying, take my word for it, declamation and gesture are of little avail; you have to think, to weep!"

Rachel died upon the 3d of January 1858, conscious to the end. She was fortified in her last moments by the very impressive ceremonial of the Jewish Church, of which she was a stanch adherent, and died in the humble hope of a blessed immortality. As we turn away from the contemplation of a fine career, so sadly and prematurely closed, let us think gently of Rachel's faults and failings, due greatly, it may be, to the unfavorable circumstances of her life, and the absence of that early moral training by which she might have been moulded into a nobler womanhood. *Pauvre Rachel!*

As an artist, the want of that moral element prevented her from rising to the highest level. Had she possessed it, she must have gone on advancing in excellence to the last. But this she did not do. Even in such parts as *Phèdre* and *Hermione* she went back instead of forward. Impersonations, that used to be instinct with life became hard and formal. They were still beautiful as studies of histrionic skill, but the soul had gone out of them. A low moral nature—and such assuredly was Rachel's—will always be felt through an artist's work, disguise it how he will, for,

as Sir Thomas Browne says, "The brow often speaks true, eyes have tongues, and the countenance proclaims the heart and inclinations:" and, as we have already said, it shone through the acting of Rachel whenever the part was one in which the individuality of the woman came into play. It was this which made her range so limited. Attired in classical costume, and restricted to a style of action which masked that natural deportment which is ever eloquent of character, her hard and unsympathetic nature was for the time lost to view; and the eye was riveted by motions, graceful, stately, passionate, or eager, and the ear thrilled by the varied cadences or vehement declamation of her beautiful voice. But when her parts approached nearer to common life—when the emotions became more complex and less dignified—the want was quickly felt. If, instead of *Cornelle* and *Racine*, Rachel had been called upon to illustrate Shakespeare, with all the variety of inflection and subtlety of development which his heroines demand in the performer, she must, we believe, have utterly failed. We in England thought too little of this—and it is a mistake which we have made, not in her case alone—in our admiration of a style which to us was new and only half understood, and we placed her on a pinnacle above our own actresses higher than her deserts. We fell into the same mistake, and less excusably, in the case of *Ristori*, an artist of powers in every way inferior. The Parisians, wiser than ourselves, found out their mistake in this respect many years ago, so soon as they saw *Ristori* in *Lady Macbeth*.* Rachel was too accomplished an artist, and knew the limits of her own powers too well, ever to risk her reputation by subjecting it to such a test. She was essentially a declamatory actress; she depended but little on the emotions of the scene; she cared not at all how she was acted up to. She

* This lady has recently opened the eyes of the English public at Drury Lane to the same fact, by playing this character in English. A trial of the public patience so ill-advised and disastrous has rarely been witnessed. It served, however, to show, even to the uncritical, how much of *Madame Ristori*'s success was due, not to truth or refined art, but to mere technical artifice.

could not listen well ; she did not kindle by conflict with the other characters. Nothing to our mind more clearly indicates the actress of a grade not certainly the highest. The classical French drama demands this power less than our own, but it does demand it in some degree. To excel on our stage, however, it is indispensable that the actress should possess the power of kindling, and, as she kindles, of rising, naturally and continuously, through the gradations of emotion and passion, which our more complex dramatic situations demand, and of sustaining these, so as to retain her hold upon the audience, after the voice has ceased to speak. But to do this, something more than the accomplishment of art is necessary ; and this something is a deep and

sincere sensibility, and a moral nature which answers instinctively to the call of the nobler feelings, that constitute the materials of tragedy, and also of comedy of the highest kind. It is easy to see that Rachel, with her lack of high intellectual culture, and her undisciplined moral nature, could never have met the demands of the Shakespearian drama. Nor, seeing what she was as a woman, how little she possessed of the finer and more tender graces of her sex, can we wonder that she failed, as she did, in parts in which Mars or Duchesnois had succeeded, and erred so frequently in accepting others from which true taste and right womanly feeling would have made her recoil.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

RACE AND LIFE ON ENGLISH SOIL.*

BY BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON, M.D., F.R.S.

THE theme, long since cast in my mind and every day before it, on which, to-night, I would discourse, shall be of the races of men on our English soil ; these races in relation to their mental and physical life and its probable future, in so far as that future may be inferred from the past and present.

If I can handle the theme to your satisfaction I shall be more than content, for at this moment, in the history of the little planet on which we dwell, the question of race is the question of the human history of the planet in respect to its social progression. The races form the frictional surfaces by which, in natural collision, the knowledge and wisdom which make life worth having are struck out. The fire of the soul is lighted by the contact of race with race. If all the earth were inhabited by one people of one race, having the same tastes, the same hopes, the same desires, the same traditions, the same color, the same arts, the same literature, the same tongue, it were, I believe, physiologically impossible that such a race could long exist. It would exhibit, soon, a

craving for one object, and that signifies decay ; for the ordinance of nature is that desire shall always be kept under the dominion of necessity.

No finer example, no grander poem of life was ever set in illustration of this ordinance than the tradition of the Tower that was to scale the skies. A race set itself one task. It craved to know the unknowable. In its self-willed ignorance it said, as a child might say : this blue canopy over our heads with the lights set in it, lights which, many though they be, we might count up if we tried, this blue canopy is the veil, thin perchance as a cloud could we pierce it, which hides from our sight the Heaven of Heavens, and shuts us out of its precincts. Our mountains seem to approach it ; it is not so high that it may not be approached. Let us build a tower whose top shall reach into it !

What labor they who thus presumed threw into their work who shall tell ? What self-sacrifice they underwent, danger, privation, hope deferred, who shall tell ? And the end was that the Heavens remained as serenely blue as ever, as unscathed as ever, as far off as ever ; while the men, made helplessly mad with their own conceit, talked madmen's gibberish so that they understood not

* Inaugural Address delivered before the Cymmrodorion Section of the National Eisteddfod, held at Denbigh on August 21st, 1882. Sir Robert Cunliffe, M.P., in the chair.

what was meant when they spoke to each other, but dispersed like the vision they had created.

It is the same with some men in this day as with the men of Babel. He who craves is mad; he lives to himself; he lives for himself; he learns a manner of thought and sentiment and desire and expression which does not fit in with the general life. Thus he falls out of the ranks, or dies, or becomes an inmate of one of our great modern temples of confusion of tongues, our asylums for the insane, our Babels.

Nature, never altering her ordinations, provides these corrections, or, more strictly speaking, permits no divergence from her own course. Here is man, by virtue of a special ingenuity in construction and communication, master of all created life on earth. But take from him that special power, or let him take it from himself, and he were among the feeblest of animals, the prey of a thousand; so much their prey they might quickly tread the earth free of him and his control. Liberate our Babels; leave their inmates free and alone on the face of the earth, and where in the course of a century were such men of the earth? They would fight for a time the men of their time; they would kill and be killed, and to the untamed brutes would fall a ready feast.

To prevent these catastrophes nature provides races of men, varieties that keep the universal man alive in mental health and mental strength. By the very force with which she endows races to preserve their own individuality she maintains the genus man among the beasts. If the races of men commingle they come back to their original type, or make temporarily, in the commingling, a nation or people as distinct in its elements as the original from which each element was derived.

In London, mixture of the world, we see the commingling of the races in the most systematic form. For the moment, that wonderful city is the centre of the planet in representation of human life. In Wales, in a Welsh district, in a Welsh town we see race in its purer and individual type. In London we see the effect of the commingling. In such a province as this in which we now are we see the effect of the separation. To cas-

ual observation the two pictures appear diverse enough. To faithful analytical observation they are the same, showing the same natural lines, the same harmony of result.

I have for my part learned these racial distinctions and comminglings so carefully that I can distinguish them in the crowded city as distinctly as in the county or province. I will tell you first the way in which I learned this lesson. I will then narrate or distinguish the racial characteristics which lie at the foundation of our modern society.

For fourteen years of my life it was my duty, twice a week, to attend at one, and for a time at two, of those public institutions called medical charities. The seats of my labors were in the eastern and east central portions of the great city, and the scenes of my labors were in the outdoor departments of medical practice. I sat at a table in a small room, and one by one, in line, the sick passed before me to be prescribed for. During the first two or three years my mind was chiefly directed to the details of the physician's skill, and all who came before me were to me the same; they were so many sick coming to be treated for their maladies. In course of time the labor became monotonous to a degree I can hardly explain. The description of ailment was often a mere repetition, told and retold, fifty, nay, a hundred times at one sitting; the sight was that of one or two hundred faces traversing from entrance to exit door; the art was that of prescribing, which from constant habit became almost a stereotyped act. You may imagine the monotony.

By and by a new light began to break on me. I got an insight into what we physicians, from the days of Hippocrates to these days, call temperaments. Those people passing before me were, in by far the greater number of instances, so-called English or British people, but yet they were exceedingly different the one from the other. They were different in look, in the manner in which they bore and described themselves, in the mode in which they explained their diseases. The character of their diseases was modified by their peculiar condition and tendency, and the mental, if not the physical, course of treatment admitted

of being changed to suit variety of taste, disposition, and habit.

I found further, as I began to discriminate, or, if I may use the term, differentiate, that there was a marked difference in them as to the mode in which they accepted and appreciated what was done for them, and as to the amount of faith or confidence which they had for the doer and the doing. On these points they moved in groups perfectly distinct. I noticed, further, special differences in different sets as to their own expectations, hopes, desires, fears. Some were pessimists always, others were optimists, others neutral or passive; but all in groups which, in time, became easily definable. My ear, too, caught in their voices distinctions and peculiarities which soon classified into order, so that by the voice and mode of using it I could usually tell, though I did not look at him, the natural group to which the speaker belonged.

But that which struck me as the strangest thing of all was that the groups into which I was able to divide these people began to be declared to me by the names of the persons who formed each group. At first when this dawned upon me I could not believe it to be more than a fancy, and I began to question myself whether I was not letting a mere hypothesis draw me into the net of false inference. That I might avoid this risk I pursued a systematic plan of inquiry.

I made a list of groups based on the peculiarities of types which I had recognized, and I marked these by a number—group one, two, and three, and so on. Then I requested that all new persons who were shown in to me, each of whom would be quite a stranger, should be announced by name before I saw them. If, then, it were a male or a spinster who was announced, for married women were of course out of court since they bore their husband's name, I placed the name under the group to which I believed it to belong. When I had got a goodly list of names arranged in this way I reckoned up the results, and found that I was correct within five to six per cent.

In this way I got naturally and plainly in my mind certain special characteristics which were detectable and recogniz-

able by name, and, having obtained this clue from my medical observations in the first instance, I began to follow it up and to trace it out in all with whom I might come into contact in business, in pleasure, in travel, in practice, in times of solemnest moment and danger and death.

For over a quarter of a century I have pursued these observations, studying the racial differences, first from their primitive position or stock, and next from the admixtures of these in what may be called specimens of mixed races.

As it will be necessary, for the sake of the inferences and suggestions I shall have to draw in the sequel, to present a clear view of the races of men to which reference will be made, I propose in the first instance, with your kind permission, to submit a picture or outline of each different race in its primitive type, and of some of the more important classes springing from combinations of the original or primitive stock.

THE RACES.

I. The representatives of the first race to which I would direct your attention are persons of fair complexion, with light flaxen or brown hair, not very abundant in quantity, and blue or gray eyes. The head is large, massive, round; the supporting neck short and strong. The features heavy, but not, of necessity, dull. The aspect either very friendly, cheerful, and open, or stolid, determined, cold, or even scowling. The body of heavy build and medium height, rarely very tall. The shoulders broad. The voice clear and resonant; the words comparatively few, usually to the point, and in disease plaintive without being complaining.

In disposition these persons are not much distressed about their future and not peculiarly thrifty, but they are truthful and singularly trustful and confiding. I observed from week to week, and even month to month, that whatever might be the cause of their illness, when they were ill they rarely change their course toward their physician, nor think of change. They do not lavish praise on his skill, but they rest on it satisfied not to seek other assistance. To every one else they have the same tendency. Affectionate in an extreme

degree to those closely allied to them by ties of blood, they show little sympathy with persons outside their own circle. They do not meddle with other people's affairs, nor pry into them. For this same reason they allow no one to meddle or pry into their affairs. They are not specially attached to any particular place, but are ready to travel and settle down anywhere and make a home. That home, once made, is like a sacred grove, into which no intruding foot is welcome without invitation. "The Englishman's house is his castle" is especially their motto.

They enjoy looking at works of art, listen with pleasure to music, and laugh at sallies of wit and humor and sarcasm with a ring of laughter round, full, hearty, and good to hear. They are themselves not deficient in rude wit, humor, sally; yet they fail to excel in the refined arts and occupations. By nature they are workers with the hands at hard, steady, exact, pioneering work. The men are powerful in handicrafts; giants in physical labor. The women as housewives and as laborers in domestic work are orderly, slow, clean, conservative, but not particularly economical. Among the industrial classes many of the women work at handicrafts: at the knitting-frame in the stocking districts, at the loom in the factory, in the field and the garden in agricultural places.

The tone of mind of this class of English people, in relation to subjects of solemnest interest, and during states of life when those subjects assume the solemnest impressions, is singularly characteristic. It is marked by staid and stolid disposition. They are, as a rule, Protestant in their religion, unswerving in the path they have chosen, if they have chosen any, and choosing mostly that form that is simplest and broadest. To them gorgeous ceremonial is a mere sight or wonder, it never touches them; nor are they enthusiasts in matters of religious controversy, except when they are roused to tear down what they dislike; then they may be terrible in their earnestness, sparing nothing, however classical, precious, or beautiful. Their natural tendency is toward what some call "fatalism," or to that form of belief which has been dignified by the name of "necessitarian-

ism." They are a practical family even in these concerns. They cannot interfere with what is to be; if they could, they would not; to obey their call is enough. The results lie in the hands of the higher Power. Thus they resign themselves to die with astounding equanimity, and, when they or those who are nearest to them are out of reasonable hope, they are the first to request that the dying be let alone, tormented by no vain endeavor to prolong a life at the close of its earthly course. Owing to this endurance and freedom from brooding over the future, some of them show great tenacity of life; have many lives.

Connected with this same tone of mind they have ordinarily a singular freedom from sense of danger, a freedom indeed which to keener and more timorous or sensitive constitutions savors of obtuseness. It is not bravado. It is a natural absence of fear, and is accompanied with what may truly be called an absence of sympathy with fear and with all kinds of pain. Hence the members of this family easily become mechanically perfect in moments of danger, and thorough to the end in what they have then to do. This faculty makes them invincible in contest, and sometimes detestable in what their sympathetic rivals call oppression, cruelty, or devastation.

Their blindness to danger and slowness of comprehension lead these people into remarkable freedom from superstition in regard to sudden or startling phenomena. They never see ghosts or apparitions, and only laugh at those who do. There is no great merit to them in this, because it rests on slowness. It requires a quick perception to see a ghost, and a vivid imagination to realize what is meant by an apparition or other supernatural phenomenon. These people of whom I speak are deficient in these faculties; long before they could see it, the apparition has vanished, or when it occurs to them, if it occurs to them that they have seen or heard something, it will be so long afterward that their reasoning powers have had time to come into play and explain the phenomenon on some very commonplace and every-day interpretation. At the same time they do not discard mystery nor cast aside a love for the mysterious.

They rather revel in it without being touched by it, as though it were a sublime joke intended for their amusement. To real sublimities, to the true mysteries of nature, the wonders of the universe, the ideas of illimitable space, of illimitable power, of all that is mechanically overwhelming in nature, they are the most impressionable of the impressionable. Astronomy is to them the science of sciences; mathematics, the key of knowledge.

In friendship these people are singularly characteristic. They make no demonstration of fervor, they never enter into friendship with a motive, they are never wily in their friendships. They are, however, easily led into friendly intercourse, and, being slowly suspicious, are abiding in it, adhering often firmly to friends whom the quicker-witted understand and who are undeserving of confidence. While this frame of mind lasts, they are invaluable in friendship; but if it once be broken, whether the breakage occur from right or wrong, it is not often healed. Strictly these people are as implacable in their dislikes as they are firm in their likings. They rarely forgive, and if they forgive they rarely live long enough to forget. They are never proud, they are never humble, and if they assume to be either it is with so bad a grace the assumption falls to the ground. The policy of this family is individual, silently determinate, aggressive to an extent beyond all comparison. It knows and recognizes nothing so much as individual independence; has no vital sympathies with other families; cares first for its own individual family, secondly for the wider family, of which it is a unit, and after that, practically, for none other. In governing it is unsystematic and too dependent on might as right to be scientific in principles of policy. It cuts all troublesome knots with its heavy sword, whatever contents may thereby be loosened. It enjoys fighting for fighting's sake, and does not object to a contest among the members of its own body.

II. The representatives of a second primitive race to which I would next refer are most distinct. The complexion of these is ruddy or fair, reddish, freckled. The hair is of a reddish or reddish-brown

color and scanty. The eyes light gray or light hazel, or sometimes of amber tint. The head high or pointed, of moderate size; the forehead high but receding. The features lightsome, and the expression keen, vivacious, and exceedingly variable. The voice sharp, clear, and musical. The body lithe, of fine light build and of full height, tall when well-developed; the limbs finely shapen and strong, but not massive. In sentiment the members of this family tend quickly to the emotional. They are easily cast down, easily elated. They are always much concerned about their future, and are ready to put endless questions bearing on what is likely to happen to them. This feeling leads them to be hopeful on one side, desponding on the other, and at different times hopeful and desponding on the self-same subject. They are exceedingly thrifty in their habits, and careful of to-morrow. Naturally polite and courteous in manner, they are more expressive of personal praise, trust, and satisfaction than the members of the race I have just before described, but they are entirely different as to the display of their confidence, for they flit about when they have any very serious difficulty, and even when they have no serious difficulty, from one adviser to another with the readiest facility, not hesitating to come back again if the idea seizes them, and expressing diverse opinions and changes of thought without hesitation. On other subjects they present the same ready criticism, often extremely correct and keen and shrewdly witted. They are indeed endowed in an unusual degree with the perceptive faculty. Never dull, never slow, they see, if anything, too sharply, and thereby are given to anticipate too eagerly, from which circumstance they are apt to prejudice and fall into error. They are quickly sympathetic in respect to suffering, kind to all who suffer, and ready to offer immediate assistance. To persons in their own family circle they are tenderly, truly attached, and often carry their attachment to a romantic degree. They are of an inquiring disposition, and are as glad to discuss other persons' affairs and troubles as their own. They are excessively attached to home and to one place, so much so that if in illness it is necessary to advise them to

change their residence, or to emigrate, the good that might be likely to follow would be quite as likely counterbalanced by the mental worry incident to the change, or the homesickness engendered by it, if the change were made. In their home they like good fellowship, and are, in the truest sense of the word, hospitable, their hospitality altogether overcoming their love of clanship, or being sustained by it, as if it were a part of an hereditary attribute. To them the home is not the closed castle, but the open hostel, to which all who come with a reasonable introduction are welcome. They are admirers of art, and adepts in the artistic world. Not deeply original in their views, they are urgent to be trained in music, drawing, and other similar accomplishments. They are skilful in fine handicrafts and games, and are almost invariably possessed with the desire to dance or enter into sports which call into action the muscular organs. They take well to light work, but avoid it when they can, though they do not shrink from the rough and heavy tasks of labor.

The tone of mind of this class on subjects of solemn moment is firm, poetical, and—I use the term without any vulgar meaning, and in its true sense—æsthetic. Loving the beautiful in nature, their hearts go forth toward it, and, if they have been educated to a system which appeals to this love of poetry and beauty, they adhere to it with all their hearts. Thus in religion they are faithful to creeds which some of their rival races look down upon. If brought up in the ceremonial of the Church of Rome, they take it into themselves as a part of their lives; it is in them. The music of it is in their souls; the solemn rite is to their eyes a perpetual and exquisite vision; the odor of the incense is grateful to their refined sense; and from generation to generation they live on enjoying these, to them beatitudes, untouched by outside zeal or prejudice or change. I was last year on a belt of land in the Highlands of Scotland where, through all the great and, in many respects, salutary storms of the Reformation, this love of an old faith by an old people remained practically unchanged. Massive walls of stone dividing races have fallen to the earth;

great houses and castles have crumbled to the dust; world-renowned abbeys and cathedrals and schools, and shrines and tombs and holy wells and chantries, have been despoiled, until their wrecks only remain for the antiquarian to feast upon. But these living walls still stand unshaken; the living elements of which they are constructed holding on to what they conceive a holy life, in the artistic form of faith on which for centuries, from the time of the sainted Columba, their fathers fastened and fed.

Even when this most sense-inspiring of all the forms of ceremonial has not inspired the people of whom I now speak, they have shown their proclivity for the artistic spirit in other ways: in love of chant and beautiful song, of flowers of speech and flowers of earth, of splendid piles raised with hands, or of still more magnificent and sublime fanes in the grand temples of nature herself, hewn in cathedral form, beneath the mighty trees of the forest; before or within the awful cave scooped out in arch and nave by the encroaching sea; or, on the mountain side where the valley makes the amphitheatre solemn and gorgeous as the everlasting arch under which it is canopied.

In such nature, filled with such nature, has this poetic race poured forth its adoring soul.

With this pleasure in realizing the form and expression of faith, the members of the race of which I now speak combine a hopeful mind, extending in hope beyond their life, together with a belief in the power to do good and to influence the course of human events which is as buoyant as their flexible mirth. No fatalism tinges their expectations, no necessitarianism colors their exertions. They hold themselves responsible for what they do, and actually think that their words and deeds are veritable modellings or remodellings of things that are, the Divine Power not using them as mere blind instruments for carrying out His inscrutable decrees, but giving them the heart and mind and will to do His will according to the knowledge and the wisdom with which they are possessed. They, therefore, rarely sink into resistless apathy, rarely accept the view that what is to be will be, but continue, tenaciously, to the

end, and often hasten their end by the resolution that they will do or die.

Under excitements these people are brave and daring and full of fire; but their keen perception leads them to see danger or disaster too quickly to permit them to hold on in sustained power, unless they are inspired by example or driven by inevitable necessity. Desperate in emergency, and elated easily by success, they are soon disposed to sympathy even with those whom they have conquered, and forgive as readily as they would be forgiven. Quick and keen in perception, they are easily affected by what is called the supernatural. Always on the alert, they see what others more stolid fail to see, and draw inferences with such quick decision they are often led, like the poet, to give

. . . to airy nothings
A local habitation and a name.

The race undoubtedly has believed largely in apparitions, so largely that when the stories or traditions of haunted places are sifted they are, if my inquiries may permit me to speak, always connected with some story or incident of the race. Yet, after all, the belief is not practical; it is vivid without being permanent; it fills a leisure moment or arrests a passing one, but it does not seriously interfere with the common-sense and judgment with which the mind of the race is so generously enriched.

In friendship these people are more fervent than the other race of which I have spoken, but less determined. They are warm and steady so long as they entirely trust, but, being quick to detect failures and jealous of affection, they are apt to break off friendships under sudden emotion or dispute. At the same time they are equally willing to forgive, to listen to explanations, to close up grievances, and utterly to forget the past. I have known two men of this race who have had a mortal quarrel, once a year at least, and I have been appealed to more than once as an arbitrator of their respective wrongs. Such arbitration is easy enough: in a short time the combatants themselves forget the precise nature of their wrongs, on which the broken stream of friendship, with a little noise over the stones, returns to its own channel, and flows on

as if it had never been for a moment interrupted. To this race, indeed, the spirit of unforgiveness between friends appears as the most evil of spirits; but friendships among them are not gained in a day; perhaps, in the strictest sense of the word, they are never gained unless they are bred; and when they are not bred, or are checked by breeding, they are never, under any circumstances, made intimate. Hence, abroad, the members of the race are slow to join in hard and fast friendships with those of different blood.

In policy these people are clannish without being aggressive. They mingle badly with all other families except on their own soil. There, welcoming strangers, they receive them in time as their own kin, and join with them in closest ties. The family bond is the centre of their political system, by which, when the family circles are agreed, they become what is called loyal to a system, a person, or even a word. In difficulties of political strife, they are quick to foresee, skilful to unravel, anxious as to consequences, and when they have time for quiet reflection are not willing for contest. Under impulse they may be led to fight even for an idea; in congress or conclave, with all the reasons and facts and risks before them, they would be sure to lay their swords aside until they had fairly tried to untie the difficult knot and rearrange the contents it secured. I doubt if the massive empty pyramids themselves would ever induce this race, left free and deliberative, to go forth to war.

Unlike the previous family on English soil of which description has been given, this family is naturally proud, and while it never attempts to conceal the fact makes little boast of it, except in moments of irritation or self-defence. Then it declares plainly enough what it probably always feels as near to its heart as any other sentiment, its appreciation of itself, of its race, of its descent, and of the place from whence it came, with which it is wont to connect some tradition, which, whether it be truth or fable, is equally dear.

III. The races of English life to which I have thus far invited your attention are supplemented by another race which is as distinct, and in some

particulars more clearly distinct than the previous two. In my medical education on the subject in hand these people, in fact, were most readily distinguished and were known to me, as peculiar, long before I had read the chapter of race anything like so completely as I was afterward able to read it. In this third race the physical as well as the mental characteristics stand forth in bold outline, while certain peculiarities of a social kind, carrying with them the declaration of caste and special family, separate its members almost to isolation. These people are of dark complexion or swarthy. Their eyes are deep hazel, brown, or even black in color. Their hair is dark brown, passing to black or raven, thick, luxuriant and glossy. The head is large, the forehead prominent but not high, and very often marked by the characteristic which Gall called "the ox-head form," by which he meant great breadth across the lower part of the forehead, with a broad but retreating upper portion, and which he, with much acuteness, described as the head of those who excel in the study of numbers, music, tune, time, and order. The features are usually heavy, yet often lighted with intelligence, and generally with reflection and thought. The aspect is that of caution, watchfulness, and reserve, with courage lying behind. Sometimes there is a smile, but very rarely, and always subdued, never passing into broad grin or loud laughter. The expression is most variable even in faces that in form and general contour are alike. In the expression we see how largely our greatest painters are indebted to them. They have yielded to the canvas, perhaps exclusively, the grandest art. Their male faces have been used to depict that which is purest, holiest, most forgiving, most ennobling, most divine. Their male faces have been made to depict the most degraded, the most sordid, the most cruel, the most treacherous of human nature. The ideal of the devil has never been represented from any other type of face except in low and grotesque caricature. Sometimes the very beauty of the face has been transformed by the painter to show the depths of wickedness even through beauty. Their female faces have been selected to represent every-

thing that is womanly, tender, pitiable, pitying; everything that is tragic, violent, bewitching, terrible.

The bodily configuration of the race is itself peculiar. Its members are rather below than above the middle height; the limbs are large, but not strong like those of the first-named race, nor lithe and wiry like the second; but the skeleton throughout is well formed, and, as the late Dr. Knox was wont to say, "it can always be seen in them more readily than in others." The shoulders and chest are broad.

The voice of these people is resonant, full, and, when not perverted by dialect or habit of speech, musical. In disposition they are both emotional and reflective. They are exceedingly alive to the emotions of fear and grief, but rarely give way to passion, their reasoning faculty and strong sense of self-preservation holding them strangely under control. They are thrifty, often to avarice, and yet from a counteracting love of ostentation they are given to run into even reckless expenditure. They are trustful of those in whom they have learned to trust, but their trust comes from that learning and is always watchfully maintained, so that it shall not be thrown away when it is undeserved. Well balanced in mind, they both perceive and reason correctly. They are not hasty to arrive at conclusions, and when their own interests are unconcerned they are not obstinate in holding to that which their judgment shows them to be doubtful. It cannot be said that they are sympathetic to suffering or urgent in alleviating it, but among their own people they are so exceptionally merciful and just that they never allow any one of them who is loyal to want or be dependent on the stranger for means to live. They are models of domestic life, and bring up their daughters in such chasteness of conduct that even in the vortex of modern Babylon their women rarely go astray, however poor they may be. Their powers of long-suffering are proverbial, so that they can live under conditions, bear oppressions, and endure privations which would not be believed if they had not been certified to by indisputable history. They are ready at any time to wander, and, as Boudin has said, appear to be able to live in every

place—"in Europe, from Norway to Gibraltar; in Africa, from Algiers to the Cape; in Asia, from Cochin to the Caucasus, from Jaffa to Peking; in America, from Monte Video to Quebec; in Australia, in all habitable parts." They can live at any altitude, from high mountainous districts to the valley of the Jordan, 400 metres below the level of the sea. They are in fact essentially a migratory race, settling and flourishing and progressing wherever they are permitted to establish themselves in peace and liberty.

In their homes they are hospitable even to display, but the home with them is nevertheless sacred; it is not a castle, and it certainly is not a hostel. These people are by nature artists. A sacred tradition has prevented them from becoming artists in marble or stone or metal, and has to some extent interfered with them as painters, but the spirit is there. In music, where they have had liberty to excel, they have excelled beyond all others. They have made the earthly music that is immortal, and have distributed it as if they were the very fountains of sweet sounds. In dramatic representation of the highest kind they have shown the same ability. In physical exercises, in deeds of daring, though they have sometimes fought bravely, they have not been conspicuous, and against all heavy physical human labor they have steadfastly set their face. In light arts with precious metals, jewelry, *per se*, they have condescended through necessity to succeed; but their occupation, signally theirs, has been to let others work and to turn into commercial enterprise and profit the workings of others all the world over, whoever they might be. In philosophy, science, metaphysics, they have shown the most consummate skill, and in all that may be called abstract in thought, as apart from the practical and mechanical, they have taken a first and highest place.

The tone of mind of this race, on subjects of solemn interest, is moulded and moved by the traditions and regulations which have been handed down to it from age to age, and which have been accepted through all prosperity, through all tribulation; for these people either abide firmly by their primitive faith, or,

leaving it, lapse into free thought. They are given to ceremonial, and their sacred ceremonies, from which the Church of Rome has largely copied, are rich in points of artistic beauty, especially in chant and song. I know no services more thrilling than some of their religious festivals; the "Reader," singing, with the voice of an angel, the rich psalm or poem in his ancient native tongue; the burst of the refrain.

I know nothing more exquisitely pictorial and poetical than a wedding ceremony as I have seen it performed by this race; the red tent pitched in the synagogue, the priest or rabbi at one entrance of it receiving the couple about to wed; the recitation, with responses from the people, of one of the holy chapters or hymns; the declarations of the persons most concerned in the rite; the prayer of the rabbi; the bringing forth of the glass of grape juice or wine; the casting of the emptied glass upon the ground, and the treading it to pieces by the foot of the bridegroom; the admonition, thereupon, that in the very midst of life at its brightest the inevitable must not be forgotten; the benediction; and the exit of the married pair from the canopy over them into the communion of their friends and well-wishers. This, taken as a whole, presents a wedding ceremonial, when it is well and richly carried out, that has its equal in no church, not even in the Greek, which, though more ornate, is less solemn. Equally striking in impressiveness, though different in character, is their day of atonement and their strange weird mourning for their dead.

In relation to their ultimate fate, the representatives of this race differ entirely from the other two. They meet it in ominous silence, the doubt of the Sadducee mingling with wonder. The dull listlessness or fatalism of the race I first described is not theirs, for they are keenly endowed with the sense of fear. The highest hope and faith of the race I afterward described is not theirs, for they are not naturally enriched by hope. Hence in rudest health they are, comparatively speaking, inclined to gloom; optimist, never, pessimist, never, but inclining to philosophical meditation, which is most pronounced when, as their wisest man expressed—"O death, how

bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man that liveth at rest in his possessions : unto the man that hath nothing to vex him, and that hath prosperity in all things : yea, unto him that is yet able to receive meat."

Ruled by these modes of thought, this people when in adversity prepare for the worst and get ready for the morrow, realizing better than any other their own proverb—One knows not what a day may bring forth. So in adversity they hold on and live where others would fail and die ; while in success they easily fall, and in wealth come across their greatest danger.

They are not wanting in the sentiment of superstition, but their superstitions differ from those of the ghost sighter and apparition seeker. Theirs are visions, communions with things unheard and unseen by mortal waking senses. The human species is to many of them still endowed with mysterious powers which they at once detest and dread. They do not see wraiths ; they would not open a window to let out a departing spirit ; they would not convey the news of a death to bees in a hive ; but a dream they can dwell upon, and a witch or a wizard they will despise and yet accredit.

In friendship they keep much to themselves, and, while they are strangely apt to attack, and even abuse, others of their own flesh and blood, they are closely allied as a family. In policy they are observant, cold, patient, watchful, ready. They are born with every quality for universal rule except persistent strength, and what the Saxon vulgarly calls "pluck." In desperation they are brave and fight like demons, but they themselves would never fight if they could help it ; certainly never from the love of it. Independent in spirit at the bottom of their nature, they allow none whom they can govern to become their masters, even among themselves—their very priests being to them mere readers, not pastors. But to unmistakable powers, over and above them, they bend like willows in the stream, retaining their elasticity and biding the time for the stream to fall. This is their humility—this also is their unbroken pride, of ages' growth. It was written for them in language they have never

forgotten, "Burden not thyself above thy power while thou livest ; and have no fellowship with one that is mightier and richer than thyself ; for how agree the kettle and the earthen pot together ? If the one be smitten against the other it shall be broken."

IV. The representatives of another race whose peculiarities I followed out with some detail occasionally came before me. They are a small family compared with the others that have been mentioned. In complexion they are swarthy and dark, their eyes are very black, their hair dark, crisp, and glossy. Their head large and well formed ; the forehead broad and high ; the features calm, keen, crafty ; the lower jaw projecting and massive ; the neck thick and strong ; the shoulders broad ; the body often tall, powerful, well formed ; the limbs lithe and built for action. These people are true children of nature, a wandering class, living together, holding together ; possessing an internal policy of their own which they do not care to reveal ; a language of their own ; a faith which seems a negation ; an art which has no development except perhaps in a rude music. Yet when the members of this race emancipate themselves from themselves and mingle with the general community, when, that is to say, they become civilized, they exhibit evidence of very fine powers of mind as well as body. They retain superstitions tenaciously for a long time ; they retain their love of outdoor life, and look upon the horse, to which they are often very cruel, as an equal companion with man. They gain facility for travel, learn languages with great ease, and are essentially diplomatic in all they undertake. They are troubled with few fears, and have little trust in any skill or statement which they cannot themselves perfectly understand and believe. Essentially sceptical, stoical, and reserved, they hold their own in the cultivated phase of existence without offence, and conceal their original belongings with consummate self-possession and ingenuity. Many of them have thus risen to great eminence, and have left behind them works which might never have received commendation had the type of the family from which it came been recognized.

I have now placed forward, as sharply

as I could define them, the four characteristic races on our English soil. You will have recognized them already by their common racial names as the Saxon, the Keltic, the Jewish, and the Gypsy. The two first and the last, the Saxon, the Keltic, and the Gypsy, are now assumed by scholars to be branches of a great Indo-European family which flourished on the Ganges some four thousand years ago, and underwent a great dispersion into India, Persia, Northern Europe, Central Europe, and these British Islands. The third race, the Jewish, is considered to be more distinct, unless the hypothesis that the ten lost tribes commingled with the Hellenic elements of the Indo-European families and moved with them be accepted as true.

For my part, while I admit that the philological discoveries which have recently been made forcibly support the idea of the derivation of the three races from the Indo-European stock, the physiological reading does not bear out the inference, unless it be that the Indo-European peoples originally were made up of several races, speaking one language, as the compound English peoples do at this day. Certainly, from a physiological point of view, there is as wide a distinction between a Kelt and a Saxon as there is between a Jew and a Saxon or a Jew and a Gypsy.

The philological and physiological differences are, then, best blended and brought into harmony with each other by the not improbable supposition that the races were always distinct as races, while temporarily united in country and language by some common political union which ended in dissolution and dispersion. However that may be, we on English soil in this day are made up of the distinctive racial types which have been described, and which are temporarily linked in a common political and social bond.

It is now my wish to pass from description of type to consideration of the life or vitality of the different races, and to the probable futures of that vitality; and again, to the best efforts that should be employed by the truly thoughtful to maintain in healthful harmony the life and usefulness of the representatives of every type. But before I pass to this

topic I must dwell briefly on two other points which will help us to a clearer understanding of our subject.

You will remember that in the earlier part of my discourse I explained that I had learned to detect racial distinctions by peculiarities of names. This is a very interesting and curious study, which opened itself to me in the following way. I observed that those who presented what I would call the Saxon type were known, as a rule to which there were few exceptions, by a surname which had a marked signification. It was a name indicating a trade, such as Smith, Mason, Miller, Carpenter. Or it was a name indicating an office, as Judge, Sheriff, Warder. Or of a town or place, as Barnet, Forest, Fort; or of a color, as Brown, Black, White. Or it was a name representing some substantial thing, like Stone, Mill, Wood, Hill, Steel. Or it was a name in which the three letters *ard* entered, meaning to resemble, or take after, or belong to, or be of the same nature of a thing. Or it was a name which had attached to it as a suffix the word "son." Or it was compounded by putting together two or three of these terms, as, for instance, in the name of the dull Saxon, who is addressing you. "Rick," a store or heap, "ard," belonging to, "son," a son, Rickardson; or Richardson, Richard's son.

I observed, again, that those who represented the Keltic type were known, as a rule, by a surname which indicated a quality, as Jolly, Merry, Gay. Or that there was attached to the name a prefix like "O," O'Connor, O'Gowan, O'Neale, meaning the grandson of Connor, Gowan, Neale. Or the word "Mac," meaning the son of, as MacDougal, MacIntyre; or the word "Ap," meaning also the son of some one, as Ap Rhys, Ap Howell, Ap Roger, Ap Richard, now very naturally corrupted, as Mr. Mark Lower, author of the "Patronymica Britannica," tells us, into Price, Powell, Prodger, and Pritchard. Or, as is so common in Wales, the name of the father was put into the genitive case with a Christian name, as David William's, meaning David of William; or Harry Johns or Jones, Harry of John, Jones. Or again, the name is taken from a place or an adjective with the

word *de* before it, as *De Ville*, *De Merueilleux*.

Once more I observed that those who represented the Semitic or Jewish type were known distinctly by three classes of surnames. Some, were known by names originally Jewish, such as *Jacobs*, *Levi*, *Moses*, *Solomon*, *Abraham*, or by some modification of these names, such as *Jacobson*, *Levison*, *Moss*, *Moser*, *Salmon*, *Braham*. Others were represented by persons bearing Latin names, such as *Magnus*, *Marcus*. Some were assumed names, like *Lawson*, *Lawrence*, and *Marshall*. But most were represented by persons bearing the names of animals, such as *Lion*, *Wolf*, *Buck*, *Hart*, *Hare*, *Hawk*, *Fox*, and the like. These latter names are so characteristic that I never met with anyone bearing them who did not exhibit some unmistakable indication of Semitic descent.

The members of the gypsy race, during their nomadic state, have little regard for names. I lived at one time near to *Barnes Common*, about seven miles from *London*, where until about a quarter of a century ago the *London gypsy* pitched his tent luxuriously and found a suburban home. One day I was called to see a poor gypsy boy who had sustained a fracture of the spine by reason of a blow from the shaft of his donkey cart. I crept into his tent and ministered to his medical wants, and for many weeks afterward visited him daily. I got him sent to a *London hospital*, where he had every care; but he prayed so piteously to return to the open air and to his tribe, he was soon under my hands again, and remained so until the palsy of the lower half of his body with which he was affected ended in death. This attention of mine made me much liked by this wandering race, and I had an opportunity of studying them which few have possessed. I could never make out that they had, in their wild state, any systematic plan of name. They had no such name as we should call *Christian*, and it was not clear that they had any surname which passed from father to son through different generations. Sometimes, in imitation of the dominant races about them, they gave a half-name, such as *Dick* or *Jem* or *Bec*, to certain of their members—the boy who was under my care was

called *Mat*—still I do not think this extended very far, and was perhaps peculiar to the part of the race which lingered near the metropolis. But when the gypsy has gone out of his tribe and has ceased to be a resident in it, he has commonly assumed a name. *Roberts* is one of these assumed names; *Willis* is another, very common; *Hovel*, which is a word they often use for a tent, and variations of this, such as *Howell* and *Hall*, are still more common, the last being with them a very favorite surname. *Lee* is another hardly less common, and you will meet constantly under all these names persons whose faces and forms, when you carefully study them, declare often through many generations the source from which they emerged. They are, as a general fact, people of remarkable ability and character.

From this question of names as identifications of race on English soil I would dwell for a moment on the other incidental point to which I said I must refer. This relates to the question of admixture of the races by intermarriage of one race with another. Of necessity in a mixed community like ours there must be considerable admixture, but it really is not so general as would at first be supposed; and, as the tendency of each race is to revert through the male line to the original type, the races and their names remain singularly distinct all through the country, so that the typical form soon predominates in persons in whom the bloods are admixed. Thus in the admixed families, *Saxon-Jewish*, *Saxon-Keltic*, *Keltic-Jewish*, the dominant type may usually be read, the pigments or coloring substance of the eyes, the hair, the complexion, being as distinct as the mental peculiarities. The purest *Saxon-Jewish* family type is the blue eye and fair skin with dark hair; or the hazel eye with dark hair and fair skin. The purest *Saxon-Keltic* family type is the blue eye with ruddy complexion and golden hair. This in the young is the most beautiful of combinations. The *Keltic-Jewish* family type is very characteristic: the eyes hazel or amber colored; the hair rich brown or auburn; the complexion ruddy but a shade dark; the nose aquiline and exquisitely chiselled; the features of Semitic cast; the tastes strong for music

and for the pursuit of all that is pleasant in nature out of doors. Some time in your Welsh country the combination I here describe must have been very widely cultivated, for in names and faces we meet with it in all directions. Not long since one of our scientists thought he had discovered a race in Wales that was primitively distinctive. He was really looking at the Keltic-Semitic combination or family. The same combination is strongly marked in Cornwall, but it extends along all the Western coasts of our island, and to some extent along the Southern parts. In the Eastern and Midland parts it is scarcely seen at all. In them and in the Northern the Saxon type pure and simple prevails.

VITALITY OF THE RACES.

Turn we now to the subject of the vitality of these races, their power, their endurance, their life. Until this subject is understood, medical science as curative of disease, sanitary science as preventive, are long in the rear of successful action. Until this subject is understood and reduced to scientific exposition, political action, as it is called, must remain as rank a quackery as it now so often is, with men believing that they do what is being done for them by nature without any reference to them, their words, or their works; and, with blood-letting, *i.e.*, the infliction of war and death by the sword as the one grand and only known mode of curing the fevers and fits and struggles and plethoras and melancholies and madnesses of nations.

On English soil the Saxon race is yet the most powerful, as it is perhaps the most numerous. It is the most powerful physically, and, charged with the faculty for physical work and physical invention, it adds to its own brute strength the invincible aid of mechanical invention. It is always keeping itself perfect as a vast machine, and conjuring up some new leverage by which to extend its own facilities for work. Its password is motion; its idol, energy. It is as determinate as the steam-engine, which it loves as a new brother, a creation of its own, as true, as strong, as certain, as ruthless to all who come in its way.

In fact, with all its power the vitality of the race is not immortal. Many members of it die early in life, and are they, chiefly, who reduce the natural term of English life, which might under healthy conditions be safely set at one hundred years, to little more than one third of that term. They die early, from many causes. They are much subject to that constitutional form of disease called struma or scrofula, and, as I have elsewhere shown, they suffer exceedingly from pulmonary consumption, consumption of the lungs. They suffer severely from mechanical shocks, overstrains, and accidents incident to their many severe, exhausting, and hazardous avocations. They suffer from confinement in their shops and workplaces, and they suffer with still greater severity from their mode of life, from intemperance, thriftlessness, and domestic trouble.

The Keltic race, less numerous in these islands than the Saxon, presents altogether a better vital capacity if length of life be taken as the test of vitality. In this race the nervous element predominates, and the forms of disease are of the nervous order. There is more of excitability and of disorder indicated by irritability of mind and of body than belongs to the Saxon or to the Jewish family. Thus the members of the Keltic race exhibit more of nervous disease in all its forms, and often wear themselves out in their fervor or devotion to some particular cause, object, person, or idea. They fall more easily than others into diseases marked by nervous excitability, irritability, dyspepsia, and irregularity of the heart. By habit they are much more temperate than the Saxon; but under example and excitement they are given to intemperance, which in them takes, not the heavy sottish form of Saxon inebriation, but the fierce vehemence and destruction which attend indulgence in the fiercest of the alcoholic poisons. To them the devil in solution is, and no mistake, a fiery devil. This leads to violent act, to violent result, to self-destruction, to sudden collapse under commotion, or sudden dissolution. But, constitutionally, the race, though not exempt, is fairly and comparatively free of taints of disease, and

is constructed for the possession of a long and healthy existence under obedience to natural ordinance.

The members of the Jewish race have, up to the present period of history, presented the most remarkable of all the vitalities, and those of them who are united to the other races by ties of blood, though not by any profession or religious indication, are hardly less privileged. In England and Wales we compute that the number of professed Jews does not exceed fifty, some say not over forty, thousand; but in addition to these, if physiological readings be true, and I feel sure they are, there is an enormous Christianized Jewish population which, under exceedingly broad and Protestant principles, accepts the Christian faith with a tendency to Puritanic simplicity and an all but Judaic method, and in which the names, the beliefs, the traditions of the Jewish people, as rendered in their sacred writings, find their repetitions. But I notice now, in regard to vitality, the most truly typical of the Semitic type, those, namely, who profess and call themselves Jews, and it is they, I specially repeat, who show an exceptional tenacity of life, under circumstances which at first sight would seem to cause the utmost resistance to life. I have investigated this matter with the greatest care, and, not to trouble you by repeating in detail what I have already published, I may state in brief terms that during all ages of life, under all conditions of life to which it has been subjected, under persecutions the most painful, under suppression of liberty the most determinate, under residences in confined quarters of towns that were practically prisons, under isolations the most pitiful, under contempts the most cruel, the Jewish family has maintained a vitality and health which is at once a model to the other families of men among which it has been destined, or, I should rather have said, permitted, to exist. The Jews are not free from proclivities to disease of a serious constitutional kind. They are comparatively free from consumption; they are comparatively free from diseases arising from unchastity; they are very free from those zymotic diseases or pestilences, small-pox, measles, scarlet fever, and such like, which carry off

so largely the children of other races; they are very free, that is to say, they have been very free, from the diseases which spring from poverty; and they are very free, that is to say, they have been very free, from the diseases, fatal of fatal, which spring from idleness, ostentation, and luxury. The particular hereditary disease from which they suffer is cancer. According to my experience they are more disposed to that malady than either Saxon or Kelt, but it is not sufficiently widespread to affect the general results of the tenacious life pertaining to them. For the benefits they have received in the way of life and health, the Jewish family has been indebted to wise sanitary laws and regulations bequeathed to them from of old; to thrift and provision for the morrow; to peacefulness of heart; to domestic virtue, and most of all to sobriety. It is hard to tell whether, when set free from every political and religious oppression, left to make their own course in open competition with other peoples, receiving from their fathers the wealth of their past, wealth of wisdom, wealth of simple homeliness, wealth of riches, wealth of vitality, they will retain and bank the same treasures, or take out and squander all. At the present time it is as if the finger of prophecy were pointing to the last-named fate.

The nomad of English soil, the Gypsy, who still lingers in the tent, is not the healthiest nor longest-lived of the races. The seasons in their courses here fight against him, and civilization holds him at arm's length until he becomes civilized. He suffers much from diseases incident to cold and damp, like rheumatism and the affections of the heart and other vital organs which follow in its train; he suffers from neglect, precarious living, privation, and intemperance; but in constitution he is strongly framed, and in the ranks of the civilized has more than the ordinary share of vital capacity and endurance.

Such are the life-tendencies of these differing races of English birth on English soil. Their future! What shall that be?

THE FUTURE OF THE RACES.

We see, at this moment, the Saxon race predominant in power of a purely

physical nature, power like that wielded by the hand of a giant, if not by an intellect, gigantic. We see, at this moment, the Semitic race predominant by wealth and shrewd ability; a wise and discerning people holding the money and giving it forth with judgment and care to the toilers who wield the physical power. We see, at this moment, the Keltic race between the other two, conquered by neither, yet moved by both and moving both. To the Gypsy we may for the moment say farewell. One day perchance he may rejoin the native East Indian tribe from which for awhile he has been broken off, and, having become one of the civilized of the West, may have an important say in the history both of East and West. But, now to him we may bid farewell.

The three races, Saxon, Keltic Semitic, in this day strive together, react on each other, and on the whole beneficially. The Saxon goes to the fringe of some new continent, carrying with him his other self, his lever, his mattock, spade, plough, axe, and other tool or engine. He cuts into the forest, he digs into the earth, he levels the roads, he builds rude houses, warm and comfortable enough for him if he be let alone; he sets up earthworks and forts; he plans docks, builds and mans ships, and does it all often out of what he finds on the spot, taking everything as if it were his own, and fighting the owner if the owner dares to interfere; crushing out all that comes in his way, yet not quarrelsome if he be allowed his own way. When he has made a rough holding, he lets the Kelt join him on terms which he keeps the key of, and the Kelt, with light heart and elastic mind, beautifies the place, and makes it more human; builds the temple, the theatre, the mansion; lays out the garden; introduces the picture, the sculpture; improves and enlightens the literature; lets in the light, the art, the beauty; in fact, furnishes the place and makes it happy. When Saxon and Kelt have in their ways thus installed the community in comfort and position, in glides the Jew with his money bags, and "will you buy, will you buy, will you buy" becomes the ring of the street and the market. So commerce

completes the whole. The Jew does more than this: he brings music also, enterprise, and, until he feels his way, long-sufferance and stability.

In these combinations the three races help each other. Will the partnership survive? The danger underlying the Saxon is physical power. The danger of the Jew is money. Heaps of gold are the Goodwin Sands of the Jewish race. The Kelt is safer on these grounds. The Jew may amass wealth, may hold the capital, may dispense and equalize the capital; he is safe at that so long as he does not show his wealth, too feebly hidden, and does not attempt to dominate or put his hand into the works of the mighty Saxon engine. Let him expose his wealth, display himself on it, try to rule by it, and he is under that iron heel of Saxon power again as sure as ever he was before. This is his danger, and, as events elsewhere have shown, it is ever imminent.

The danger to the Saxon is with himself of himself. Saxon and Saxon in conflict and other races oppressed by Saxon wrongs, waiting till they can be the dictators and masters of the sullen power, and he, making for himself domains and empires beyond his control, sinking under the burden, and not daring to retract or recede until the resistance is overwhelming. The danger of the Keltic race lies in irritability and sudden action without due forethought, under excitement or impulse. This controlled, the Kelt, under fostering influence of knowledge, is equal to hold his own with any rival in race.

The hope of all advanced scholars must be that these conflicts may be avoided. That men may learn to know each other racially as well as individually; that they may understand the natural requirements of each race and let those requirements have legitimate play; that while they do not assume to change the foundations of nature, in which they will most assuredly fail if they try, they learn of her how her courses may be so naturally diverted that they shall progress without injury to any one; that as the philosopher who defied not the lightning, nor attempted to stop it by his skill, gleaned from nature herself how to direct it at will, and by a mere line of wire to bring it harmlessly

to the earth, its destination ; so they, in dealing with vital forces, mental and physical, may let them all have their vent and reach their destinations, directed in their course in such a manner that not a chance of evil shall ensue ; that they shall comprehend that the greatness of the world will be best realized when all races shall join to produce the greatness ; that for this end all races have some peculiar gifts which will add to the whole ; and, that, as in the orchestra each one has a part which, in itself perfectly distinct, combines with the rest to make up the harmonious result, so in the world that is to come, even on this planet, the harmony for which the whole creation yearns can be secured when every social part is brought by its best and wisest, and, according to its own conscience, holiest disposition, into communion and universal concord.

I learn from what I have read and heard that you, who year by year for thirteen centuries past have met together at these historic festivals, meet in reverence and love of the dead from whom you sprang—the dead who continue to live through you, to think, to speak, to act by and through you whom they are.

There be some that look upon such love, such reverence, such recognition of the great past as so much empty holiday ; as adhesion to a language that has passed out of date, and to a custom that is worn out and decayed. I for one venture, with you, to dispute that criticism. If it be such a good thing to retain the dead monuments of the past that an Act of Parliament is being sought to secure that end, how much more precious must it be to maintain and retain those monuments of human history which have never died ; a language which is as

true and living to-day as it was when this festivity first was established ; a custom as living and a social ceremonial as dear to those of to-day as it was to the generations of the same race that have passed to their rest. Is a national poem so worthless that the oldest one of annual repetition should be swept away ? I think not.

But beyond this consideration, which a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries may of all men claim the privilege to support, there is another view which the social scholar ever keeps in mind and holds in heart, I mean the utilization of such gatherings as this as aids to the fulfilment of that day of universal peace and brotherhood of nations, and common-wealth and common-health, which the purest and wisest of all ages have declared possible, and have magnified as the highest development of human effort and human felicity. The day when "there shall no more be an infant of days nor an old man that hath not filled his days." The day when it shall truly be said—

. . . omnis feret omnia tellus,

all lands shall all things yield.

If, keeping this day in hopeful sight, as sacredly as the perpetuation of your wonderful history, you shall let these festivals, year by year, be foretastes of that happy time ; and, declaring your own liberty to maintain your individual life, shall learn to give equal liberty to all men of all races to maintain theirs ; then this Eisteddfod shall remain, a pillar in history, marking from date to date the course of human progress, until the whole world has accepted for its motto your motto, "God and all Goodness"—"Dw a phob daioni."—*Fraser's Magazine*.

TO VIRGIL,

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF THE MANTUANS FOR THE NINETEENTH CENTENARY OF VIRGIL'S DEATH. BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

I.

ROMAN VIRGIL, thou that singest
 Ilion's lofty temples robed in fire,
 Ilion falling, Rome arising,
 wars, and filial faith, and Dido's pyre ;

II.

Landscape-lover, lord of language
 more than he that sang the Works and Days,
 All the chosen coin of fancy
 flashing out from many a golden phrase ;

III.

Thou that singest wheat and woodland,
 tilth and vineyard, hive and horse and herd ;
 All the charm of all the Muses
 often flowering in a lonely word ;

IV.

Poet of the happy Tityrus
 piping underneath his beechen bowers ;
 Poet of the poet-satyr
 whom the laughing shepherd bound with flowers ;

V.

Chanter of the Pollio, glorying
 in the blissful years again to be,
 Summers of the snakeless meadow,
 unlaborious earth and oarless sea ;

VI.

Thou that seest Universal
 Nature moved by Universal Mind ;
 Thou majestic in thy sadness
 at the doubtful doom of human kind ;

VII.

Light among the vanish'd ages ;
 star that gildest yet this phantom shore ;
 Golden branch amid the shadows,
 kings and realms that pass to rise no more ;

VIII.

Now thy Forum roars no longer,
 fallen every purple Cæsar's dome—
 Tho' thine ocean-roll of rhythm
 sound forever of Imperial Rome—

IX.

Now the Rome of slaves hath perish'd,
 and the Rome of freemen holds her place,
 I, from out the Northern Island
 sunder'd once from all the human race,

X.

I salute thee, Mantovano,
 I that loved thee since my day began,
 Wielder of the stateliest measure
 ever moulded by the lips of man.

Nineteenth Century.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY EDWARD A. FREEMAN, D.C.L.

II.

My visit to the United States had partly, but not wholly, the character of a lecturing tour. That is to say, I lectured in a good many places, mainly in the university and college towns, while I visited a good many other places where I did not lecture. Among these last was the federal capital. I was thus mainly thrown among professors and others more or less given to literary or scientific studies; but, without ever finding myself in the very thick of American political life, I also saw a good deal of political men, and heard a good deal of political matters. I saw something of federal affairs at Washington, something of State affairs at Albany, something of municipal affairs at Philadelphia. It must always be borne in mind that State affairs and municipal affairs come under the head of politics no less than the affairs of the Union, and that political divisions affect every detail of all three. My American friends, who naturally wished to learn something back again from me in exchange for all that I learned from them, were now and then somewhat amazed at finding how little I could tell them about English municipal matters. They seemed to find it hard to understand the nature of a man who did not live in a town. They were naturally all the more amazed when I sometimes sportively told them that I actually held a nominal municipal office, one which I suppose that Sir Charles Dilke or some other reformer will before long take from me. It seemed a hard saying when I told them that I had stayed longer in Philadelphia than I had ever stayed in London, longer than I had, since my boyhood, stayed in any town except Rome and Palermo. I have seen, and somewhat attentively studied, an American municipal election; an English municipal election I have never seen or taken any interest in. I am aware that in English municipal boroughs party politics largely affect the choice of councillors; I do not know how far they affect the votes of the councillors when they are once elected.

In America everything seems to go by political divisions, except when men say openly that it is time for the honest men of both sides to join together against the rogues of both sides. On the other hand, I could learn next to nothing on one of the points on which I most wished to learn something, namely the administration of justice and of everything else in the rural districts. My only opportunity was during a sojourn in a rural part of Virginia, where, as far as I could see, nothing of any public interest went on at all. I was reminded of the ancient inhabitants of Laish, who dwelled careless, quiet, and secure, who had no business with any man, and who had no magistrate to put them to shame in anything.* Yet even here I heard now and then of political differences; only here too, as elsewhere, on most questions of immediate importance, the division did not follow the same lines as the received cleavage into Democrats and Republicans.

I often asked my American friends of both parties what was the difference between them. I told them that I could see none; both sides seemed to me to say exactly the same things. I sometimes got the convenient, but not wholly satisfactory, answer: Yes; but then we mean what we say, while the other party only pretends. Certainly at the present moment the difference between different sections of the Republican party is much clearer to an outsider than the difference between Republicans and Democrats. On intelligible questions like Free Trade and Civil Service Reform, or again, the local Virginian question of paying or not paying one's lawful debts, the division does not follow the regular cleavage of parties. I certainly found it easier to grasp the difference between a stalwart Republican and one who was not stalwart, than to grasp the immediate difference between a Republican and a Democrat. Questions of this kind are plain enough; the distinction between the two great acknowledged parties is just now much less plain.

* Judges, xviii. 7.

But it must not be inferred that it is a distinction without a difference. The two parties seem to say the same things, because just at the present time no question is stirring which at all strongly forces them to say different things. Their differences have been important in the past; they may be important in the future; but just now questions which would bring out their differences are not uppermost. I am not sure that this is a wholesome state of things. If there must be—and there doubtless must be—parties in a state, it is better that they should be divided on some intelligible difference of principle, than that political warfare should sink into a mere question of ins and outs, of Shanavests and Caravats. But, though the distinction between Republicans and Democrats looks from outside very like a distinction between Shanavests and Caravats, it is only accidentally so. The distinction may easily become as real as the distinction between Tory and Radical, Legitimist and Republican. Should any question ever again arise as to the respective powers of the Union and of the States, it is easy to see which side each party would take. It is simply because there is no such burning question at present stirring that the two parties seem to say exactly the same things, and yet to be as strongly divided as ever.

I may speak on this matter as one who has made the nature of federal government an object of special study. It strikes me that, as the doctrine of State Rights was pushed to a mischievous extreme twenty years and more ago, so there is danger now of the opposite doctrine being pushed to a mischievous extreme. The more I look at the American Union, the more convinced I am that so vast a region, taking in lands whose condition differs so widely in everything, can be kept together only by a federal system, leaving large independent powers in the hands of the several States. No single parliament could legislate, no single government could administer, for Maine, Florida, and California. Let these States be left to a great extent independent, and they may remain united on those points on which it is well that they should remain united. To insist on too close an union is the very way to

lead to separation. I know of no immediate reason to fear any attempt at centralization such as might thus lead to separation. But it does seem to be a possible danger; it seems to me that there are tendencies at work which are more likely to lead to that form of error than to its opposite. Nothing can be a plainer matter of history than the fact that whatever powers the Union holds, it holds by the grant of the States. It is equally plain that the grant was irrevocable, except so far as its terms may be modified by a constitutional amendment. And the power of making a constitutional amendment is itself part of the grant of the States, which thus agreed that, in certain cases, a fixed majority of the States should bind the whole. The error of the Secessionists lay in treating an irrevocable grant as if it had been a revocable one. The doctrine of the right of Secession, as a constitutional right, was absurd on the face of it. Secession from the Union was as much rebellion, as much a breach of the law in force at the time, as was the original revolt of the colonies against the King. The only question in either case was whether those special circumstances had arisen which can justify breach of the ordinary law. But it is a pity, in avoiding this error, to run into the opposite one, and to hold, not only that the grant made by the States to the Union was irrevocable, but that the grant was really made the other way. I find that it is the received doctrine in some quarters that the States have no rights but such as the Union allows to them. One of the Boston newspapers was angry because I stated in one of my lectures the plain historical fact that the States, as, in theory at least, independent commonwealths, surrendered certain defined powers to the Union, and kept all other powers in their own hands. The Boston paper was yet more angry because a large part of a Boston audience warmly cheered—warmly that is, for Boston—such dangerous doctrines. I was simply ignorant; those who cheered me were something worse.*

* I must even cleave to the phrase "Sovereign States," though I know it may offend many. A State is sovereign which has any powers which it holds by inherent right, without control on the part of any other power,

Now notions of this kind are not confined to a single newspaper. And they surely may lead to results as dangerous at one end as the doctrine of Secession was at the other. Both alike cut directly at the very nature of a federal system. Connected perhaps with this tendency is one of those changes in ordinary speech which come in imperceptibly, without people in general remarking them, but which always prove a great deal. In England we now universally use the word "Government" where in my boyhood everybody said "Ministry" or "Ministers." Then it was "the Duke of Wellington's *Ministry*" or Lord Grey's; now it is "Lord Beaconsfield's *Government*" or Mr. Gladstone's. This change, if one comes to think about it, certainly means a great deal. So it means a great deal that, where the word "federal" used to be used up to the time of the Civil War or later, the word "national" is now used all but invariably. It used to be "federal capital," "federal army," "federal revenue," and so forth. Now the word "national" is almost always used instead. I have now and then seen the word "federal" used in the old way, but so rarely that I suspect that it was used of set purpose, as a kind of protest, as I might use it myself. Now there is not the slightest objection to the word "national;" for the union of the States undoubtedly forms, for all political purposes, a nation. The point to notice is not the mere use of the word "national," but the displacement of the word "federal" in its favor. This surely marks a tendency to forget the federal character of the national government, or at least to forget that its federal character is its very essence. The difference between a federal government and

without responsibility to any other power. Now every American State has powers of this kind. The thirteen States did not receive their existing powers from the Union; they surrendered to the Union certain powers which were naturally their own, and kept others to themselves. Within this last range the State is sovereign: within the range of the powers surrendered to the Union the Union is sovereign. Of the old States this is historically true in the strictest sense. Of the later States admitted since the Union was formed it is constitutionally true; for they were admitted to all the rights of the old thirteen.

one not federal is a difference of original structure which runs through everything. It is a far wider difference than the difference between a kingdom and a republic, which may differ only in the form given to the executive. It is perfectly natural that the word "federal" should be in constant use in a federal state, in far more common use than any word implying kingship need be in a kingdom. There is a constant need to distinguish things which come within the range of the federal power from things which come within the range of the State or cantonal power. And for this purpose the word "federal" is more natural than the word "national." The proper range of the latter word surely lies in matters which have to do with other nations. One would speak of the "national honor," but of the "federal revenue." That "national" should have driven out "federal" within a range when the latter word seems so specially at home, does really look as if the federal character of the national power was, to say the least, less strongly present to men's minds than it was twenty years back.

It is rather odd that this emphatic use of the word "national" should have been accompanied by changes which have made the being of the United States less strictly national, in another sense of the word, than it was before. That great land is still essentially an English land. But it is no small witness to the toughness of fibre in the English folk wherever it settles that it is so. A land must be reckoned as English where a great majority of the people are still of English descent, where the speech is still the speech of England, where valuable contributions are constantly made to English literature, where the law is still essentially the law of England, and where valuable contributions are constantly made to English jurisprudence. A land must be reckoned as English where the English kernel is so strong as to draw to itself every foreign element, where the foreign settler is adopted into the English home of an English people, where he or his children exchange the speech of their elder dwellings for the English speech of the land. Nowhere does the assimilating

process go on more vigorously than in the United States. Men of various nationalities are easily changed into "good Americans," and the "good American" must be, in every sense that is not strictly geographical or political, a good Englishman. And, as regards a large part of the foreign settlers, no man of real English feeling can give them other than a hearty welcome. The German, and still more the Scandinavian, settlers are simply men of our own race who have lagged behind in the western march, but who have at last made it at a single pull, without tarrying for a thousand years in the isle of Britain. But there are other settlers, other inmates, with whose presence the land, one would think, might be happy to dispense. I must here speak my own mind, at the great risk of offending people on more sides than one. Men better versed in American matters than myself point out to me the fact that the negro vote balances the Irish vote. But one may be allowed to think that a Teutonic land might do better still without any Irish vote, that an Aryan land might do better still without any negro vote. And what I venture to say on the housetops has been whispered in my ear in closets by not a few in America who fully understand the state and the needs of their country. Very many approved when I suggested that the best remedy for whatever was amiss would be if every Irishman should kill a negro and be hanged for it. Those who dissented most commonly on the ground, that if there were no Irish and no negroes, they would not be able to get any domestic servants. The most serious objection came from Rhode Island, where they have no capital punishment, and where they had no wish to keep the Irish at the public expense. Let no one think that I have any ill-feeling toward the Irish people. In their own island I have every sympathy with them. I argued long ago in the pages of this review* on behalf of Home Rule or of any form of Irish independence which did not involve, as some schemes then proposed did involve, the dependence of Great Britain. I should indeed be inconsistent if I were

to refuse to the Irishman what I have sought to win for the Greek, the Bulgarian, and the Dalmatian. Nor is it wonderful or blameworthy if men who have left their old homes to escape from the wrongs of foreign rule should carry with them into their new homes the memory of the wrongs which drove them from the old. I share the natural indignation against those who, either in Ireland or in America, make a good cause to be evil spoken of; but, as long as the Irishman seeks to compass his ends only by honorable means, we have no right to blame him because his ends are different from ours. But all this is perfectly consistent with the manifest fact that the Irish element is, in the English lands on both sides of the Ocean, a mischievous element. The greatest object of all is for the severed branches of the English folk to live in the fullest measure of friendship and unity that is consistent with their severed state. Now the Irish element in America is the greatest of all hindrances in the way of this happy state of things. It is the worst, and perhaps the strongest, of several causes which help to give a bad name to American politics. Political men in all times and places lie under strong temptations to say and do things which they otherwise would not say and do, in order to gain some party advantage. But on no political men of any time or place has this kind of influence been more strongly brought to bear than it is on political men in the United States who wish to gain the Irish vote. The importance of that vote grows and grows; no party, no leading man, can afford to despise it. Parties and men are therefore driven into courses to which otherwise they would have no temptation to take, and those for the most part courses which are unfriendly to Great Britain. Any ill-feeling which other causes may awaken between the two severed branches of the English people is prolonged and strengthened by the presence of the Irish settlers in America. In some minds they may really plant hostile feelings toward Great Britain which would otherwise find no place there. At any rate they plant in many minds a habit of speaking and acting as if such hostile feelings did find a place, a habit which

* August, 1874, "Federalism and Home Rule.

cannot but lead to bad effects in many ways. The mere rumor, the mere thought, of recalling Mr. Lowell from his post in England in subserviency to Irish clamor is a case in point. That such a thing should even have been dreamed of shows the baleful nature of Irish influence in America, and how specially likely it is to stir up strife and ill-feeling between Great Britain and America even at times when, setting Irish matters aside, there is not the faintest ground of quarrel on either side. In a view of poetical justice it is perhaps not unreasonable that English misrule in Ireland should be punished in this particular shape. It may be just that the wrongs which we have done to our neighbors should be paid off at the hands of members of our own family. But the process is certainly unpleasant to our branch of the family, and it is hard to see how it can be any real gain to the other.

But the Irishman is, after all, in a wide sense, one of ourselves. He is Aryan; he is European; he is capable of being assimilated by other branches of the European stock. There is nothing to be said against this or that Irishman all by himself. In England, in America, in any other land, nothing hinders him from becoming one with the people of the land, or from playing an useful and honorable part among them. All that is needed to this end is that he should come all by himself. It is only when Irishmen gather in such numbers as to form an Irish community capable of concerted action that any mischief is to be looked for from them. The Irish difficulty is troublesome just now; it is likely to be troublesome for some time to come; but it is not likely to last forever. But the negro difficulty must last either till the way has been found out by which the Ethiopian may change his skin, or till either the white man or the black departs out of the land. The United States—and, in their measure, other parts of the American continent and islands—have to grapple with a problem such as no other people ever had to grapple with before. Other communities, from the beginning of political society, have been either avowedly or practically founded on distinctions of

race. There has been, to say the least, some people or nation or tribe which has given its character to the whole body, and by which other elements have been assimilated. In the United States this part has been played, as far as the white population is concerned, by the original English kernel. Round that kernel the foreign elements have grown; it assimilates them; they do not assimilate it. But beyond that range lies another range where assimilation ceases to be possible. The eternal laws of nature, the eternal distinction of color forbid the assimilation of the negro. You may give him the rights of citizenship by law; you cannot make him the real equal, the real fellow, of citizens of European descent. Never before in our world, the world of Rome and of all that Rome has influenced, has such an experiment been tried. And this, though in some ages of the Roman dominion the adoption and assimilation of men of other races was carried to the extremest point that the laws of nature would allow. Long before the seat of Empire was moved to Constantinople, the name Roman had ceased to imply even a presumption of descent from the old patricians and plebeians. A walk through any collection of Roman inscriptions will show how, in the later days of the undivided empire, a man was far oftener succeeded by his freedman than by his son. And besides freedmen, strangers of every race within the empire had been freely admitted to citizenship, and were allowed to bear the names of the proudest Roman *gentes*. The Julius, the Claudius, the Cornelius, of those days was for the most part no Roman by lineal descent, but a Greek, a Gaul, a Spaniard, or an Illyrian. But the Gaul, the Spaniard, the Illyrian, could all be assimilated; they could all be made into Romans. They learned to speak and act in everything as men no less truly Roman than the descendants of the first settlers on the Palatine. Such men ceased to be Gauls, Spaniards, or Illyrians. The Greek, representative of a richer and more perfect speech, of a higher and older civilization, could become for many purposes a Roman without ceasing to be a Greek. In all these cases no born physical or intellectual difference parted off the

slave from his master, the stranger from the citizen. When the artificial distinction was once taken away, in the next generation at least all real distinction was lost. This cannot be when there is an eternal physical and intellectual difference between master and slave, between citizen and stranger. The Roman Senate was filled with Gauls almost from the first moment of the conquest of Gaul; but for a native Egyptian to find his way there was a rare portent of later times. No edict of Antoninus Caracalla could turn him into a Roman, as the Gauls had been turned long before that edict. The bestowal of citizenship on the negro is one of those cases which show what law can do and what it cannot. The law may declare the negro to be the equal of the white man; it cannot make him his equal. To the old question, Am I not a man and a brother? I venture to answer: No. He may be a man and a brother in some secondary sense; he is not a man and a brother in the same full sense in which every Western Aryan is a man and a brother. He cannot be assimilated; the laws of nature forbid it. And it is surely a dangerous experiment to have in any commonwealth an inferior race, legally equal to the superior, but which nature keeps down below the level to which law has raised it. It is less dangerous in this particular case, because the negro is on the whole a peaceful and easily satisfied creature. He has no very lofty ambition; he is for the most part contented to imitate the ways of the white man as far as he can. A high-spirited people in the same case would be a very dangerous element indeed. No one now pleads for slavery; no one laments the abolition of slavery; but did the abolition of slavery necessarily imply the admission of the emancipated slave to full citizenship? There is, I allow, difficulty and danger in the position of a class enjoying civil but not political rights, placed under the protection of the law, but having no share in making the law or in choosing its makers. But surely there is greater difficulty and danger in the existence of a class of citizens who at the polling-booth are equal to other citizens, but who are not their equals anywhere else. We are told that education has done and is

doing much for the younger members of the once enslaved race. But education cannot wipe out the eternal distinction that has been drawn by the hand of nature. No teaching can turn a black man into a white one. The question which, in days of controversy, the North heard with such wrath from the mouth of the South, "Would you like your daughter to marry a nigger?" lies at the root of the matter. Where the closest of human connections is, in any lawful form, looked on as impossible, there is no real brotherhood, no real fellowship. The artificial tie of citizenship is in such cases a mockery. And I cannot help thinking that those in either hemisphere who were most zealous for the emancipation of the negro must, in their heart of hearts, feel a secret shudder at the thought that, though morally impossible, it is constitutionally possible, that two years hence a black man may be chosen to sit in the seat of Washington and Garfield.

We must however not forget that there are great differences among the so-called colored people, some doubtless owing to their different fates since their forced migration, others owing to older differences in their first African homes. Several writers have pointed out that, under the general head of negroes, blacks, colored people, we jumble together men of nations differing widely in speech, in original geographical position, in physical qualities, probably in intellectual qualities too, most certainly in different degrees of blackness. I fancy that the case is very much as if the tables had been turned, as if Africa had enslaved Europeans, and as if Greeks, Frenchmen, and Swedes had been jumbled together under the common name of Whites. And though education cannot undo the work of nature, though it cannot raise the lower race to the level of the upper, it may do much to improve the lower race within its own range. A negro in New England certainly differs a good deal from a negro in Missouri. For the negro in New England comes very likely of a free father and grandfather, and the fact of a negro being free a generation or two back was a pretty sure sign of his belonging to the more energetic class of his fellows. Such an one has lived with

white men, not indeed on equal terms, but on terms which have enabled him to master their language and a good deal of their manners. But the negro in Missouri has very likely been himself a slave, perhaps a plantation slave. To the stranger at least the speech of such negroes is hard to be understood. As far as I heard it, it was not the racy dialect of Uncle Remus; it may have been my fancy, but it certainly struck my ear as the speech, not of foreigners who might find it hard to speak English but who might be eloquent in some other tongue, but of beings to whom the art of speech in any shape was not altogether familiar. No doubt the real fact was that they had, as was not unlikely in their position, lost their own tongue without having fully found ours. If a small vocabulary is enough for the wants of an English laborer, a much smaller vocabulary must have been enough for the wants of a plantation negro. The African languages have, I believe, altogether died out everywhere, and, from all that I could learn, the comic and joyous element of the negro character seems to have died out also. This is an universal rule everywhere. The free-man never has any such light-hearted moments as the Saturnalia of the slave.

Of the true Americans, the "dark Americans" of the hymn, the old inhabitants of the continent, I saw but little. And what little I saw certainly disappointed me. I saw a good many young Indians in the Indian school at Carlisle, Pa. To the zeal, energy, and benevolence of all who are concerned in the work there I must bear such witness as I can. And I am told that the children are intelligent and take kindly to the civilized and Christian teaching which is set before them. But, just as in the case of the negroes, I could not keep down my doubts whether mere school-teaching will ever raise the barbarian of any race to the level of Aryan Europe and America. Of the two one is more inclined to hail a man and a brother in the Indian than in the negro. The feeling seems instinctive. While no one willingly owns to the faintest shade of negro descent, every one is proud to claim Pocahontas as a remote grandmother. Such Indians as I saw, the boys and girls, youths and maidens,

of the Carlisle school, were certainly less ugly than the negroes. But then they lacked the grotesque air which often makes the negro's ugliness less repulsive. From my preconceived notions of Indians, I had at least expected to see graceful and statuesque forms, the outlines perhaps of nymphs and athletes. But the Carlisle Indians, clothed and, according to all accounts, in their right minds, seemed to me, both in face and figure, the dullest and heaviest-looking of mankind. Not repulsive, like the negro, from the mere lines of the face, they were repulsive from the utter lack of intellectual expression. Besides the younger folk at Carlisle, I was casually shown at Schenectady, N. Y., a man who, I was told, was the last, not of the Mohicans, but of the Mohawks. He was outwardly civilized, so much so indeed that the justice of the State of New York had more than once sent him to prison. The mind, or at least the press, of America was just then very full of an English lecturer whose name was largely placarded on the walls, and whose photographs, in various attitudes, were to be seen in not a few windows. I was not privileged to obtain more than a passing glimpse of either. But it struck me that between the survival of an old type and the prophet of a new there was a certain outward likeness.

During the time of my visit to America neither the negro nor the Indian was the subject of any vexing question. But the position of another class of barbarians—I must be allowed to use the word in a way analogous to its old Greek use—was under the grave consideration of the federal legislature. While I was in America, President Arthur vetoed the first Chinese bill; since I came to England he has passed the second. Of this latter bill I do not know the terms; the President could hardly have helped vetoing the former one, as its terms were surely inconsistent with that famous amendment which may be summed up in the phrase of "giving everybody everything." Yet I could not keep down a certain feeling of rejoicing over either bill. I saw in them a practical revolt against an impossible theory, a confession of the truth that legislation cannot override

natural laws. A constitutional amendment, or any other piece of law-making, may in theory place all races and colors on a level; it cannot do so in practice. An acute American friend pointed out to me the distinctions between the three races which give rise to the difficulties that beset the United States in this matter. The Indian dies out. The negro is very far from dying out; but, if he cannot be assimilated by the white man, he at least imitates him. But the Chinaman does not die out; he is not assimilated; he does not imitate; he is too fully convinced of the superiority of his own ways to have the least thought of copying ours. The Chinese, in short, in the United States belong to one of those classes of settlers who form no part of the people of the land, who contribute nothing, but who swallow up a great deal. Now, at the risk of saying what I suppose is just now the most unpopular thing in the whole world, I must say that every nation has a right to get rid of strangers who prove a nuisance, whether they are Chinese in America or Jews in Russia, Servia, and Roumania. The parallel may startle some; but it is a real and exact parallel, as far as the objects of the movement in each case are concerned. The only difference, a very important difference certainly, between what has happened in Russia and what has happened in America consists in the means employed in the two cases. What has been done in Russia by mob-violence is at this moment doing in America in a legal way. Now no one can justify or excuse mob-violence in any case, whether aimed at Chinese, Jews, or any other class. But any one who knows the facts will admit that Russian violence against Jews, though in no way to be justified or excused, is in no way to be wondered at; and it is well to remember that, though anti-Chinese action in America is now going on in a perfectly legal way, yet there have been before now anti-Chinese riots in California, as there have been anti-negro riots in New York. One thing I am certain of, namely that, if the press of England, Germany, and other European countries were as largely in Chinese hands as it is in Jewish hands, we should have heard much more than we have heard about anti-Chinese action in

America and much less about anti-Jewish action in Russia. Just now there are no tales of mob-violence against the Chinamen to record, yet it would be easy for a practised Chinese advocate to make out a very telling story about American dealings with Chinamen, "Frightful Religious Persecution in the United States" "Legislation worthy of the darkest times of the Dark Ages," would make very attractive headings for an article or telegram describing the measure which has lately passed Congress. No one has raised the cry of "religious persecution" in America, because there is no powerful body anywhere whose interest it is to raise it. But it would be just as much in place in America as it is in Russia. Neither the Jew nor the Chinaman is attacked on any grounds of theological belief or unbelief, but simply because the people of the country look on his presence as a nuisance. But the Jew has brethren from one end of the world to the other, ready and able to give his real wrongs a false coloring, and to make the mass of mankind believe that he is, not only the victim of unjustifiable outrage, which he undoubtedly is, but the victim of religious persecution in the strict sense, which he certainly is not. The Chinaman has no such advantage. His case therefore has drawn to itself very little notice out of America, and neither in nor out of America has it been, like the Jewish case, judged on an utterly false issue.

The difference between the position of these questions in America and in England illustrates in an instructive way the difference between a scattered and a continuous dominion. The different classes of British subjects are yet more numerous and varied than the different classes of American citizens and of dwellers on American territory without the rights of citizenship. A black Prime Minister, a yellow Lord Chancellor, of Great Britain is in theory no less possible than a black President of the United States. The real likelihood may be about equal on both sides, but the theoretical possibility is forced on the mind in the United States in a way in which it is not in Great Britain. If a British subject of barbarian race seeks to take a share in the affairs of the rul-

ing island, he must cross a wider expanse of sea than that which separates America from Britain, he must learn a strange tongue, he must adapt himself to strange manners, and become in everything another man. To the negro citizen in America everything is at least geographically near. He lives, it may be, within sight of the Capitol and the White House; his kinsman under British rule lives far away indeed from the Palace of Westminster. To the American negro the tongue and the manners of the ruling race are in no way strange; they have been, from his birth upward, his own tongue and his own manners, so far as the distinction planted by the hand of nature has enabled him to attain to them. It follows therefore that questions like those of the Indian, the negro, the Chinaman, while they touch the American at his own hearth, in no way touch us at our hearth, deeply and sometimes grievously as they touch us in our colonies and dependencies. The Irish question alone is common to the two branches of the English people. And it is plain that the Irish question takes two different shapes on the two sides of the Ocean. The United States, happily for them, are not burdened with the hard necessity of providing for the government of a land where it seems impossible to do real justice. On the other hand, the problem of the "Irish vote" and its effects on home politics, though of growing and very unpleasant importance in Great Britain, is certainly not as yet of so great importance as it is in America. The Irish, as an element which can affect and sometimes turn an election, are in England confined to some particular towns and districts: In America they seem to be everywhere. The influence which they obtain in local politics is really amazing. The "bosses," as they are called—a name of which one soon comes to feel the meaning, though it is rather hard to translate into any other phrase—who hold so important and so anomalous a place in the municipal affairs of American cities are largely Irish. On the whole, even setting aside the way in which Irish influence in America bears on us at home, that influence does not seem to be a healthy one. Altogether the position held by the Irish

and the negroes made me feel more and more strongly the danger of that hasty and indiscriminate bestowal of citizenship which has become the practice, and rather the pride, of the United States. The ancient and medieval commonwealths, aristocratic and democratic alike, erred in the opposite direction. But one is certainly sometimes tempted to doubt whether their error was not the smaller of the two. There is surely something ennobling in that kind of national family feeling, that cleaving to descent from the old stock, which was as strong at Athens and in Uri as it was at Corinth and at Bern. And surely a mean might be found between the exclusiveness of the elder commonwealths and the excessive lavishness of the younger. Surely some such standard as birth in the land might be set up, to be relaxed only in the case of eminent service to the commonwealth. As for the Irish, it is whispered that they somehow contrive to obtain citizenship yet more easily than the easy terms on which the law gives it. 'It is a characteristic story how the Irish immigrant was asked, before he had landed, what side in politics he meant to take—how his first question was, "Have you a Government here?"—how, being assured that the United States had a Government, he at once answered, "Then set me down again it."

I said before that it is a witness to the life and strength of the true English kernel in the United States that, notwithstanding the lavish admission of men of all kinds to citizenship, that English kernel still remains the kernel round which everything grows and to which everything else assimilates itself. There is that kind of difference between the English in Britain and the English in America which could not fail to be under the different circumstances of the two branches. Each of them is the common forefather of earlier times modified as the several positions of his several descendants could not fail to modify him. In constitutional matters the closeness with which the daughter has, wherever it was possible, reproduced the parent is shown perhaps in the most remarkable way in the prevalence alike in the Union, in the States, and in many

at least of the cities, of the system of two houses in a legislative body. We are so familiar with that system from its repetition in countless later constitutions that we are apt to forget that, when the Federal constitution of the United States was drawn up, that system was by no means the rule; and that its adoption in the United States was a very remarkable instance of cleaving to the institutions of the mother country. Though the United States Senate, the representative of the separate being and the political equality of the States, has some functions quite different from those of the House of Lords, yet it would hardly have come into the heads of constitution-makers who were not familiar with the House of Lords. I may here quote the remark of an acute American friend that the Senate is as superior to the House of Lords as the House of Representatives is inferior to the House of Commons. A neat epigram of this kind is seldom literally true; but this one undoubtedly has some truth in it. It follows almost necessarily from the difference between the British and American constitutions that in the American Congress the Upper House should be, in character and public estimation, really the Upper House. In Great Britain no statesman of the first rank and in the vigor of life has any temptation to exchange the House of Commons for the House of Lords. By so doing he would leave an assembly of greater practical authority for one of much less. But in the United States such a statesman has every temptation to leave the House of Representatives for the Senate as soon as he can. As neither House can directly overthrow a Government in the way that the House of Commons can in England, while the Senate has a share in various acts of the Executive power with which the House of Representatives has nothing to do, the Senate is really the assembly of greater authority. Its members, chosen for six years by the State Legislatures, while the Representatives are chosen by the people for two years, have every advantage as to the tenure of their seats, and it is not wonderful to find that re-election is far more the rule in the Senate than in the House. I had to explain more than once that it was a rare thing in England

for a Member of Parliament to lose his seat, unless he had given some offence to his own party or unless the other party had grown strong enough to bring in a man of its own. In America, it seems, it is not uncommon for a Representative to be dismissed by his constituents of his own party, simply because it is thought that he has sat long enough and because another man would like the place. Here the difference between paid and unpaid members comes in: where members are paid, there will naturally be a larger stock of candidates to choose from. I was present at sittings of both Houses, and there was certainly, a most marked difference in point of order and decorum between the two. The Senate seemed to be truly a Senate; The House of Representatives struck me as a scene of mere hubbub rather than of real debate. One incident specially struck me as illustrating the constitutional provision which shuts out the Ministers of the President from Congress. One Representative made a fierce attack on the Secretary of the Navy, and the Secretary of the Navy was not there to defend himself. Generally I should say, the House of Representatives and the Legislative bodies which answer to it in the several States, illustrate Lord Macaulay's saying about the necessity of a Ministry to keep a Parliament in order. One result is the far larger powers which in these assemblies are given to the Speaker. And these are again attended by the danger of turning the Speaker himself into the instrument of a party.

The differences of procedure between our Houses of Parliament and the American assemblies, Federal and State, are very curious and interesting, specially just now when the question of Parliamentary procedure has taken to itself so much attention. But I must hasten on to give my impressions of other matters, rather than attempt to enlarge on a point which I cannot say that I have specially studied. The State legislatures are the features of American political life which are most distinctive of the federal system, and to which there cannot be anything exactly answering among ourselves. It must always be remembered that a State legislature does not answer to a

town council or a court of quarter sessions. It is essentially a parliament, though a parliament with limited functions and which can never be called on to deal with the highest questions of all. Still the range of the State legislatures is positively very wide, and takes in most things which concern the daily affairs of mankind. A large part of their business seems commonly to consist in the passing of private bills, acts of incorporation and the like. Some States seem to have found that constant legislation on such matters was not needed, and have therefore thought good that their legislatures should meet only every other year. In Pennsylvania, therefore, where I had good opportunities of studying some other matters, I had no opportunity of studying the working of a State legislature. When I was there, municipal life was in full vigor in Philadelphia, but State life was dead at Harrisburg. But I came in for a sight of the legislature of New York at the time of the "dead lock" early this year. For week after week the Lower House found it impossible to elect a Speaker. And this was not the result of absolute equality between the two great parties. It was because a very small body of men, who had no chance of carrying a candidate from among themselves, thought fit, in ballot after ballot, to hinder the election of the acknowledged candidate of either side. This illustrates the result of the rule which requires an absolute majority. I pointed out to several friends on the spot that no such dead lock could have happened in the British House of Commons. I know not how far the existence of a regular Ministry and Opposition would hinder the possibility of this particular kind of scandal; but it is hard to conceive the existence of a ministry in our sense in a State constitution. Even in our still dependent colonies the reproduction of our system of ministries going in and out in consequence of a parliamentary vote, may be thought to be somewhat out of place. Still the Governor, named by an external power, has much of the position of a king, and his relations to his ministry and his parliament can in a manner reproduce those of the sovereign in the mother-country. But it is hard

to conceive an elective Governor, above all the Governor of such a state as Rhode Island or Delaware, working through the conventionalities of a responsible ministry. Indeed even in such a state as New York there is still something patriarchal about the office of Governor. While I was in the Capitol at Albany, the friends of a condemned criminal came to plead with the Governor in person for the exercise of his prerogative of mercy. Now the population of the State of New York, swelled by one overgrown city, is greater than that of Ireland; even in its natural state, it would be much greater than that of Scotland. I thought of the days when the King did sit in the gate.

The personal heads of the Union, the State, and the City, the President, the Governor, the Mayor, all come from English tradition. If we study the commonwealths of other ages and countries, we shall see that this great position given to a single man, though by no means without precedent, is by no means the rule. The title of Governor especially is directly handed on from the days before independence. It would hardly have suggested itself to the founders of commonwealths which had not been used to the Governor sent by the King. The powers of the Governor and the duration of his office differ widely in different States, even in neighboring and closely kindred States. The Governor of Massachusetts still keeps up a good deal of dignity, while the Governor of Connecticut is a much smaller person. Yet the Governor of Connecticut holds office for a longer time than his brother of Massachusetts. The Mayor too does not hold exactly the same place in every city. At Brooklyn, when I was there, a great point in the way of reform was held to have been won by greatly enlarging the powers of the Mayor. Men who could well judge held that purity of administration was best attained by vesting large powers in single persons, elective, responsible, acting under the eye of the public. And I was told that, even in the worst cases, better results come from the election of single officers than from the election of larger numbers. The popular election of Judges, which has been introduced into many States,

is one of the things which British opinion would be most united in condemning. We should all agree in wishing that both the Federal courts and the courts of those States which, like Massachusetts, cleave to older modes of appointment may stay as they are. But, from what I could hear both in New York and in other States which have adopted the elective system, the results are better than might have been expected. Each party, it is said, makes it a point of honor to name fairly competent candidates for the judicial office. So again the municipal administration of New York city was for years a by-word, and the name of Alderman was anything but a name of honor. But even in the worst times, the post of Mayor was almost always respectably filled. Even, so I was told, in one case where the previous record of the elected Mayor was notoriously bad, his conduct in office was not to be blamed.

The prevalence of corruption in various shapes in various branches of the administration of the United States is an ugly subject, on which I have no special facts to reveal. The mere fact of corruption cannot be fairly laid to the charge of any particular form of government, though particular forms of government will doubtless cause corruption to take different shapes. It is absurd to infer that a democratic or a federal form of government has a necessary and special tendency to corruption, when it is certain that corruption has been and is just as rife under governments of other kinds. One great source of corruption in America is doubtless owing to the system of "spoils" in the administration of federal patronage. This system at once opens the way for a vast deal of corruption in various shapes and sets the example for a vast deal of corruption in other branches. I was most struck by the way in which, in discussing matters of almost every kind, corruption seemed to be taken for granted as a matter of course. This often came out in discussing local matters, sometimes matters which seemed to have nothing whatever to do with politics. This struck me specially in the State of New York, and sometimes with reference to very small matters indeed. Strictly electoral corruption

seems to take different shapes on the two sides of the Ocean. In America I heard something of bribery of the electors, but certainly very much less than we are used to in England. The danger which, at Philadelphia at least, seemed most to be feared was fraudulent returns. These, I think, are never heard of among us. I never remember to have heard of any Mayor or Sheriff being suspected of wilfully making other than a true return of the votes actually given, by whatever means those votes might have been obtained. With us the returning officer and his agents are held to be at least officially impartial; it is their business to put their party politics in their pockets for the time. I know not how things are done in those Parliamentary boroughs which have no corporations; but in an ordinary county or borough, the Sheriff or Mayor has the advantage of not being appointed with any direct reference to the election; he is appointed for other purposes also, and an election may or may not happen during his term of office. But when election-inspectors are elected as such, that is, when the official person represents the party dominant in the place, it is clear that the temptations to unfairness are greatly increased.

I was greatly interested in the municipal election which I saw at Philadelphia early this year. The municipal administration of that city has, like that of New York, long had a bad name. Corruption, jobbery, the rule of rings and "bosses," and above all, what to us sounds odd, the corrupt administration of the Gas Trust, were loudly complained of. And I certainly am greatly deceived if what I saw and studied was anything but a vigorous and honest effort to bring in a better state of things. Republicans and Democrats brought themselves to forget their party differences, or rather party names, and to work together for the welfare and honor of their common city. The movement was described to me in a way at which I have already hinted, as an union of the honest men of both parties against the rogues of both parties. And such, as far as I could judge, it really was. I did indeed hear it whispered that such fits of virtue were not uncom-

mon, both in Philadelphia and elsewhere, that they wrought some small measure of reform for a year or two, but that in order to keep the ground that had been gained, a continuous effort was needed which men were not willing to make, and that things fell back into their old corrupt state. And it is certainly plain that the man who gains by maintaining corruption is likely to make great habitual efforts to keep up a corrupt system, while the man who opposes it, who gains nothing by opposing it, but who gives up his time, his quiet, and his ordinary business, for the public good, is tempted at every moment to relax his efforts. This failure of continued energy is just what Demosthenes complains of in the Athenians of his day; and experience does seem to show that here is a weak side of democratic government. To keep up under a popular system an administration at once pure and vigorous does call for constant efforts on the part of each citizen which it needs some self sacrifice to make. The old saying that what is everybody's business is nobody's business becomes true as regards the sounder part of the community. But it follows next that what is everybody's business becomes specially the business of those whose business one would least wish it to be. Yet my Philadelphian friends assured me that they had been steadily at work for ten years, that they had made some way every year, but that this year they had made more way than they had ever made before. The immediate business was to dislodge "bosses" and other corrupt persons from the municipal councils, and to put in their stead men of character and ability, whether Republican or Democratic in politics. And this object, surely one much to be sought for, was, as far as I could see, largely accomplished. I did indeed hear the murmurs of one or two stern Republicans, who could not understand supporting a list which contained any Democratic names. But the other view seemed to be the popular one. I read much of the fugitive election literature, and attended one of the chief ward-meetings. I was greatly struck by the general hearty enthusiasm in what was not a party struggle, but an honest effort for

something above party. The speaking was vigorous, straightforward, often in its way eloquent. It was somewhat more personal than we are used to in England, even at an election. But here again my comparison is perhaps not a fair one. As I before said, I know nothing of English municipal elections, and the Philadelphian reformers had to deal with evils which have no parallel in the broader walks of English political life. Whatever may be our side in politics, we have no reason to suspect our opponents of directly filling their pockets at the public cost.

A municipal election is of more importance in America than it is in England, because of the large powers, amounting to powers of local legislation, which are vested in the cities. This would seem to be the natural tendency of a Federal system. It would indeed be inaccurate to say that the City is to the State what the State is to the Union. For the powers of the city may of course be modified by an act of the State legislature, just as the powers of an English municipal corporation may be modified by an Act of Parliament, while no mere act of Congress, nothing short of a constitutional amendment, can touch the powers of a Sovereign State. But it is natural for a member of an Union, keeping independent powers by right, to allow to the members of its own body a large amount of local independence, held not of right but of grant. An American city is more thoroughly a commonwealth, it has more of the feelings of a commonwealth, than an English city has. As for the use of the name, we must remember that in the United States every corporate town is called a "city," while, in some States at least, what we should call a market-town bears the legal style of "village." In New England the cities are interlopers. They have largely obscured the older constitution of the towns. The word *town* in New England does not, as with us, mean a collection of houses, perhaps forming a political community, perhaps not. It means a certain space of the earth's surface, which may or may not contain a town in our sense, but whose inhabitants form a political community in either case. Its assembly is

the town-meeting, the survival, or rather revival, of the old Teutonic assembly on the soil of the third England. This primitive institution best keeps its ancient character in the country districts and among the smaller towns in our sense of the word. Where a "city" has been incorporated, the ancient constitution has lost much of its importance. It has not been abolished. In some cases at least the two constitutions, of town and city, the Teutonic primary assembly and the later system of representative bodies, go on side by side in the same place. Each has its own range of subjects; but it is the tendency of the newer institution to overshadow the older. I deeply regret that I left America without seeing a New England town-meeting with my own eyes. It was a thing which I had specially wished to see, if only in order to compare it with what I had seen in past years in Uri and Appenzell. But when I was first in New England, it was the wrong time of the year, and my second visit was very short. I thus unavoidably lost a very favorable chance of seeing what I conceive that the English parish vestry ought to be but is not. And I am not sure that some of my New England friends did not look a little black at me, because the immediate cause of my failure was an old-standing engagement to a gentleman of New York of Democratic principles.

Of "society," in the technical sense, the sense which gives rise to the odd New York phrases of "society woman" and "society girl," I do not suppose that I saw much. I received a great deal of very kind hospitality, and I made many acquaintances which I hope to keep; but at dinners and other receptions, often got up specially for a stranger, you can judge but imperfectly of the way in which people live among themselves. But I seemed to remark, and I have heard the remark from others, that immediate national politics do not form so constant a subject of discourse in America as they do in England. This, I suppose, has something to do with the same set of causes which have given the word "politics" the special and not altogether pleasant meaning which it bears in America. When I

reached America the immediate mourning for the late President was hardly over; before I came away, the natural reaction had begun; some newspapers had begun to speak against his memory. Yet the general conviction seemed very deep that the loss was a real and heavy one, and that the great work of purifying the Federal administration had undergone a great check. I always heard Garfield's position in the House of Representatives spoken of as something quite exceptional, as an instance of the direct influence of an upright and noble personal character. I heard part of the trial of his murderer, and a strange scene it was. From all that I saw and heard and read on the matter, I was led to the conclusion that, though some other judges on both sides of the Ocean might, simply as being stronger men, have managed the trial better, yet that the judge who tried it was not technically to blame. I gathered that he really had no power to stop Guiteau's interruptions. The constitution provides only that the prisoner shall have the "assistance of counsel." Now English counsel, and American counsel too of the higher class, would have thrown up their briefs when the prisoner insisted on talking himself. But Guiteau's counsel were not of the higher class; and—I speak as a layman with trembling—it may be doubted whether the English usage depends on anything more than an honorable understanding. The truth seems to be that no lawgiver in any time or place ever foresaw the possibility of such a prisoner as Guiteau, and that therefore there was no law ready made which exactly suited his case. Again, though the proceedings in the American courts are, in all essential points—for wigs and gowns are not essential points—so like our own, yet the arrangements for the distribution of judicial action are very different. In England such a case would have been tried before a judge—perhaps more than one judge—of the highest class. And till I reached Washington, I took for granted that the judge to whom so important a duty was intrusted was one of the sages of the Supreme Court. I soon found however that Guiteau was being tried before a magistrate of greatly inferior rank, answering rather to a

recorder or a county court judge among ourselves. The indictment, it may be remarked, did not specify the murder of a president as differing at all from the murder of another man. The slain man was simply "one James Abram Garfield, being in the peace of God and of the United States." From the pleadings of Guiteau's counsel I carried away one of the choicest fallacies that I ever heard. The prisoner must be mad, because he had shot a President of the United States. Sane people might kill an European king, for European kings were not the choice of their people, and were often their oppressors. But no sane man could wish to harm a President of the United States, the choice of the people. The advocate must have underrated the intelligence even of the black member of the jury, who must surely have remembered that the liberator of his race died by the hands of a murderer whom no one looked on as mad. And it would be strange if no one of the twelve could go on to argue that a hereditary king, who comes to his crown by no fault, indeed by no act, of his own, need not offend any one by the mere fact of his accession, while the accession of an elective magistrate must disappoint somebody and commonly offends a powerful party.

To the "spoils system" I have already referred. I suppose it has no advocates in England, and it seems to be condemned by the general right feeling of America, though we may fear that it will be a hard work to get rid of a system in which so many are interested, and in which so many more fancy that they some time may be. I must confess that the love of office, in the shape which it often takes in America, is to me rather hard to understand. I can understand a man taking a great post, say a foreign legation or a seat in the cabinet, even with the certainty that it must be resigned at the end of four years. I do not understand any one wishing for smaller offices, which carry no special dignity or authority, and which must be an interruption to a man's ordinary career, whatever that may be. I can understand a man entering the post-office, or any other branch of the public service, as the

work of his life; I cannot understand a man wishing to be a local postmaster for four years and no longer. Yet the number of office-seekers—the word has becomingly followed the thing—in America is very wonderful.

One of the points on which I have always tried to insist most strongly is the true historic connection between the constitutions of England and of the United States. It might be a good test of those who have and those who have not made comparative politics a scientific study, to see whether they are most struck by the likenesses or the unlikenesses in the two systems. The close analogy in the apportionment of power among the elements of the state is a point of likeness of far more moment even than the difference in the form of the Executive, much more than that of the different constitution of the Upper House. The American constitution, as I have rather made it my business to preach, is the English constitution with such changes—very great and important changes beyond doubt—as change of circumstances made needful. But as those circumstances have certainly not been changed back again, it is at least not likely that the constitution of America will ever be brought nearer than it now is to the constitution of England, however likely it may be that the constitution of England may some day be brought nearer to the constitution of America. It was therefore with unfeigned wonder that I read the reflections of an English Member of Parliament who lately gave the world his impressions of American travel. He too was struck with the likeness between the two systems; but the practical inference which he drew from the likeness was that the American system might easily be brought into complete conformity with the English model. The President was so like a King that it would be easy to change him into one; the Senate was so like a House of Lords that it would be easy to change it into one. It only needed to bring the hereditary principle into both institutions, and the thing would be done at once. Yes; only how could the hereditary principle be brought in? Where are the hereditary king and the heredi-

tary lords to be found? This ingenious political projector forgot that you cannot call hereditary kings and hereditary lords into being by a constitutional amendment. If one could ever be tempted to use the ugly and outlandish word *prestige*, it would be to explain the position of such hereditary elements in a free state. Where they exist, they certainly have a kind of effect on the mind which can hardly be accounted for by any rational principle, and which does savor of something like sleight-of-hand. Where they exist, their existence is the best argument in their favor, and by virtue of that argument they may go on existing for ages. But you cannot create them at will. A profound truth was uttered by the genealogist who lamented the hard fate of Adam in that he could not possibly employ himself with his own favorite study. And in no time or place would an attempt at creating hereditary offices of any kind seem to be more hopeless than in the United States at the present day. Genealogy is a favorite American study; but it is not studied with any political object. The destiny of the country has gone steadily against the growth of any hereditary traditions. There has been no opportunity, such as there often has been in other commonwealths, for the growth of ascendancy in particular families which might form the kernel of an aristocratic body. The first President and nearly all his most eminent successors left no direct male descendants or no descendants at all. It is only in the family of the second President that anything like hereditary eminence has been prominent, and the two Adamses were just those among the earlier and greater Presidents who failed to obtain re-election. Since their days everything has tended more and more in the opposite direction; every year that the Union has lasted has made such dreams as those of our English legislator more and more utterly vain. When a thing is said to lie "beyond the range of practical politics," it commonly means that it will become the most immediately practical of all questions a few months hence. But one might really use the phrase in safety when dealing with such a scheme as that of changing the elective President into a hereditary King and

the elective Senate into a hereditary House of Lords.

I might go on into endless detail in smaller matters, matters many of them of no small interest, on points of language, manners, and the like. But I have perhaps put on record all that is best worth preserving in my impressions of some of the most important points which come home to a traveller in the great English land beyond the Ocean. I naturally look at things from my own point of view; let others look at them and speak of them from theirs. To me the past history and present condition of the United States is, before all things, a part of the general history of the Teutonic race, and specially of its English branch. Of that history the destiny, as far as it has already been worked out, of the American commonwealths forms no unimportant part. And their future destiny is undoubtedly the greatest problem in the long story of our race. The union on American soil of so much that is new and so much that is old, above all the unwitting preservation in the new land of so much that is really of the hoariest antiquity in the older world, the transfer of an old people with old institutions to an altogether new world, and that practically a boundless world, supply subjects for speculation deeper perhaps than any earlier stage of the history of our race could have supplied. Like all other human institutions, the political and social condition of the United States has its fair and its dark side; the Union, like all other human communities, must look for its trials, its ups and downs, in the course of its historic life. It has indeed had its full share of them already. The other members of the great family may well be proud that the newest, and in extent the vastest, among the independent settlements of their race, has borne, as it has borne, a strain as hard as any community of men was ever called on to go through. And we of the motherland may watch with special interest the fortunes of that branch of our own people on whom so great a calling has been laid. And truly we may rejoice that, with so much to draw them in other ways, that great people still remains in all essential points an

English people, more English very than the kinsfolk whom they left often than they themselves know, behind in their older home.—*Fortnightly Review*.

RESEARCHES IN MY POCKETS.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH OF M. CHARLES MONSELET,* BY F. B. HARRISON.

I CANNOT deceive myself—I was horribly tipsy last night. Let him who has never been in like case throw the first empty bottle at me!

How did it happen? In this way. I, a civilian, reading law, was invited to dine at the garrison mess. I had never been at a similar entertainment, and I cannot but think, now that I look back on it, that the officers played some trick on me. I only know that they were prodigiously polite, which always looks suspicious. From a certain point, from the third course, I remember very little; a sort of cloudy curtain intercepts the view like the curtains that come down in pantomimes, and all the rest of it is like a pantomime, and I don't know whether I was Clown, or Pantaloon, or Columbine.

Yet something must have happened to me, a great many things. I've been sleeping in my white tie; and then my face! What a shockingly yellow, dissipated face! Upon my word, it is a pretty affair! At my time, one-and-twenty, to be overcome by wine like a schoolboy out for a holiday! I cannot express what I think of it.

How am I to know what happened last night? Ask my landlady? No; I cannot let her see how ashamed I am. Besides, she would only know the condition in which I came home; and that I can guess.

They say that from a single bone Professor Owen can reconstruct an entire antediluvian animal; I must try and do something similar to reconstruct my existence during the last twelve or fourteen hours. I must get hold of two or three clues.

Where can I find them?

In my pockets, perhaps.

Since I was a small boy I have always had the habit of stuffing them with all

manner of things. Now, this is the time for me to search them.

I tremble. What shall I find?

(Searches his waistcoat-pocket.)

I have gently insinuated two fingers into my waistcoat-pocket, and have brought out my purse. Empty! Hang it!

(Lifts his overcoat from the floor.)

On picking up my overcoat I have found my pocket-book, half-open, and the papers fallen from it on the carpet.

The first of these papers which catches my eye is the *carte* of last night's dinner. Well, who was there? How many of us? Several of the fellows I knew, of course; but which of them? Happy thought! The *menu* will remind me of their various tastes and reveal their names to me.

Oysters. Well, I know that the Colonel is a tremendous hand at oysters, so I am sure he was there.

Mulligatawny. That is Captain Simpkins' soup, or rather liquid fire, so Simpkins was there. Two of them.

Roast beef. Makes me think of little Dumerque, the Jersey man who wants to be a thorough Englishman. He was there.

Saddle of mutton. Tom Horsley, the inveterate steeplechaser.

Charlotte Russe. That is Ned Walker, who published his travels from "Peterborough to Petersburg."

Now I know pretty well who some of my fellow-guests were. As for the others—

(Picks up some photographs.)

Hullo! were there women at the mess? No, certainly not. Then we must have talked of women, and the men must have given me photographs of their female relatives. Strange thing to do! especially as I don't know the ladies. Here's an ancient and fish-like personage in a blue jersey. Dumerque's grandmother, I'll be bound. Here a stout, middle-aged dame, widow probably. I know Simpkins wants to

* From "Saynètes et Monologues, Première Série, Tresse, Editeur, Galerie du Théâtre Français, Palais Royal, Paris."

marry a widow ; but why give me her portrait ?

And this—this is charming ! Quite in the modern style—low forehead, small nose, tiny mouth, all eyes, and what splendid eyes ! and such lashes ! She is fair, as well as one can judge from a photograph. And the little curls on her forehead are like rings of gold. And so young, a mere child. A lovely figure ; our forefathers would have compared her to a rose-tree, but then our forefathers were not strong in similes. She has neither earrings nor necklace ; perhaps that gives her that look of disdain. Disdain ! She knows nothing yet of life, but tries to seem tired of it. They are all like that.

Who is she ? She must be the Colonel's daughter ; I've heard that his daughter is a pretty girl. I must have expressed my warm admiration of the photograph, and he must have responded by giving it to me. Did I ask him for her hand ? Did he refuse it ? or did he put off his reply ? Perhaps that was why I drank too much.

Now let me proceed. What further happened ? Let me continue my researches.

(Tries the pockets of the overcoat.)

By Jingo ! Two visiting cards ! The first says ;

" Captain Wellington Spearman,
First Royal Lancer Dragoons."

The other :

" Major Garnet Havelock Cannon,
Rifle Artillery."

Now, what does it all mean ? I do not know those military gentlemen. They must have been guests like myself. How do I come to have their cards ? There must have been some dispute, some quarrel, some row. These two cards must have been given in exchange for two of mine.

It all comes back to me !

A duel—perhaps two duels !

But duels about what ? Whom did I affront ? I know I'm an awful fire-eater when I've drank too much. But was I the challenger or the challenged ? I think my left cheek is rather swollen as if from a blow ; but that is mere fancy. What dreadful follies have I got myself into ?

I can make out some pencil marks on the first card, that of the Captain in the Lancer Dragoons. Yes. " Ten o'clock, behind St. Martin's Church."

Ah, a hostile meeting, that is clear.

I must run ; perhaps I shall be in time.

No, too late ; it is half-past eleven.

I am dishonored, branded as a coward ! No one will believe me when I say that I had a headache, and overslept myself on the morning of a duel.

I have no energy to look further in my pockets. Still, one never knows—

(Brings out a handkerchief.)

A handkerchief—a very fine one—thin cambric. But it is not one of mine. There is a coronet in the corner. How did I come by this handkerchief ? Could I have stolen it ? I seem to be on the road to the county jail.

Oh, how my head aches !

A flower is in my buttonhole. How did it come there ? Forget-me-nots ; their blue eyes closed, all withered and drooping. I could not have bought so humble a bouquet at the flower-shop ; it must have been given me. It was given me, it came to me from the fair one with golden curls. Her father gave it to me from her, knowing that I was about to risk my life—to risk my life for her sake, no doubt.

Yes, that is it. My fears increase. I dread to know more. I am afraid to prosecute my researches in my pockets. I may find my hands full of forget-me-nots—or of blood !

Oh ! Ah ! by Jove !

What now ?

This overcoat—is not mine. No, mine is dark gray, this is light gray. I have not travelled through my pockets, but through the pockets of somebody else.

But then—if the coat is not mine, neither is the duel.

Not mine the *carte*.

Not mine the photographs.

Not mine the forget-me-nots.

Not mine the cards.

I have not stolen the handkerchief.

I am all right ; thank goodness, I am all right !

And my romance about the Colonel's lovely daughter—I am sorry about it, upon my word. At least, I am sorry for her, for I fear she will never now make my acquaintance.—*Temple Bar.*

THE SALVATION ARMY.

BY CARDINAL MANNING.

As I have been asked to form and express a judgment on the Salvation Army, I give the following, under correction. But I need hardly say that I have been present at no services or preaching, and judge of it only from documents of its own members.

To draw a perfect circle on paper is one thing, to carry it out in stone is another. Abstract mental conceptions are always imperfectly realized in concrete human works. The Church on the eternal shore has no admixture of evil with good: the Church in this world is the field of wheat and tares. The Cathari of old and the Puritans since were impatient of this mystery of the long-suffering of God. It is well to bear this in mind when we judge of any men or works outside of the divine organization and unity of the faith. If good and evil be mingled in the Church divinely founded and divinely guided, what may we not look to find in any system which is of human origin, and dependent on the instability of man? Water cannot rise above its source.

I. The first observation I would make on the Salvation Army is that it could never have existed but for the spiritual desolation of England: for to our own country my remarks will be confined.

In the reign of Elizabeth the whole people, excepting the Catholics who remained steadfast, were nominally within the Established Church. The Brownists began the separation of what Mr. Skeats has called "the Free Churches." These Nonconformist bodies, continually multiplying, claim at this day to divide the population of England equally with the Anglican Church. In truth, if we separate those who are explicitly Anglican from the multitudes who are only passively and nominally Anglican, and those who are explicitly Nonconformists of every kind from those who are only passively and nominally Nonconformists, there will be a residuum on both sides of millions, over whom religion has no power. They live and die outside of any religious body.

When an attempt was made, some

forty years ago, to ascertain the extent of church room in London, it was computed that all the existing places of worship, giving to each three services on Sunday, would provide for about 800,000 persons. The population of London was then under two millions—it is now nearly four. And great as the efforts of church building have been, the proportion of church room is certainly not greater than it was; it is almost certainly less, for the population has increased more rapidly than the church room. What, then, is the spiritual desolation of London? Let any man stand on the high northern ridge which commands London from West to East and ask himself: How many in this teeming, seething whirlpool of men have never been baptized? have never been taught the Christian faith? never set a foot in a church? How many are living ignorantly in sin? how many with full knowledge are breaking the laws of God? What multitudes are blinded, or besotted, or maddened by drink? What sins of every kind and dye, and beyond all count, are committed day and night? It would surely be within the truth to say that half the population in London are practically without Christ and without God in the world. If this be so, then at once we can see how and why the Salvation Army exists. In a population full of faith and religious life it could have no place. There would be no need to supply, no conscious craving to satisfy, no spiritual desolation to break up. Its good tidings would be already known, and its warnings daily anticipated. A watchman's rattle is good at midnight, when men are sleeping. It is needless at noonday, when men are wide awake. We may in some degree measure the need for it by the response it has elicited. The spiritual desolation of London alone would make the Salvation Army possible.

In passing by railroad through Birmingham, Manchester, and Liverpool, the multitude of spires, steeples, towers, bell-turrets, gables, and roofs, with crosses and other tokens of religion, must force itself upon the least observ-

ant eye. Where would the knowledge of God, and of the Name of our Redeemer, have been now but for the zeal and activity of the many irreconcilable and often conflicting bodies who have reared and sustained these places of Christian worship? Nevertheless, how great a multitude in all these cities and towns never set a foot in church or meeting-house.

So again, throughout the provinces of England and Wales, there are, it is to be feared, millions living without faith and in sin.

II. To such a population a voice crying aloud in God's Name is as a warning in the night. There is also in the most outcast a voice that answers. The conscience in man is as the worm that dieth not; and even in the worst and most depraved it bears witness against the sins of their life and state. The words death, judgment, heaven, hell, are to them not mere sounds, but strokes upon the soul. There are, indeed, men who are "past feeling," but they are like the sightless among mankind, exceptions and anomalies. The mass of men believe in right and wrong, and judgment to come. They know that they have souls, blaspheme as unbelievers may. They hope for a better life after this, and they believe that an evil life here will end in a worse hereafter. This was the strength of Wesley in the last century, and is the strength of William Booth in this. He and his, for seventeen years and more, have been calling men to repent and to turn to God. These are Divine truths which, like seeds wafted by the winds or carried by birds, strike root where they fall. Good seed will grow whoever sows it. This was the meaning of St. Paul when he said: "Some indeed, even out of envy and contention: but some also for good-will preach Christ. Some out of charity . . . and some out of contention. . . . But what then? So that by all means, whether by occasion or by truth, Christ be preached: in this also I rejoice, yea, and will rejoice."* St. Paul does not hereby sanction the preaching of those who go without being sent, much less the imperfections or faults of their preaching; but so far as

it made known the Name and redemption of Christ it was to him a cause of joy. Imperfect or unauthorized preaching in the unity of the Church is disorder; but outside its unity it is at least so much of truth made known to those who will not listen to its perfect voice. Within the unity of faith the Church has freely permitted its members to teach the truth. St. Francis of Assissi was never a priest, but he preached everywhere. B. John Colombini was not even a deacon, but a layman only, and yet from the hour of his conversion he went about preaching the Name of Jesus till he died. And after death, as his biographer tells us, when he lay upon the bier the people came and kissed his hand as if he were a priest. The Divine invitation comes, indeed, from God to the Church, but every member of it may make it known. "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And he that heareth, let him say, Come."* In a wilderness where there is no Shepherd, any voice crying a fragment of the truth prepares the way for Him who is the perfect truth.

III. With these precautions we may go on, without fear of being misunderstood, to point out what things in the Salvation Army are hopeful, and what things are to be feared for it in the future.

I take the account of it from Mr. Booth's own statement.

1. The Salvation Army affects no secrecy or specialties of its own. It is open as the light in its words and acts. It offers to everybody the results of its own experience. It has no patent medicines or mysterious spiritual prescriptions, but desires the widest diffusion of its teaching and mode of acting. •

2. It has no compromises in its teaching. It holds to the "old-fashioned Gospel" of salvation from "real guilt, and real danger of a real hell," through Him who gives "real pardon to the really penitent," and "to all who really give up to Him a whole heart, and trust Him with a perfect trust." And this doctrine it holds as "embodied in the three creeds of the Church."

3. It teaches that "sin is sin, no matter who commits it, and that there

* Phil. 1: 15-18.

* Apoc. 22: 17.

cannot be sin without Divine displeasure; and that all men are responsible for accepting or rejecting the perfect deliverance from sin provided by our Lord." It deals largely with "the terrors of the Lord," believing that soft and soothing doctrines may easily be, and are at this day too prominent, and even exclusive of the eternal truths.

4. It holds that we ought to lay down our lives for the salvation of others, in the full sense of the second precept of charity.

5. Its organization is military. Having tried government by committees and by democracy, and finding that those who work do not care to talk, and that those who talk do not much care to work, its government was reduced to two simple principles—namely, to authority and obedience.

6. Its officers and preachers are continually, and often suddenly, changed from place to place, to prevent local and personal attachments.

7. The General has never received a penny out of the funds of the Army; and the Army depends absolutely on the providence of God. But it seems to possess property in trust.

8. It believes itself to be guarded against the admission of self-seeking and interested people by the great sacrifices they must make to become members; and against "drones" by the heavy obligation of holding from nineteen to twenty-five meetings a week, extending over thirty to thirty-five hours; and of spending eighteen hours in visiting the poor.

9. Finally, Mr. Booth declares his firm resolve that the Salvation Army shall never become a sect. He cites the failure of John Wesley in his attempt to maintain an unsectarian position. The meaning of this would seem to be that the aim of the Salvation Army is to promote general and personal religion apart from all bodies, and, above all, apart from all controversies.

This summary is almost in the words of its chief; and if the work answered to the conception, it would rank high among the movements external to the Catholic unity in prudence, zeal, and devotion. It exacts a life of labor, in poverty, in sacrifice of self, and in obedience.

It is a less pleasing task to turn to the other aspect of the Salvation Army, and to point to the fears which it suggests.

1. If it were certain that the conflicts and assaults of which we have heard arose as inevitably as the afflictions of St. Paul at Antioch, Iconium, and Lystra, we might feel no check to our sympathy. But St. Paul did not go in array, nor with the pomp and circumstance of war. If, on the one hand, this bold bearing be a sign of apostolic courage, it is hardly a sign of apostolic prudence. It is hardly the advent of "the Son of Peace;" and its sounds are rather of the whirlwind than of the still small voice. It is hardly like the conduct of our Divine Master, who, when the Pharisees were offended, "withdrew Himself," lest they should add sin to sin. It is one thing to rebuke sinners as St. Peter and St. Stephen did, and another to challenge opposition by military titles and movements with drums and fifes. These things seem not only unwise for the Salvation Army, but dangerous to souls. The "offence of the Cross" is inevitable if we preach "Christ and Him crucified;" and both wisdom and charity lay on us an obligation not to add to it by any needless provocation.

2. We also need a clearer explanation of its teaching. It says that salvation and sanctification are the work "of a moment." There is no doubt that the forgiveness of sin is bestowed in a moment, as when the father fell on the neck of the prodigal on his return; and when our Divine Lord said to the man sick of the palsy, "Thy sins be forgiven thee;" and when in His Name at this hour absolution is given to the contrite. All this is an act of grace on God's part—full and complete when He bestows it. They who are forgiven are in a state of salvation, in which, if they persevere, they will be saved. But the work is not yet finished; and sanctification is only begun. God might, indeed, complete it, like our regeneration, in a moment. But He does not do so. That is not the Divine method. The cleansing of the soul and the infusion of perfect sanctification are progressive works. This was said in an article in *The War Cry*, in substance correctly enough, though in

words and phrases not sufficiently guarded.

3. A still graver objection is to be found in the practice of what is called "the training of converts." "The moment any man, woman, or child professes to have received remission of sins, we require them to stand up and tell the audience." In this we must believe spiritual dangers of the most perilous kind to be inevitable. First, each one is to be the judge of his own state; next, he is to make instant and public profession of it. Against those who resolve the certainty of their adoption as sons of God into their own inward consciousness, even Luther said, "I rest my adoption not on my own assurance, but upon the act of God in my baptism." This is building on the rock, the other is building on the sand. If the Salvation Army builds its work on such foundations, how can it stand? There is no form of deception or self-deception which this does not invite. They who know least of themselves, of the sinfulness of sin, and of the sanctity of God, would be among the first to believe in their own salvation. If there be any warning in God's Word more constant and more urgent than another, it is humility and self-mistrust. The instant public profession—that is, the calling of all eyes, and ears, and attention upon themselves, is the last thing that the Spirit of God in any record of Holy Scripture counsels or warrants. The rising up of any one in the midst of a congregation with such a profession seems like: "God, I thank Thee that now I am not as other men are; not even as those around me." This surely is not the voice of humility, nor could any humility long endure such a training. If it be said that such public profession is an act of thanksgiving, we must answer that the best thanksgiving is the humblest. If it be said that it is a humiliation, we must answer again that self-imposed humiliations are the most subtle of all snares. It may be that a person of mature experience in the spiritual life may without self-consciousness lay open his life and state in public. But that men, women, and children, kneeling in the front row of a public meeting, should at the outset of their conversion tell the audience the

work of God in their souls without danger to humility, sincerity, or reality, is contrary to the spiritual experience of the world.

This observation extends to the usage of making the "Saved" put an "S," or some such sign, upon their collar. Believing the last danger of the spiritual life to be what is called "the Storm in the Harbor"—that is, spiritual complacency springing from self-consciousness and self-contemplation, which wrecks even those who have escaped from the perils of the deep into the port of safety—we must look with great fear upon a system which systematically calls out into activity the self-complacency latent in all men, and trains it by an elaborate external discipline. Such was not the training of the first Disciples, or of the early Christians, or of the confessors and martyrs of any age, whether in persecution or in peace. Humility, sorrow for sin, conversion to God, like the frost, and the dew, and the light, work silently and with a Divine power. An old writer says: "*Ira est, non gratia, cum quis ponitur super ventum nullo habens radices in soliditate virtutum.*" The history of the Church is full of examples of conversion which have no roots, or such only as are in flesh and blood. They have been the most public and self-proclaimed, but the least fruitful, and the least abiding. If this be true within the unity of the Catholic Church, and under the strong guidance of its discipline, what may we look for among those who are outside of its shelter, and choose their own guides and their own way?

4. And this leads on to another fear. There is a distinction to be ever maintained between essential devotion and sensible devotion: between the rational sorrow for sin and the emotional sorrow for sin. Essential devotion is a constant and fervent exercise of the will in obedience to God. Rational sorrow for sin is the judgment of the reason and the conscience condemning ourselves. And these things are calm and inward: often they have no outward sign except a change of life. Many of the most devout have little emotion, and many of the most penitent never shed a tear; but their piety and their repentance is deep, still, and changeless. They begin

in the spirit, and they end in the spirit. Not so those who begin in emotion, or excitement, or self-consciousness. There is great danger lest they should end in the flesh. All who have had experience in these things will know the meaning of these few words.

5. One more objection is as follows : The head of the Salvation Army is resolved that it shall never become a sect. In this he is wise. A sect is soon stereotyped. He seems to wish that it may not be a sect, but a spirit, which, like the four winds, may blow upon all the valley of dry bones—men, women, children, sects, communions, and, as he perhaps would say, Churches, quickening and raising them all to a higher life. So long as the Salvation Army teaches the three creeds in their true sense, and does not assail the Catholic faith or Church, it is so far doing a constructive, if it be only a fragmentary work. God "would have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth."* So far, then, as it brings men to any truth, even though it be only one truth, such as a belief in God, in this evil and unbelieving generation, it is doing a work beyond its own foresight. Looking as we must over the spiritual desolations of England, every voice that speaks for God is on our side. In the measure in which its teaching is more perfect our hopes and our sympathy grow greater. When the Apostle said, "Master, we saw a certain man casting out devils in Thy Name, and we forbade him, because he followeth not with us," the answer was, "Forbid him not, for he that is not against you is for you."† If it be said that the Salvation Army does not cast out devils, St. Augustine would answer that the conversion of a soul from sin to God is a greater miracle. And no man can doubt that God makes use of His own means to bring souls to Himself. At times He uses some whom He has not sent, to rebuke those in whose hands the Apostolic commission slumbers. Nevertheless, we have a conviction that the Salvation Army will either become a sect, or it will melt away. This world is not the abode of disembodied spirits. The history of

Christianity abundantly proves that neither the human intellect nor the human will can alone perpetuate any teaching without change. Nor can human authority or human obedience perpetuate itself without an organization which compacts and sustains both. But what is such an organization but a sect—one more of the separate bodies which have either departed from some parent sect, or have aggregated themselves together out of the dispersed and scattered units in our wilderness of souls? The Divine Wisdom has provided for the perpetuity of truth in a visible and world-wide organization, in which the faith is guarded and sustained "yesterday, and to-day, and the same for ever." Our fidelity to this Divine and immutable organization, which "is terrible as an army with banners," gives to us a measuring rod, whereby we can measure the deviations of those who are outside of its unity, and the dangers to which those deviations lead.

There remains still one more, and that a yet graver fear, as to the future of the Salvation Army. Its material dissolution would be a small evil compared with the demoralization resulting from the reckless language in which the most sacred subjects are often treated. In the last number of the *Contemporary Review*, in two articles, examples were given which are too displeasing to be repeated here. They were well called "rowdyism." No mistake is greater than to think that to speak of God and of Divine things in low language brings truth nearer to the minds of the poor or of the uneducated. No words are more elevated, and none more intelligible to the multitude, than the language of the four Gospels. Low words generate low thoughts: words without reverence destroy the veneration of the human mind. When man ceases to venerate he ceases to worship. Extravagance, exaggeration, and coarseness are dangers incident to all popular preachers: and these things easily pass into a strain which shocks the moral sense, and deadens the instincts of piety. Familiarity with God in men of chastened mind produces a more profound veneration: in unchastened minds it easily runs into an irreverence which borders upon impiety. Even the Seraphim

* 1 Tim. 2 : 4.

† Luke 9 : 49, 50.

cover their faces in the Divine Presence. When levity or coarseness is permitted in preaching, or prayer, or hymns, we fear that it will deaden the reverence of some and provoke the blasphemy of others. *The War Cry* and *The Little Soldier* are both disfigured by such language, and the latter by still graver faults. Ceaseless watchfulness would be needed to keep its preachers and teachers within the limits of pure and sober speech. But who shall control the utterances of men, women and children in the front row in the moment of their supposed conversion? And above all, when such unbecoming language is used, and even enjoined, as a means of rousing attention? They who do so

must have forgotten St. Paul's rejection of human arts, and his simple trust in the Word of God, and in the power of His Spirit.

In all this the action of the Salvation Army is deplorably below the mental conception of it given in its own professions, at the outset of this paper.

Such are some of our fears for this zealous but defiant movement. Our fears greatly overbalance our hopes. Nevertheless our heart's desire and prayer is that they who labor so fervently with the truths they know may be led into the fulness of faith: and that they who are ready to give their lives for the salvation of souls may be rewarded with life eternal.—*Contemporary Review*.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF A VISITING CARD.

It is only a plain scrap of ordinary pasteboard, inscribed in a neat small copperplate hand with its owner's name—Mr. Edgar B. Chadwick—but it is the one solitary piece of literature I have about me, and there are five inexorable hours to be got through somehow on the way down to Devonshire. Clearly, since I am not Mr. Gladstone, there is but one course open before me. I must subsist upon the card alone as mental food for the next five hours. And that is really far easier to do than you would at first suppose, for I have a pencil in my pocket, and I have made up my mind that I will convert the rectangular scrap of pasteboard into the nucleus of a philosophical article. This is how the thing is managed. I pull the elements of Mr. Chadwick's name to pieces; I jot down the analogies and illustrations that strike me on the back of the card; and when I get to-night to my lodgings on Dartmoor, I shall take pen in hand and write the notes out in full while the subject is fresh in my memory. To be sure, there is not much space on the little bit of pasteboard, but my writing is very small, and a single word is quite enough by way of a memorandum. Think it all out between stations; scribble down the key-words whenever we stop at Swindon or Chippenham; and there you are—the article is practically written.

It is always well to begin at the wrong end, because that ensures freshness in

the point of view: and so I shall begin my dissertation on the card, not with its first word, Edgar, but with its last word, Chadwick. Besides, that name, as Aristotle would remark, is really the first in itself, or by nature, though not the first to us, or by convention; for its bearer was obviously born a Chadwick, whereas he was only made an Edgar and a B. by his godfathers and godmothers at his baptism. Now, the Chadwicks are one of the families who derive their surname from the town or village in which they once lived; and that fact will serve to show at the outset what is the sort of valuable result which we can sometimes get out of the study of nomenclature, personal or local. It might seem at first sight as though the pursuit of name-lore was purely otiose and meaningless—a part of the same feudal and nonsensical lumber as heraldry, or the pedigrees of the peerage. But, in reality, every name is a true philological fossil; and just as ordinary fossils tell us something about the early unwritten history of the earth, so these philological fossils tell us something about what (being an Irishman by blood) I may fairly call the pre-historic history of men and places. I have tried once before to show in this magazine how many unsuspected relics of the old English clansystem we still find about us in such personal or local names as Manning and Harding, Birmingham and Wellington,

Illingworth and Piddinghoe; and now I wish to point out another way in which we may work back from names to the past history of persons or places which do or do not bear them.

The last clause, I assure you, in spite of appearances, is *not* a bull. For, to the best of my knowledge, no village or town in England is now known as Chadwick. But the very form of the surname shows at once that it must be derived from a village so called; and, therefore, that such a village must at some time or other have existed somewhere. Not infrequently a close examination of surnames enables us thus to fill up the gaps in our knowledge left by the study of local nomenclature. For example, that indefatigable archæologist, Mr. Kemble, drew up a very useful list of all the known early English clan-settlements, of the same type as Nottingham, Bensington, Wallingford, or Kensington; and by comparing the numbers of such clan-villages in each county with one another, we are able roughly and approximately to guess at the probable relative strength of the primitive Teutonic colonization in various parts of Britain. But Mr. Kemble's list, though almost exhaustive in its own way, was prepared solely from the Ordnance Survey maps, and does not take into account at all the subsidiary source of information afforded us by modern surnames. These are in many cases derived from towns or villages, either now extinct, or else (as often happens) known only at present by some later alternative title. By collecting together all such local surnames as happen to have fallen in my way, I have been able largely to extend the catalogue of primitive English clan-settlements; and even in some cases approximately to decide in what county the lost settlement was originally fixed. Thus, there is now no village of Cannington in Dorset; but the comparative frequency of the surname Cannington in the western half of the shire shows that such a village must once have existed somewhere near Bridport or Weymouth, and thus enlarges the list of Dorsetshire clans by one more conjectural item. In like manner, the old mark or boundary between Kent and Sussex was originally known as the Dens; and each village within its limits bore a name of which

the word "den" (a clearing or glade in the forest) forms a component part. The Court of Dens, which survived till the seventeenth century, had jurisdiction over thirty-two such swine pastures, but several of them are not now even locally known by name. Mr. Kemble could only identify twenty-five out of the number, of which Tenterden, Cowden, Castleden, and Hazleden are the best known. But by noting down all surnames of the sort which occurred at Hastings, Eastbourne, and Folkestone (whither the population of the Weald has now chiefly betaken itself), I have been able to recover the names not only of the thirty-two original Dens subject to the Court, but of some forty others of less importance in the same neighborhood. For example, the great authority on the Court of Dens is Sir Roger Twisden, whose own name enshrines for us one of the lost pastures; while John Selden, also a Sussex man, keeps green the memory of another. So I have gathered from shop fronts a long list of Plevindens, Coldens, and Wolfindens, which amply supplements the catalogue of still recognizable place-names. Some of them, like Eversden, point back in a very graphic fashion to the primitive condition of the Kentish Weald; for *eofer* is good old-English for a wild boar (the same word, in fact, as *eber* and *aper*); so that Eversden really means the wild boar's pasture.

The village of Chadwick appears to me to stand in somewhat the same case: at least, I have never succeeded in discovering its local habitation, though I have long known and speculated on its name. However, it is a dangerous thing positively to assert a negative; and if some of my readers, wiser than myself in this matter, happen to have come across some obscure hamlet of Chadwick, in some unknown rural recesses of Warwickshire or Staffordshire, I trust they will not be too much puffed up with vanity at their superior knowledge, but will humbly reflect that some other man, too, may know of sundry other villages in Devonshire, say, or Northumberland, whose very names have never fallen on their learned ears. The pride of intellect against which preachers warn us should at least be based on better

ground than accidental acquaintance with a solitary fact.

The latter half of Chadwick—I begin again as before at the wrong end—clearly incloses the root *wick*, a town or village. Perhaps the most primitive meaning of the old Aryan word which assumes that form in modern English was rather dwelling or inclosure—a single building, not a group of buildings, which is the sense it still retains in the Greek *oikos*. In Latin, *vicus*, however, we get it in much the same signification as in English—a collection of houses ranged together along a road; that is to say, a street or hamlet.* The Teutonic settlers brought the word to England, and gave it to many of their earliest colonies. Thus, the clan of Wærings, who now call themselves Waring, had their home at Wæringawic, afterward softened down through Waringwic into Warwick. These were obviously of the same tribe as the first inhabitants of Warrington, or, for the matter of that, as the Varangians of Byzantine history, the tale of whose strange adventures I hope at some future time briefly to summarize for those who will hear it. Other well-known wicks are Alnwick, Smethwick, Chiswick, and Berwick. Sometimes, though more rarely, *wick* forms the first element in the name instead of the second, as at Wickham and Wickham Street. Habitually, however, it appears rather as a formative suffix.

The true old-English form of the word is always *wic*, but this is differently modernized in different parts of the country, according to the peculiar dialectic fashions of various districts or races. Already, in dealing with Casters and Chesters I have shown that the hard forms belong rather to the north and east, while the softer sounds are found mostly in the south and west. It is much the same with the wicks and wiches. In Scotland, especially Scandinavian Scotland, we usually find such forms as Wick, Lerwick, Hawick, and Berwick; but in southern England, we get rather

the soft type in Norwich, Ipswich, Woolwich, and Sandwich. The two modes are related as kirk to church, or as birk to birch. In the extreme west of England, however, a hard form once more occurs under the guise of week: for example, the village of Week answers to Wick in Caithness; while German's Week, the hamlet of St. Germanus, corresponds to our unknown Chadwick, the hamlet of St. Chad. But there I have let the cat out of the bag before due time. Let us bundle him in again incontinently, and make believe we know nothing about him.

Mr. Isaac Taylor, in his admirable volume on "Words and Places" (to which this article owes innumerable acknowledgments) has pointed out another curious cross-relation between these town-names in Wick. The first, or English stratum, consists for the most part of inland towns, such as Warwick and Alnwick; for the earliest Teutonic colonists settled down at once into thorough-going landmen, and gave up their seafaring ways so entirely that in Alfred's days they had to begin all over again with a brand-new navy, manned by Frisians, to resist the piratical Danes. To these English farmers, accordingly, a *wic* meant a village or settled home in the country. But to the Scandinavian pirate, with whom the corsair stage was permanent, a *wic* or *vik* meant a bay where he could easily beach his sea-snakes; a cove of sloping sand with a little village nestling at its side as the headquarters of his predatory forays. Thus the shores exposed to Scandinavian incursions are full of *viks*, or long fiords or estuaries, from Reykjavik in Iceland to Westervik in Sweden, and from Lerwick in Shetland to Sandwich on the Kentish coast. In Britain, our Scandinavian wicks have mostly become wiches; but they can easily be recognized by their position: Norwich on the old estuary of the Yare; Ipswich on the shallow tidal mouth of the Orwell; Greenwich and Woolwich on the highest navigable reaches of the Thames; Sandwich by the now silted channel of the Wensum; and Harwich among the long branching creeks that surround the low isolated spit of the Naze. Every one of these was just such a fiord as the Northmen loved; and around them all Scan-

* Let me gently protest, in passing, against the common statement that the early digamated form of the Greek word was *FOIKOZ*. Clearly, it must have been *FIKOZ*. The *O* of the Greek replaces the lost digamma, and stands to the word as the *V* of *vicus* and the *W* of *wick*. So, too, in the case of *wine*, etc.

dinavian names, both local and personal, still cluster by the dozen.

Nor is that all. The wiches underwent a still further etymological metamorphosis, which at last completely cut them off in meaning from the primitive wicks. These Scandinavian wiches or bays by the seaside were just the sort of places where bay-salt was manufactured, as it is to this day in the *salines* of the south of France. Before the Norman conquest, such salt-pens were common along the coast; and they came naturally enough to be spoken of as wiches or wyches. Hence, when the salt-wells and salt-mines of the interior began to be discovered, the name of wych was applied to these as well. This is the origin of our inland wiches, such as Droitwich, Nantwich, Middlewich, and Northwich, all of which possess salt-mines.

And now, to return to our sheep: under which of these heads must we class the lost village of Chadwick? Clearly under the first. It is a true old-English wick, if not of the very earliest colony days, at least of the age immediately succeeding the introduction of Christianity among the heathen English. It took its name, doubtless, from a little wooden church dedicated to St. Chad of Lichfield. And who was St. Chad? Well, the invaluable old historian Bæda tells us all about him. He was the apostle of pagan Mercia, the Christian teacher who went out from Northumbria to convert the wild half-Celtic realm of the heathen champion Penda. His real name was Ceadda, and he was a member of that Celtic Christian church which had been planted in Northumbria, during the days of St. Oswald, by the missionary monks of Iona. But after the reconciliation of the North to Rome, Ceadda was sent by Archbishop Theodore of Canterbury to be the first bishop of the true western Mercians; and the missionary prelate fixed the seat of his savage diocese at the royal Mercianburg of Lichfield—a wooden village planted in the midst of the great forest which then stretched down from the Peak in Derbyshire. There he built or restored a church of St. Mary, near the site of the existing cathedral. On later Mercian lips, the name of Ceadda softened into Chad, just as Ceaster softened into

Chester. To St. Chad the modern minster at Lichfield is still dedicated. Beyond the Pool, a pretty walk leads to the beautiful rural village of Stowe, long known as Chadstowe, where Ceadda founded a house for his assistant monks.

For many centuries, St. Chad remained the great patron saint of western Mercia; and even now his name and fame are familiar to all who have ever spent a summer holiday within sight of the soaring towers of Lichfield Cathedral.

I implied just now that we would probably have to look to Warwickshire or Staffordshire for our lost village of Chadwick, for these counties form the real nucleus of Mercia, and the region where the sanctity of Chad was most revered during the middle ages. From the familiar guise assumed by the name, without the customary prefix of St., we may feel sure that the village was a very ancient one; for in later days men would have been more respectful, and would have given the canonized bishop the full benefit of his official title. In earlier times, however, our ancestors, though more devout, were less civil to their saints; and many cases exactly analogous to Chadstowe and Chadwick occur in many parts of England. Thus, St. Felix of Burgundy, the first bishop of East Anglia, is commemorated in the little suffolk watering-place of Felixstowe. So, again, St. Petroc of Cornwall has left his name to that Petrocstowe, which we irreverent English have cut down into the meaningless shape of Padstow. Elstow, near Bedford, famous from its connection with John Bunyan, was once Helenstow in honor of St. Helen. St. Cuthbert (it should be Cuthberht), the apostle of the Scotch Lowlands, is similarly commemorated at Kirkcudbright, a form which may be compared with the like instance of Kirkpatrick. Marystow and Bridestowe in Devon are dedicated to St. Mary and St. Bride; while, not far off, Mary Tavy and Peter Tavy take their names from their respective saints, joined with the river which also affords a cognomen to Tavistock. But a little later on we get the more respectful forms in "Saint" at full. Thus, Padstow, or Petrocstowe, may be compared with St. Petrox, near Dartmouth (a very Celtic

dedication, by the way, to turn up in an English county); while Edmundsbury changes readily into Bury St. Edmunds, and German's Week is closely paralleled by St. Germans, near Plymouth.

It may be worth while, too, to note in passing that the habit of naming towns after saints, which, as everybody knows, is extremely common on the continent, has never largely taken root in Teutonic England. Almost our only well-known saints'-towns in all Britain are the two St. Ives, St. Andrews, St. Leonards, St. Albans, and Bury St. Edmunds. None of these are quite genuine except St. Albans and the Huntingdon St. Ives. The others are either Cornish or semi-Highland Scotch; while St. Leonards is a modern artificial creation, as unreal as Cliftonville, Tyburnia, or any other modern abomination of the builder's fancy. It is quite otherwise, however, as we approach the western Celtic frontier. The Celt is a great worshipper of saints, and indeed a great ancestor-worshipper generally; and so the moment we get into Devonshire (as I shall do before I have finished these notes) we come across a whole crop of saints'-towns, utterly unparalleled in the more Teutonic east. Sometimes they occur in composition, as in Ottery St. Mary, Newton St. Cyres, and Shillingford St. George; sometimes they stand quite alone, as in St. Budeaux, St. Mary Church, and St. Leonards. Following up the little river Clist, one finds all the villages along its banks called by the name of the stream, with some distinctive addition, as Clist Hydon, St. Lawrence Clist, Broad Clist, Honiton Clist, Bishops' Clist, St. Mary Clist, and St. George Clist. When one passes on into Cornwall, the saints'-towns become even more numerous. Among the best known are St. Ives, St. Austell, St. Erth, St. Columb, St. Blazey, and St. Germans; while in the country districts almost every second village is a St. Erney, a St. Mellion, a St. Dominick, or a St. Stephens. Most of these local saints are very indigenous indeed, being real or reputed ascetics, who founded little cells or oratories in the hamlets now called after their names. So, too, in Wales, most of the numerous Llans are dedicated to old Welsh hermits, Llangollen being the church of St. Col-

len; Llandudno of St. Tudno; Llanberis, of St. Peris, and so forth. A few bear the names of more catholic saints, as Llanfair, the church of St. Mary, and Llanbedr, the church of St. Peter, which one may compare with the above-mentioned instances of Mary Tavy, Peter Tavy, and St. Mary Church. Even in Wales, a few have been more or less anglicized, notably St. Davids and St. Asaph. I have very little doubt myself that the Virginstowes, Jacobstowes, Honeychurches, St. Petrocs and St. Mary's, which abound in Devonshire, are similar early translations of Cornish-Welsh Llanfairs and Llanpetrocs.

In the more Teutonic districts of England, however, saints'-towns are comparatively few and far between; and when they do occur at all, it is mostly in the older and simpler form, without the honorific prefix of "Saint." Such, for instance, are Peterborough (which has two other historical names); Boston, originally Botulfs-tun; and Saxmund-ham in Suffolk. So, again, Ebbchester preserves the memory of that Ebba who, as St. Abb, has given her name to St. Abb's Head; Bega, known as St. Bec, turns up not only at St. Bees, but also at Beaminster; and the great St. Aldhelm, who has been unjustly ousted by St. Alban from his jutting promontory in Dorset, may still be dimly traced in the very corrupted name of Malmesbury. To this earliest crop of saintly villages, then, both Chadstow and Chadwick clearly belong.

We have thus accounted satisfactorily for the name of Chadwick, viewed as belonging to a village; what are we to say of it next as belonging to a family? Well, in and about the thirteenth century, when surnames were just coming into use, the extended communications between places made it difficult to distinguish one of the Henrys, Johns, Guys, Walters, or Pierses in each village from another. Accordingly, the custom of attaching a nickname to each person became universal. One set of such nicknames was derived from the place to which the person belonged; and this probably forms by far the largest class of English surnames to the present day. The intermediate forms, like William of Malmesbury, Henry of Huntingdon, and Geoffrey of Monmouth, where the

local *differentia* has hardly yet become a true surname, are of course familiar to all of us. It is noticeable, however, that the places which have supplied names to families are not generally the larger towns, but rather the smallest villages. London, for example, is a very rare surname; Bristol and York, the two other largest mediæval cities, are but sparingly represented; and even Lincoln, though rendered famous in the person of the martyred president, is far from common. On the other hand, there is hardly a petty hamlet in England which has not given rise to a surname, and some of these surnames are now borne by large numbers of men. The reasons are obvious. On the one hand, people seldom migrate from the town into the country; and in the middle ages they seldom migrated from one town to another, owing to the rigid rules affecting the rights of burgesses and the customs of the trade-guilds; while, even if they did so move, they were not so likely to be distinguished by the name of the place whence they came as by their trade or profession; for townsmen who migrate are, or were, usually masterworkmen, not journeymen laborers. On the other hand, there is, and has always been, a constant flow of young and inexperienced hands from the country into the towns; and such immigrants were pretty sure to be distinguished by the names of the villages from which they came; Dick of Whittington being thus known from Dick of Washington, and Giles of Bradford being thus discriminated from Giles of Colyford. Hence the truth of the saw preserved for us by Verstegan, whose delightful "Restitution of Decayed Intelligence" every Englishman ought to know by heart:

In Ford, in Ley, in Ham, in Ton,
The most of English surnames run.

A few examples may serve to illustrate the rule; and, lest I should be suspected of inventing my surnames to suit the necessities of the situation—unkind people are always imagining literary crimes of that sort—I will choose them all from historical names of well-known and undoubted personages. Beginning with the Fords, we have in the simple form Ford the dramatist; and in com-

pounds we have Miss Mitford of "Our Village;" the historic family of Clifford (one branch at least takes its name from a little village on the Teign); Beckford of "Vathek" and Fonthill Abbey (the name means the ford on the beck or brook); Telford, the famous engineer; with such lesser celebrities as sundry Dunsfords, Durnfords, Alfords, Rutherfords, Pulsfords, and Walfords, whose exploits the curious in such matters may, if they like, hunt up for themselves. And can we forget such a famous super-historical couple as Sandford and Merton—a double-barrelled instance? Among the Leighs and Leys (the terminations, though etymologically distinct, are now hopelessly mixed up with one another) we have Sir Edward Leigh of the "Critica Sacra;" Copley the painter; Elizabeth Chudleigh the notorious Duchess of Kingston (her family lived near Chudleigh in Devon); Lindley the botanist, Dudley of "Dudley and Empson," the ancestor of all the Leicester and Northumberland Dudleys, Sir Walter Raleigh, Dodsley of the "Annual Register," Paley of the "Evidences," Cowley the poet, Bentley the critic, Shirley the last of the dramatists, John Wesley the father of all Methodists, Bishop Berkeley and David Hartley, a brace of philosophers, Bodley of the Bodleian; and a whole host of similar instances—Bradleys, Harleys, Whalleys, Halleys, Wycherleys, Wellesleys, and Shelleys, whose good and bad deeds I need hardly specify. In the matter of Hams, we have Ascham of the "Scolemaster," Sir John Denham of "Cooper's Hill," Jeremy Bentham, William Windham, Barham of the "Ingoldsby Legends," Sir John Hotham, and Jervase Markham, together with a fertile crop of Jerninghams, Derhams, Broughams, Binghamms, Needhams, Lathamms, Warhamms, and Bellinghamms. William of Wykeham illustrates this type of name in the making. As to the Tons, their name is absolutely legion. To begin with, there is one John Milton, whose ancestors may have come from any of the many Miltons—sometimes Mill-towns and sometimes Middle-towns—which are scattered over the face of England and of which Milton Abbas is perhaps the best-known instance. Then, again, there is a certain

not undistinguished Isaac Newton, whose ancestors must similarly have come from one of the numerous Newtons, though not, I take it, from Newton Abbott (where I change to-day), because his family were Lincolnshire people, not West-countrymen. Ciceronian Middleton shows the alternative form to Milton. Among our poets alone we have a Chatterton, a Fenton, a Barton, a Stapleton, and a Warton; among philosophers, a Hamilton; and among miscellaneous celebrities may be mentioned Hutton the geologist, Waterton the naturalist, Sir Christopher Hatton, Leighton the Puritan, Daines Barrington, Crompton of the spinning-mule, Sir Joseph Paxton, Izaak Walton, the Pastons, Stephen Langton, Ireton, and a dozen more. The clan-villages by themselves supply an invaluable set of patronymics for the use of those misguided persons who attempt to write in double or treble rhymes, and then shirk the difficulties of their self-imposed task by a liberal employment of proper names; for they can match Addington with Paddington, Doddington with Boddington, and Babington with Habington to their hearts' content. All such surnames as Whitfield, Chillingworth, Atterbury, Dewhurst, Huntingdon, and Churchill also show immediately by their very form that they are of local origin.*

Another and more interesting way of testing the same principle is to take a particular tract of country, and then see how many of its villages have given rise to local surnames. Looking, for example, at my railway map of the district through which I am now travelling, I can pick out as I go a fair sprinkling of familiar cases. Wells gives its name to Dr. Charles Wells, the discoverer of the theory of dew. Weston has impartially supplied us with a great orientalist and a famous runner. Chard sent forth the family of the hero of Rorke's Drift.

* Some of the names quoted above may be rather territorial than local—the difference will be explained hereafter—but let it pass. Anybody who likes can collect a whole host of undoubted local names in his own town, most of them derived from villages in the neighborhood. There is a Bovey, a butcher at Bovey, and a Beer, a fisherman at Beer. I could multiply these instances by dozens, but I will let the reader off.

Anstey produced the ancestors of that characteristic fashionable eighteenth-century satirist, the author of the "New Bath Guide." Coleridge hundred and village are forgotten in the fame of Coleridge poet. Thorne, Hatch, Bampton, Linton, Molton, Morton, Coppleston, Ashbury, Holsworthy, and Ashburton are all railway stations in the same immediate neighborhood; and all have had representatives more or less famous in their way, either past or present. The judicious reader is left to fit the various names to the right persons at his own free discretion.

Thus, we can see by analogy pretty well how the Chadwick family came by their present surname. To sum it up shortly, they set out originally from some unknown village of Chadwick; this unknown village took its name from the fact that it was a wick or hamlet, with a church dedicated to St. Chad; and this St. Chad, again, is the Mercian bishop Ceadda, disguised under a mediæval or modernized form. But before I pass away from this part of my subject, I must add, lest all the Chadwicks in England should come down upon me with threatening letters—and indeed, in these days, as M. Zola knows, it has become dangerous to deal too freely with genuine names—I must add, I say, that there is another class of local names beside the humble kind derived from the rustic village whence some unknown personage once emigrated. A fair sprinkling of such names are really territorial—they mark possession of a manor, after the fashion still common in Scotland to the present day. Perhaps, therefore, the original Chadwicks were really Chadwicks of Chadwick, and, for aught I know, they may very possibly have come over, like the Slys, with Richard Conqueror. If I have unintentionally maligned an ancient and honorable family, by supposing that one of their remote ancestors once honestly earned his own livelihood by his own handicraft, I hereby offer them whatever apology they may consider to be commensurate with the magnitude of the offence. But for our present purpose, where this particular name is merely taken as a peg whereon to hang sundry general analogies in nomenclature, it does not matter one jot or tittle to us

whether the primitive father of all the Chadwicks was a Norman lord of the manor or an English serf—that profound question we may safely leave to the genealogist ; while, for my own part, I will frankly confess I had far rather my progenitors should have earned money to buy a manor, and left it to me, than that they should have once possessed one, and bequeathed to me only the empty honor of their manorial name. “But, sir, I am digressing,” as the rogue who quoted Manetho with such glib discontinuity very pertinently observed to the Vicar of Wakefield.

And now let us pass on to the remaining portion of the legend on Mr. Chadwick’s card, his Christian or given name. And, first of all, let us begin with Edgar. Singularly enough, although he is an Englishman, he really bears an English name ; and this is curious, because, as I have already pointed out in this magazine, the majority of Englishmen bear either Norman-French or Biblical names, both which classes were for the most part introduced at the Norman conquest. Edgar, however, differs from the mass in being of genuine old-English or so-called Anglo-Saxon coinage. Let us consider first how the name ever came to exist at all, and next how a nineteenth-century Englishman comes to bear it at the present day.

Edgar belongs to the very oldest type of Aryan personal nomenclature, the type known as the double-list name. It was the common practice of that amiable barbarian, our Aryan ancestor, to manufacture names for his children in a certain very regular and systematic manner. One set of words or roots was considered proper for making the first half of a personal name ; while another set was considered proper for making the second half. When once a root was recognized as belonging by right to either list, it was employed, pretty much at haphazard, to be compounded with any root out of the corresponding list, often with very little regard to the resulting meaning. Among the roots thus dedicated to the formation of names, the most common are those which relate to honor in war or personal bravery. Spear, helmet, war, victory ; noble, glorious, great, illustrious ; wolf and lion, folk and king, host and leader :

these are the ideas that turn up oftenest in these primitive double-list names. Of course, we possess none of them in their very earliest Aryan form ; but among all pure Aryan races we always find a number of such in closely analogous later shapes, though often disguised under different vocables. For example, we are familiar with such Hellenic instances as Heracles, Sophocles, and Themistocles, on the one hand, where the terminal element is the same throughout ; or as Aristides, Aristotles, and Aristobulus, on the other, where it is the initial element which reappears in all the series. How little regard was often paid to consistency of meaning is well shown by the classical instance of Pheidippides, a self-contradictory sort of name which can only be understood by the lucid explanation of Aristophanes.

In the Teutonic family, however, the double-list system is found in equal perfection, and it survives in most of our own existing Christian names. Thus William is divisible into two parts as Wil-helm, and Henry as Hean-rig or Hein-rich. The old English before the Norman conquest used a number of such names for the most part compounded of the following elements : as first halves, *athel*, noble ; *ead*, rich or powerful ; *alf*, an elf ; *leaf*, dear ; *eeg*, sword or edge ; *thead*, people ; *here*, army ; *cyne*, royal ; and *eald*, old or venerable : as second halves or terminals, *wine*, friend ; *helm*, helmet ; *gar*, spear ; *gifu*, gift ; *wig*, war ; *mund*, guardianship ; *weard* or *ward*, protection ; *stan*, stone ; *burh*, fortress ; and *red*, counsel. The following were used indiscriminately as first or second halves : *wulf*, wolf ; *beorht*, *berht*, or *briht*, bright, glorious ; *sige*, victory ; *ric*, rich, or kingdom ; and *god*, good. From such elements we can build up almost all the familiar old English royal or noble names. Thus, the West-Saxon kings and princes generally chose titles compounded of *athel*, such as Æthelred, Æthelwulf, Æthelberht, Æthelstan, and Æthelbald ; illogically modernized as Ethelred, Ethelwulf, and Ethelbert on the one hand, by the side of Athelston on the other ; or of *ead*, such as Eadgar, Eadred, Eadward, Eadwine, and Eadwulf ; the surviving forms from which are Edgar, Edward, and

Edwin, the other two being practically obsolete. The elves were also great protectors and objects of reverence to the early West Saxons; whence the names Ælfred, Ælfric, Ælfwine, Ælfward, and Ælfstan. All these can be readily understood from the list given above. The Northumbrian kings rather affected the initial root *os*, divine; as in Oswald, Osric, Oswiu, Osred, and Os-laf. This is the same word which sometimes reappears in its earlier Danish form as *ans*, in Anlaf, which finally became Olaf, and Olave—a name the last shapeless relic of which was borne by the eccentric violinist, Ole Bull. The terminal *wine* is found in Æscwine, Eadwine, Æthelwine, Oswine, and Ælfwine, whose meanings need no further explanation. *Wulf* appears as the first half in Wulfstan, Wulfric, Wulfred, and Wulfhere; while it forms the tail end of Æthelwulf, Eadwulf, Ealdwulf, and Cynewulf. Its Scandinavian form is Ulf. Hereberht gives us our modern Herbert—O irony of fate for Mr. Herbert Spencer!—while Berhtic, Beorhtwulf, Æthelberht, and Eadbriht supply us with other examples of the same root. After these examples, I think my readers can make out for themselves the meanings of Godgifu, atrociously modernized into Lady Godiva; of Theodric or Theodoric, which looks so fallaciously Greek at first sight; and of such names as Eadwig (Edwy), Ecgberht (Egbert), Sigeberht (Sebert), or Eadmund (Edmund).

I need hardly point out in passing how essentially savage, or at least barbaric, are the fundamental ideas conveyed by these fanciful primitive names. Like so many other things which go to make up our shallow veneer of civilization, they are legacies from early savagery, handed down to remind us whence we came, and whither, unless we bestir ourselves, we may yet relapse. The skin-deep French proverb is true of others beside Russians and Tartars—scratch the cultivated European, and you get the untamed neolithic barbarian. Some of the names or elements point back simply to early warlike habits: such are *here*, army; *helm*, helmet; *ecg* sword; *wig*, war; and *sige*, victory. Others bear traces of the older heathen worship: for example, Ælfred, elf-

counsel; Ælfwine, elf's-friend, and Ælfward, elf-protected; while the terminal *stan*, stone, contains an obvious reference to the ancient sanctity of megalithic structures. *Wulf*, again, with many other less common roots, distinctly recalls the primitive stage of totem-worship; and it is not without interest in this connection that most very early coins also contain as device the head or complete body of some totem-animal, or figures of the sun and other similar totem-objects. Thus the very names which we still bear are themselves forgotten relics of extremely ancient heathen savagery.

The word Edgar, originally Eadgar, may be roughly translated as equivalent to Noble Spear, or perhaps rather to Spear-noble or Noble Spearman: for exactly to render it in modern English would be as difficult as exactly to render Sophocles or Anaxagoras. It is thus a true old English name, composed entirely of English elements, without any foreign admixture whatsoever. And now the question arises, How does a modern Englishman come to bear this truly English name? We know that immediately after the Norman conquest almost all our original Christian names went suddenly out of fashion; and that every Godric or Wulfsgie in the land began to call his children after the Williams, Walters, Roberts, Rogers, Ralphs, and Richards who had come over in the train of the Conqueror. Most of these new-fangled forms (as I have before pointed out) were Old High German, taken into Gaul by the Franks, corrupted on the lips of the Celtic Neustrian peasantry, and further degraded by the Scandinavian settlers in Normandy. A few, however, like Arthur, Owen, and Alan, were Breton Welsh. At the same time, the new lords of the English manors also introduced a number of Scriptural names, such as Johan or John, Thomas, Simon, Stephen, Piers or Peter, James and Matthew. These new names wholly crushed out the Æthelreds and Ælfwards of pre-Norman days, as well as the once fashionable Harolds, Swegens, Olafs, and Erics, which the English had borrowed from their Danish lords; so that when we think nowadays of mediæval England, Guy and Gilbert, Hugh

and Geoffrey, Wat and Perkin, not Dudda or Ælfstan, are the typical sounds that rise instinctively to our lips.

There were only two genuine English forms that really survived the great revolution in nomenclature of the eleventh century. Those names were Eadward and Eadmund; and they owed their continued existence entirely to the personal favor of Henry III. That superstitious and futile Angevin took it into his head to venerate above all other saints the only two saintly, or half-saintly, English kings; doubtless because he hoped, after his craven fashion, to be canonized and worshipped in his turn as they were. (I don't often find myself in the same boat with Mr. Freeman, but I confess to a personal animosity against Henry III.) Well, to further this sanctimonious scheme, Henry pulled down the great Abbey of Edward the Confessor at Westminster, and rebuilt in its place the noble church that we all know so well; and in it he placed the shrine of Edward, as he hoped some other king would hereafter place a shrine to his own saintship. Also, he called his eldest son, Edward I., by the Confessor's name; while his second son, Edmund Crouchback, Earl of Lancaster, was christened in honor of St. Edmund of East Anglia, the local underking of Norfolk and Suffolk, who was killed by the Danes during the first heathen invasion, and was accounted ever after as the patron saint of the Eastern counties, with his great shrine at Bury St. Edmunds. These are the first two instances, and almost the only instances I know, where men of Norman or Angevin descent were ever called by native English names. The royal example, however, soon proved contagious; and when once Edward and Edmund were recognized as forming part of the regular dynastic list, they soon spread down again to all classes of the people. Throughout the whole of the middle ages, they were the only two living English names; even Alfred and Edwin, now so common, having become temporarily obsolete. As a proof we may all see that Edwards and Edmunds are familiar surnames; but nobody ever met with an Alfreds or an Edwins. The two first were ordinary Christian names, during the age when surnames were be-

ing fixed, and so they gave rise to patronymics; but the two last were then practically dead, and so they never brought forth a filial form.

So far, we are no nearer accounting for Mr. Edgar B. Chadwick's foremost Christian name than ever. For Edgar was one of the suspended list—one of the names that had died out at the Norman conquest. But with the Renaissance, and still more with the Reformation, a spirit of freedom with regard to nomenclature began to get abroad, as it always does during such crises, notoriously in the Puritan days and in the French Revolution. Instead of calling their children strictly after familiar saints, or sticking to the accustomed round of Roberts, Williams, Henries, and Edwards, the men of the Tudor epoch began to strike out fresh lines for themselves, and to seek a little variety in foreign parts or in the fashionable pages of classical antiquity. It is then probably for the first time that we meet in England with a Julius or a Valentine, a Cyril or a Cyprian, a Rowland or a Jeremy. The new names came for the most part from three sources—Greek or Roman history, the Fathers, and the mediæval romances. They represented the three main currents of thought in the Tudor period: the classicist revival, the religious and patristic interest, and the fanciful romantic tone of mind typified by Spencer, or to a less degree by Shakespeare and the dramatists.

But there was also a decided undercurrent of inquiry into the earlier mediæval or transitional history of England which manifested itself in Camden's "Britannia," in Ussher's "Antiquities of the British Church," in Verstegan's "Decayed Intelligence," and in Fuller's "Church History" and "Worthies of England." Stow's "London," and other books of the same period, show the same general tendency. At the same time, a revived interest began to be felt in the older form of our language, commonly called Anglo-Saxon; and this interest culminated in the publication of the first Anglo-Saxon dictionary, and of a few selected texts, including that invaluable monument of our early history, the "English Chronicle." As a slight lateral result of the increased attention thus paid to early English an-

nals, a few of our most famous old historical names began once more to take their place in popular nomenclature. Naturally, the first to be chosen were those which most resembled the then surviving Edward and Edmund; and of these, Edgar and Edwin were the only two that took with the people. I am inclined to attribute the modern popularity of Edwin, however, mainly to the influence of Edwin and Angelina, which also burdened us with the most affectedly insupportable of female names, even in an age which produced Miss Wilhelmina Carolina Amelia Skeggs herself. What determined the modest acceptance of Edgar, a far rarer name, it would be difficult to say; nor can one quite see why it should have been allowed to pass muster, when Edred, Edwy, Edwolf, and Edric failed to obtain even a hearing. The names compounded with *æthel* were far less fortunate. Ethelred and Ethelbert feebly survived as "fancy names" in a few original families; I have once met with an Athelston; while Ethelwolf and Ethelbald are, I believe, as dead as Julius Cæsar—indeed, far deader, for Jules Cæsar still lives on in France, and I dare say Sir Julius Cæsar, the statesman of Elizabeth's time, has left some homonyms among his kindred to the present day. As to Ethel, a single element which could not have formed a name by itself in earlier ages, it is said (I know not how truly) to owe its vogue as a female name to Thackeray's, heroine, in the "Newcomes." Alfred, I believe, was revived a little later than Edwin; and no other *elf*-name has taken root in modern England. Harold is also quite a modern innovation, not appearing, I believe, before the eighteenth century, and doubtless largely helped on in later days by Lord Lytton's historical romance. On the other hand, Mr. Skimpole must have dealt it a deadly blow. In all these later cases, the dates must be taken as purely approximate; and it is quite possible that some of my readers may have observed earlier instances of an Alfred, an Edwin, or an Athelston than any that I myself have noted; for since once the principle of freedom in nomenclature was introduced at the Renaissance, one can never answer for sporadic cases of

individual fancy here and there among the multitude. Was not Preserved Fish a historical American character?—and even in our own land did not Praise-God Barbones once sit upon the benches of Parliament?

By the time that Mr. Edgar B. Chadwick made his appearance upon this oblate spheroid the name Edgar had been fully restored to public use, and was considered as one of those which even eminently respectable and stolidly philistine parents might lawfully bestow upon their youthful progeny. Hence I hold that we have now satisfactorily accounted for its origin and history, from the earliest ages to the present day. Only one question still remains: What are we to make of that mysterious B.? At first sight it has an unpleasantly American sound: it suggests too vividly Mr. Silas P. Sawin or the Rev. Leonidas H. Smiley. Now, to be the student of nomenclature, this is not a small matter. It usually betokens a certain type of mind—a kind of weak-kneed sense of personality, a lack of healthy individual feeling, which is characteristic of most American citizens. They are too much like ants in a nest; you must put a dab of red paint on their backs, as Sir John Lubbock does with his bees and wasps, in order to remember which is which. There are so many Jeffersons and Hiram and Ulysses that they have to label themselves Jefferson P. Hitchcock, Hiram H. Coffin, or Ulysses S. Grant, in order not to get mixed up in sorting. They all think alike, speak alike, and act alike. When one of them opens his mouth on any given subject, you know what he is going to say about it as well as you know what the *Daily Intelligence* and the *Morning Pennon* will respectively observe in their able leaders on the last masterly stroke of Mr. Thingummy's Falkland Island policy. Therefore this mode of nomenclature ought to be promptly suppressed in favor of a more individualistic style. Why must every man be symmetrically labelled as John P. Robinson, or as Ebenezer H. Simkiss? What paucity of invention it shows to begin every child's name with a William or a Thomas, and then to mark them off from one another by letters of the alphabet, as if they were selected varieties of scarlet geraniums,

or budding members of the metropolitan police force. Yet it is a positive fact that in America the letter B. or P., or whatever it may be, often stands for no suppressed Christian name whatsoever, but is simply stuck in to insure uniformity, and to save the parents the trouble of inventing a second prenom. When one reflects how much of a man's success in life depends upon his name—how ridiculous he may be made by being called Peter Potter or Lovebond Snooks—it is really sad that parents pay so little attention to the effect of their choice upon the future of their children. They will register their first-born as Muggins Macpherson, if they happen to have a rich uncle who boasts Muggins as his surname; they will spoil a pretty patronymic by christening their child Jeremiah Seymour or Aminadab Clifford; they will even turn him out anonymously upon the world with such an apology for a cognomen as John Smith or William Jones, Patrick O'Brian, or Angus Cameron. And yet a little fancy or a little care might make an endless difference to his future life. I have known a man whose whole career was embittered and darkened by the culpable cruelty of his parents in christening him Barnabas. He was naturally known as Barabbas from his school-days onward, and only the force of great innate integrity can possibly have saved him from finally turning out a robber and a cut-throat. As it was, he refused knighthood as a colonial judge, because he could not endure the idea of being addressed as Sir Barnabas.

Now, Edgar B. Chadwick's middle name is, as I know from independent evidence, a far more harmless one; yet it is one that does not sort well with its immediate surroundings. It is Baxter; and Edgar Baxter makes an ugly association which ought always to be avoided in these matters. As usual, an uncle was at the bottom of the mischief; and, as usual, he left his money to the other side of the house. Had it been otherwise, I think my acquaintance would have called himself E. Baxter Chadwick: an awkward modern formula almost worse than the alternative he has actually adopted. Concerning this second name of Baxter, there are one or two minor things to be said.* First of

all note the fact that he bears two Christian names at all. In England this practice is a comparatively recent one. I do not know of a single instance during the middle ages; and even in the seventeenth century it was extremely rare. On the continent, it began apparently with the custom of calling a child after two saints at once, as in the case of Boiardo, whose Christian name was Matteo Maria, and of the common Jean Maries, Jean Pauls, Jean Jacques, and Giovanni Andreas of France and Italy; or after a double-named saint, as in the case of Jean Baptiste or François Xavier. But the Italians seem to have been the first to use genuine double names like Marco Antonio, or Giovanni Ambrogio; and the habit spread into France at least as early as the seventeenth century, and invaded England with the eighteenth. It has even been held to be the true cause of Jacobinism and radicalism, and it certainly grew with the growth of the century. While William Shakespeare and John Milton were content with a single Christian name each, Shelley and Coleridge had a pair, and many lesser people nowadays have half-a-dozen. A tax upon supernumerary Christian names, indeed, might check such boundless extravagance in future; and the hint is presented gratis to any Chancellor of the Exchequer who wishes at once to benefit the revenue and put a stop to a growing public nuisance. One poor Liverpool merchant was actually so burdened with extra names by his parents that the task of drawing up and signing his legal documents became absolutely insupportable, and he was obliged to seek relief in a royal warrant, authorizing him to dispose unceremoniously of those additional cognomens for which he had no further use.

In England, it has been most usual, since the dual name came into fashion, to make the first element an old and well-known Christian name—either a saint-name or a form chosen from the Norman-French list—and to employ a family surname for the second. This is the principle followed in Edgar Chadwick's case. The name Baxter belongs to his mother's house; and of course it has a history and meaning of its own. The Baxters belong to the same class as the Masons, the Carpenters, the Tay-

lors, the Smiths, the Gardiners, and the Fullers. In fact, the surnames derived from trades or occupations are more numerous than those of any other class, except patronymics and place-names. Some of them belong to existing trades, like those quoted above; while others represent obsolete trades, or at least obsolete trade terminology, like the Fletchers, or arrow-makers, the Arblasters who manufactured cross-bows or arblasts (*arcubalistæ*), and the Tuckers who worked in the tucking-mills where cloth was prepared for market. Those who wish for further information upon these subjects cannot do better than turn to Mr. Bardsley's excellent and systematic work on English surnames.

A man who bakes is called a Baker; but in earlier times a woman who bakes was called a Bakester, or Baxter. So a man who brews is a Brewer, while a woman who brews is a Brewster. In mediæval English, the termination "ster" was a feminine one; and it still survives with its primitive signification in spinster. A huckster was originally a market-woman, but the word has now come to mean anybody, male or female, who hawks about goods in the public streets. The same change has come over maltster, throwster, and many other analogous words. But sundry surnames still show us the two forms side by side, as in Webber and Webster. Hence we may conclude that the ancestor of all the Baxsters was a woman who kept a bakehouse. Why her descendants should take their name from her, rather than from their father, is easy enough to understand on a number of natural hypotheses. Joan Baxter may

in one place have been a widow-woman, whose children would of course be called after her; in another place she might be a person of some character, while her husband was a field laborer or a ne'er-do-well; and in another, again, there might be two Piers Gardeners or two Wat Carters in the same village, so that it might be more convenient to describe the youngsters by their mother's calling than by their father's. Indeed, beside the Brewster, Baxters, Websters, and other female trade-names, there are a few true metronymics in England, such as Anson and Mallison, though many that seem to be such are really patronymics from obsolete male-names, as in the case of Nelson, which is not Nell's son, but Niel's son, or Neal's son, just like the Scandinavian Nilsson.

So there you have a full, true, and particular account of Mr. Edgar B. Chadwick's visiting card; and as I write the last note "Baxter, Brewster, Anson, Nelson," the train is just steaming into Newton Abbott station. I have no time for more, as I have to look after my luggage in the scrimmage. But is it not a wonderful thought that every one of us thus carries about with him every day a perfect philological fossil in the way of a personal name, which throws its roots far back into the dim past of heathen savage ages? Is it not a wonderful thought—label for Moreton Hampstead, if you please, and just two minutes to catch the five-forty down train. The Stoic held that the philosopher should be superior to all external circumstances; but then the Stoic never attempted to philosophize in a railway station.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

A NIGHT IN THE RED SEA.

THE strong hot breath of the land is lashing
The wild sea horses, they rear and race;
The plunging bows of our ship are dashing
Full in the fiery south wind's face.

She rends the water, it foams and follows,
And the silvery jet of the towering spray,
And the phosphor sparks in the deep wave hollows,
Lighten the line of our midnight way.

The moon above, with its full-orb'd lustre,
Lifting the veil of the slumb'rous land,
Gleams o'er a desolate island cluster,
And the breakers white on the lonely sand.

And a bare hill-range in the distance frowning
Dim wrapt in haze like a shrouded ghost,
With its jagged peaks the horizon crowning,
Broods o'er the stark Arabian coast.

See, on the edge of the waters leaping,
The lamp, far flashing, of Perim's Strait
Glitters and grows, as the ship goes sweeping
Fast on its course for the Exile's gate.

And onward still to the broadening ocean
Out of the narrow and perilous seas,
Till we rock with a large and listless motion
In the moist soft air of the Indian breeze.

And the Southern Cross, like a standard flying,
Hangs in the front of the tropic night,
But the Great Bear sinks, like a hero dying,
And the Pole-star lowers its signal light.

And the round earth rushes toward the morning,
And the waves grow paler and wan the foam;
Misty and dim, with a glance of warning,
Vanish the stars of my Northern home.

Let the wide waste sea for a space divide me
Till the close-coil'd circles of time unfold—
Till the stars rise westward to greet and guide me
When the exile ends, and the years are told.

Cornhill Magazine.

THE "LADY MAUD."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WRECK OF THE GROSVENOR," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

By this time the sun was very low, the wind almost gone, the sea rapidly calming, and every promise of a fine bright night in the sky. After Hunter returned with the kettle from the well, he followed Tripshore down into the creek, where they buried the two bodies in the sand. Before they came back the sun had vanished, and the night had closed upon the sea; but happily for us, who were without artificial light, there was a bright moon in the south-west, which, though only half the orb was visible, flashed a silver glory upon the water, and

was strong enough to give sharp black shadows to the trees.

When Tripshore returned, he held out some object to me, which, on first viewing it in his hands, I had taken to be a piece of spar; but it proved to be one of the telescopes belonging to the "Lady Maud," the one that had stood on brackets in the after-companion. He whispered to me that he had found it close against the body of Jim Wilkinson.

This was a grand discovery, though its most significant value did not immediately occur to me. All that I thought of was how useful it would be to search the horizon with, and examine the coasts,

which Mrs. Stretton was the first to see. I called to Sir Mordaunt that Tripshore had found one of the telescopes, and everybody came running to look at it, while I sat down to unscrew the lenses and dry them; which done, I pointed the glass at the moon, and was overjoyed to discover that the sea had done no injury whatever to the telescope.

"Can you see through it all right, sir?" inquired Tripshore.

"Ay," said I. "Look for yourself."

But, instead of putting the glass to his eye, he stood like a man musing, and then said, "Can't ye guess a fine use for this glass, Mr. Walton, in the day-time, when the sky's clear?"

"What do you mean, Tripshore?" said I.

"Why," said he, "here's a toober full o' burning glasses. When the sun's up you'll want no lucifer-matches. You'll get fire and to spare with e'er a one of them magnifiers."

I had not thought of this; but it made the glass so precious that, in my delight at possessing it, I grasped Tripshore by the hand, and gripped it—rather too cordially, I remember, for when I let go, the poor fellow turned his back upon me, in order to chafe away the pain of the squeeze.

But the dew was falling very heavily, and the night air had that peculiar chilliness which any man who knows those latitudes will recall. Our damp clothes rendered us very sensitive to the swift change of temperature. I advised Sir Mordaunt and the women to enter the hut, and take their rest for the night. But first the baronet asked us to join him in a prayer. We readily assented, and knelt in a circle, Sir Mordaunt kneeling in the midst of us. Of all moving moments, I never experienced the like of that short time in which we knelt, while my poor friend prayed aloud. Our knowing the agony of mind his wife's death caused him, made us find such a pathos in every tone of his, as none of us could hear without dim eyes. He struggled hard to steady his voice while he offered up thanks for our merciful salvation, and implored God's continued protection of the lives He had preserved. But he would pray for his wife too, which taxed him beyond endurance, for he utterly broke down at that part of his prayer,

and sobbed so lamentably that it seemed he must break his heart.

When he had recovered his composure, I urged the women to withdraw to their part of the hut, and gave them some pieces of canvas to use for coverlets. I then rolled up a short breadth of the side of the sail that we had spread upon the grass to serve as a pillow, and made Sir Mordaunt put his head upon it, and when he was laid down I covered his shoulders with Hunter's jacket—I mean the jacket that had covered his wife's face. Norie lay down beside him, and the dog crouched at their feet.

It was quite dark in the hut, but the white sail spread in the bottom of it made a kind of glimmer, and helped us somewhat. I went into the open with the two seamen, and though I was reluctant to keep them standing and talking after the sufferings and labor of the day, I could not forbear to call a council of them now that all was still, the peace and the radiance of the night upon us, the wind gone, and nothing to distract our minds from close contemplation of our position.

First, I told them that it was necessary we should keep watch. Although we had no means of signalling a passing vessel, yet it would be a thousand pities if one should pass when we were asleep. For what we desired to know was, was this part of the sea navigable, and did vessels ever traverse it within sight of the island? If we could be sure on this head our hopes would gain strength, and we should have good reason for making a smoke in the day and burning a flare at night.

"Ay, sir, a look-out must be kept," said Tripshore.

"There are three of us," said I.

"But how'll the man on duty know when his watch is up?" inquired Hunter.

This was a poser; for, as I have told you, we were without the means of calculating the passage of time. At last I said—

"We must do the best we can by guessing. The moon will help us for a spell. If we make a three hours' watch, each man will get some hours' rest. We must reckon how the time goes as best we can."

They were very willing, they said; and so that matter was settled, and it was

agreed that I should keep the first lookout.

"And now," said I, "how are we to get away from this island? Our stock of food is very small, though more may wash ashore. But let as much as may come, it will not last eight men and women long; and we're bound to starve if we stop here."

"There's only one thing to be done," said Hunter. "We must turn to and build a raft—something that'll float—with a life-line around it, and likewise a mast. We must make the best job we can—something that'll steer—and one or two of us'll have to go adrift in it, and take our chance of bein' picked up, and getting the wessel as picks us up to call for the others."

I shook my head. "If," said I, "we could be sure that the land some of you have seen was inhabited, why then, though it should be fifty miles distant, one or two of us, as you say, Hunter, might venture for it on a raft. But to risk our lives, merely to be stranded on such another rock as this, would be a mad thing. You'll get no raft to do more than swoosh along straight with the wind, and I see no good to come of going adrift, with the certain chance of being blown away to sea, and either foundering or dying of want."

"You're right sir," said Tripshore, gravely. "A raft 'ud be sartin death, Tom."

"But it's sartin death if we stop here, too!" exclaimed Hunter. "Though a raft 'ud give us a poor chance, it 'ud still be a chance; but this blooming island gives us no chance at all."

"Why not rig up a raft—a dummy—a small 'un, with a mast and sail, and a board at the masthead wrote on to signify that there are eight shipwrecked persons aboard this island, and send it adrift, with the chance of some wessel overhauling it?" exclaimed Tripshore.

The idea was original and striking. I said at once—

"Yes, we can do that. It shall be our first job in the morning. With a cloth or two of canvas set square on a well-stayed mast, a raft is bound to blow along; and if our chance lies in her being seen by a vessel, then she'll answer our purpose better than if she were manned, for she'll risk no lives."

Hunter turned his head, and, looking toward the beach, said, in a low voice, "Would it be a bad job to lash one of them dead bodies in the sand yonder to it? She'd make a likelier arrand for us with a body aboard than if she went naked. A ship 'ud stop if they sighted a body, but if they saw northen on the raft, maybe they'd pass on without heeding the board at the masthead."

The suggestion offended me for a moment, but only for a moment. What Hunter had said was perfectly true. A body on the raft would twenty-fold increase our chance, by inducing a vessel to approach it; whereas, if the people of the vessel saw only a bare raft, they might pass on. What would it matter to the dead, whether he was left in the sand there, or sent adrift to find a grave in the bottom of the deep? Life was dearer to us than sentiment. We must be succored or we must perish. A dead man would make a ghastly messenger, but we should send him forth in God's name; and whether he should be swept away or be encountered by a ship, he was sure of ultimately finding a resting-place in the sea.

We stood talking briskly a full ten minutes over this scheme, and then, there being nothing more to say, I told the men to turn in, but first to take a sup of sherry. This they did, and entered the hut, and I was left alone.

As I had foreseen, the wind had died away with the sun. I could feel only the lightest current of air. Here and there a white cloud floated, scarcely moving athwart the stars, and some of them carrying delicate and phantom-like rainbows in the parts they turned to the moon. Some of the stars were very large and beautiful, and the deep, unspeakable, blue-black depths of the heavens seemed tremulous with the incessant showering of meteors. There was still a heavy swell rolling along the path of the vanished gale, and as these majestic and foamless coils of ebony water passed under the moon, they flashed into mountains of quicksilver. The reef hindered the run of these rollers on our side of the island, but there was surf enough along the beach to fill the night with a most lamentable moaning noise. It was as though the sea in mockery gave our misery a voice. It was a most depress-

ing sound to stand and idly listen to, and cruelly brought home to me our desolate condition, and our lonely and helpless plight in the midst of this dark water, with its sullen rollers and its lamenting voice wailing close at our ears.

As I looked at the moon and the peaceful sky, I thought with bitterness that had such a night as this come to us twenty-four hours sooner, the "Lady Maud" would still have been afloat. I pictured how her decks would have shown, and imagined Lady Brookes in her invalid's chair near the skylight, and Ada Tuke sitting from one side of the deck to the other in the moonlight, and Sir Mordaunt pacing to and fro, and so on, and so on. I say I stood dreaming forth a whole picture of the schooner as she would have appeared on such a night as this, until I broke away with a shudder from the dreadful contrast of our position, and walked down to the beach, in the hope of distracting my mind in a hunt after more relics of the wreck.

The tide was lower by many feet down the beach, and though I could not see the reef on which the yacht had struck, yet I guessed, by the play of white water there, that when the sea was calm at low tide the reef would be visible. There was a dark object almost abreast of the hut upon the gleaming coral sand, and on approaching it I discovered it to be a full cask, but what it contained I could not tell. There could be no doubt, however, from its appearance, that it held provisions of some sort, so I set to work to clear away the sand that buried it by about a foot and a half, and tumbling it on its bilge, I managed to roll it some distance above high-water mark, where it would be safe from the sea.

I returned again close to the surf, and slowly followed the line of it as it trended away to the north-east, and then into the south-east, where it terminated in the bight of the limb of land. The moon shone brilliantly, and I could see very plainly. Presently, and at about three hundred paces from the spot where I had found the cask, I saw a square black object in the water, which covered and exposed it as the rollers came in and ran back. I was much puzzled to know what it could be, until, after looking for some time, I perceived that it was the yacht's piano!

A little farther on was a pile of fragments of timber high and dry; and just beyond again was a spare fore-topmast, and the yacht's fore-top-gallant and top-sail yards, the sails bent and the gaskets holding tight. These, it will be remembered, had been sent down during the gale. I thought that we might come to require those spars, but they were too heavy for me to drag up the beach; so, after having carried a quantity of timber up the shore, I went to the trees where the hut stood, and hauled in the line by which Sir Mordaunt and the others had been dragged from the yacht, and which had parted close to the vessel when she went to pieces. With this end of stuff I returned to the spars, hitched the line round them, and made the end fast up the beach, so that the tide should not carry them away.

All this was very hard to work, but not to be neglected. I was tired, and was going to sit down, when I spied a dead body on the sand about fifty yards this side of where the beach terminated in the creek. It lay on its back, with its arms out, and its head on its right shoulder, in the very posture of a crucified figure. I recognized it as a man named Martin Jewell, a young man, in life fresh-faced and smiling, and a very willing sailor. He looked to be asleep, so easy was the appearance of his face in the moonlight, though his eyes were open. I know not why his quiet look should have made me think this dead man frightful; but I should have been less shocked and scared had he presented the usual dreadful appearance of the drowned. Maybe, it was my knowing him to be stone-dead, and his looking lifelike and sleeping, that made me recoil and tremble. And you must add the surroundings, too: the breezeless atmosphere, the moaning of the sea, the steady white fires of the moon upon the water, the swell sparkling like silver as it ran across the wake of the orb, the large stars looking down, with the shining dust of meteors quivering and fading among them. I say, figure this scene, and then think of the stirless dead body lying like a dreaming man, looking straight up at the sky, as though he followed the flight of his spirit.

I shook off the feelings which possessed me, and fetching a piece of jagged plank from the pile beyond, I dug a hole in the

sand, which occupied me about ten minutes; but when I tried to put down the outstretched arms of the body, I found they would not yield. So I had to dig afresh and turn out two grooves, if I may so say, to receive the arms; and then I laid him in his grave, in the very posture in which he had died, with his arms stretched above his head, and so covered him over.

This miserable and sad duty discharged, I walked languidly toward the hillock, meaning to rest on top of it, where I should command the sea. Having reached the summit, I threw myself down and ran my eye over the sea; but though there had been a ship a mile off in the south or west, I believe I should not have seen her, owing to the confusing light of the moon and the play of the swell, that perplexed the eye with alternations of radiance and shadow. I carefully looked along the horizon, but could see nothing but the sea and the stars in the north and east, and the flashing moonlight in the other quarters. Here I sat for hard upon half an hour, when, feeling drowsy, and afraid of falling asleep, which would have been a bad thing for me in the heavy dew, I got up and walked across the top of the little hill, as far as the incline that faced in the direction of the well.

While I stood looking toward the sea in the north, my eye was caught by an object at the bottom of the declivity close against the bushes. I could just make out, after peering a bit, that it was a human figure, and that it excitedly moved its arms, which were white. I recollected that Lady Brookes was buried in that place, and I frankly confess that for a moment or two I was possessed by a weak and idle consternation, and stared like a fascinated man. But unless it were a ghost, it must be one of our people, so putting my hand to the side of my mouth I called out, "Who is that there?"

No answer being returned, I called again, and went down the hill.

"It is I, Walton," said a voice that I recognized as Sir Mordaunt's.

I hastened forward, and found my poor friend on his knees beside his wife's grave.

"I could not rest without offering up a prayer over her," said he.

"But, for God's sake, take care of

your own health" said I. "The dew falls like rain, and you are in your shirt-sleeves."

He repeated that he could not rest until he had prayed over her.

"But we can hold a service to-morrow," I exclaimed. "We have a Prayer-book."

"Ay," said he; "but think of her lying in this unconsecrated grave. Don't reproach me, Walton. She was very dear to me. I have lost her for ever."

I grasped his hand and pressed it, meaning by that silent token to let him know there was no reproach, but rather the deepest pity and sorrow, in my heart. Nevertheless, I would not let him go until I had made him rise, and then, when he was on his feet, gradually led him toward the hut; for, not to speak only of the danger to which he exposed himself by remaining half-clothed in the damp night air, there was something in his manner that made me resolute to get him away from the grave.

I said again that we would hold a service over his wife's remains in the morning, and then I inquired how he had found out where she lay buried.

He answered that he had asked Norie, when I was at work on the beach, and he had told him. He then wished to know if it was possible to preserve her body, so that, should we ever get away from the island, he might be able to have her remains conveyed to England. To soothe him, I said there was wood enough to build a coffin, which we would set about after we had completed a certain project that I would explain the meaning of in the morning. And so I got him to the hut and made him lie down, and went to the door and stood there awhile.

I could not hear the women, but the deep breathing of Norie and the weary seamen made a moving sound, and, combined with the moan of the chafing sea, affected me in a manner I cannot express. I could trace the outlines of their bodies upon the white sail, and they lay as still as ever did that dead sailor I had buried.

My mind went to the women then, and I thought of Ada Tuke lying in her damp clothes, and the poor widow who in a few brief days had gauged the very lowest depths of human distress, and the girl whose life I had under God been the

means of preserving. Great heaven! What a bitter weary watch was that I kept! What a panorama of wild ocean scenes and desolate death was my mind!

When I believed that Sir Mordaunt was asleep, I fell on my knees, and lifting up my face, prayed with an anguish of soul I shall never forget in this life, that help might come to us, and that we might not be left to perish miserably on this lonely, unfruitful and wave-beaten rock. So passed the time until I believed my three hours expired. I then went softly into the hut, but had to gently feel over the bodies of the sleepers before I could distinguish Tripshore. I shook him, and he started up, on which I instantly spoke to him, that he might recollect himself, and went into the moonlight where he could see me; and then telling him what I had done, and bidding him keep a look-out for ships, and to seek for any wreckage that might be serviceable to us on the beach, I laid myself down in his place, and fell into a deep and dreamless sleep.

CHAPTER XVI.

I AWOKE very much refreshed, and found the sunshine pouring strongly into the hut, and myself alone. I got up and went out, and saw Sir Mordaunt leaning against one of the trees to the right of the hut, watching the rest of the party, who were variously employed about the beach. We shook hands warmly, and I asked him how he did. He told me that he had slept well and felt heartier, and he certainly looked so.

I judged by the sun that the morning was not far advanced, for which I was very thankful, as there was a great deal to be done that day. The first thing that took my eye was a fire burning at the foot of the little hill facing the sea. A number of pieces of rock had been piled into a square, and the fire made up in it. There was a quantity of brushwood in heaps near the fire, and Norie, coming at that moment with a bundle of the wood, and flinging it down, made me see how he was employing himself. The smoke of the fire went up in a straight line, for there was not a breath of air. The sea lay like oil slowly waving. It was of a most deep and

beautiful blue beyond the reef, though the cloudless sky was a light silvery azure. The water broke in long flashing ripples on the reef, and rolled up the beach in little breakers.

Tripshore and Hunter were busy among a quantity of wreckage, a good portion of which had been collected while I was asleep. About a stone's throw from where I stood were Mrs. Stretton and Ada Tuke, the former kneeling, but what doing I could not perceive. Beyond them was Carey, spreading some wearing apparel in the sun.

Having exchanged a few words with Sir Mordaunt I walked over to the ladies, and then saw what they were about. A deck-plank lay upon the sand, and upon it Mrs. Stretton was chopping up some beef-fat out of the cask. A flour-cask stood alongside, and, on looking at it, I perceived it was the cask I had found during my watch. After exchanging greetings, and hearing they had slept well and felt well, I expressed my happiness that we should have found the cask of flour.

"The salt water has got to the outer portions of it," said Mrs. Stretton; "but the flour is dry in the middle. I believe by mixing both parts, and kneading them well with fresh water, we shall not notice the salt when we have baked them in cakes with this fat."

She kept on mincing the fat while she spoke, and Miss Tuke stood by, waiting to help her to make the cakes. I was heartily pleased to see them busy, for there is no antidote like work for melancholy.

I called to Tripshore to tell me where the telescope was, and ascended the hill with it. The moment I pointed it in the quarter where the others had seen the shadow on the preceding day, I saw the land; but I could make nothing of it beyond observing that it was full twenty miles distant, and either a mere rock or else a hill on an island, the lower portions of which were invisible. I carefully searched the rest of the horizon, but could discover nothing, and came back again to the point of land. I struggled with my memory to fashion a mental picture of the Bahamas. My having studied the chart so closely on board the yacht helped me a great deal;

but though I figured all the larger islands, such as Abaco, San Salvador, Eleuthera, and the islands as low as the Caicos Passage, yet I could not even faintly recall the bearings of the islets and cays. Nor, indeed, would it have served me had I been able to do so; for I had no idea of our latitude and longitude, and no means of determining our position. Yet in spite of this I kept on conjecturing and wondering, and asking myself if that land could really be one of the greater and inhabited islands, and whether in that hope it would be wise to venture for it on a raft.

But the idea of a raft recalled our project of the preceding night—a good idea, it seemed to me, and full of promise. So I shut up the glass, and joined Tripshore and Hunter, who, as I have said, were at work among the wreckage, selecting wood for the raft. As I advanced toward them I caught sight of a strange-looking object, resembling a big capsized tub, about fifty yards away in the direction of the wreck. I went to see what it was, and to my astonishment and delight found it a great turtle, weighing, as I should have supposed from the appearance of it, not less than four hundred pounds. It was on its back, and alive. I was thunderstruck at first, and then filled with joy. This, to be sure, was one of the months in which the turtle on calm moonlight nights comes up the shore, and lays its eggs in the sand. I might fairly suppose that since one was here others were about, so that the idea of our perishing for want of food need no longer haunt me.

I rejoined the men, and asked which of them had caught the turtle.

"It was me, sir," says Tripshore. "Half an hour after you had gone into the hut, I see that chap come up out o' the water. He made me look at him by hissing. He was like a small steam-engine slowly coming along out o' the sea. I stood stock still till he was well ashore, then picks up a piece o' timber, and gets to leeward of him, and shoving the timber under him, I worked and sweated until I managed to heave him over on his back. But, Lord, the weight of him."

"He's full of soup and meat," said I, "and his shell should serve as a tank. And now, my lads, what do you find handy among this raffle?"

"All that we want, sir," responded Hunter.

This was evident, for there was a great quantity of timber, and some of it in big pieces. Among the stuff were the spars I had secured overnight. The men had dragged them ashore, unbent the sails, and snugged away the running gear that had been attached to the canvas. I saw, however, that if we were to get our raft afloat after we had built it, we must construct it down in the bight of land where the water was smooth; and explaining this to the men, we set to work to convey the material to that place. This took us an hour; but at the end of that time we had lashed and nailed three large pieces of timber into the form of a triangle for the foundations of the raft, and we had got this afloat in the smooth water, when Norie shouted to us that the cakes were baked.

We thereupon quitted our work, and after cooling our faces in the salt water we walked to the hut, where we found the rest of the party waiting for us to come.

There stood eight brown cakes, smelling very good indeed, upon a plank. I opened two tins of meat, and divided the contents. We then poured some sherry into the water in the kettle, and breakfast was ready. But first Sir Mordaunt asked us to join him in a prayer, which was the wish of us all; so we knelt, while he prayed aloud, putting up such a petition as I need not repeat the language of, though any man who can imagine himself in our situation will understand its character.

This done, we fell to our repast, the dog getting his bit of salt meat as usual. I praised the cakes highly. To be sure they were a bit salt, but not disagreeably so.

"Pity some 'baccy don't come ashore, sir," said Tripshore, with a languishing look at the sea.

That was my want too. One of the hardships of those hard times was the being without tobacco. I sat next to Sir Mordaunt, and while we were breakfasting he asked me what scheme I and the seamen were carrying out. I told him what our idea was, and he and the others seemed greatly struck by it.

"It's a fine notion," said Norie.

"There's every chance of the raft being sighted. Can you carve letters upon wood, Walton?"

"I have never tried," said I. "But I dare say I can."

"Let me have that job," he exclaimed. "I can carve letters very well. Tell me what to say, and after breakfast I'll set to work."

I proposed an inscription, and asked if it would do. There was a short debate, but nobody seemed able to improve upon it, and so my suggestion was adopted. Norie drew a pencil from his pocket, and scribbled down the words on the deck-plank. I then in a low voice told Sir Mordaunt that we meant to lash a dead body to the raft, and explained our reason. The idea shocked him just as it had shocked me, but his judgment promptly appreciated the value of the scheme.

"We'll say nothing to the women about that part," said I. "They must be drawn aside while we make the body fast."

"But they will see it as the raft floats away," said he.

"Why, perhaps they will," I answered; "but distance will soften the horror."

Here Tripshore jumped up. "Me and Tom's all ready, sir." I rose too, but the baronet put his hand on my arm.

"Pray let us have the service we spoke of," he exclaimed, with a most imploring face.

I could not resist his appeal, precious as the time was. Turning to the men, I said—

"Sir Mordaunt wishes us to join him in a funeral service over poor Lady Brookes' remains. We owe it to her memory, my lads, and to our affection for the kind and large-hearted gentleman whose loss is the cruellest a man can bear."

Tripshore looked willing at once; but Hunter, a rough-fibred man, seemed impatient, though he said nothing. I took up Carey's Prayer-book, of which the print was not illegible, though parts of it were a good deal smeared through the soaking salt water, and giving the baronet my arm, we stepped into the sunshine, followed by the others, and walked to the place where Lady Brookes

lay buried. The sand was heaped where the body was, which enabled us to form a circle round the grave. Sir Mordaunt read the service himself. He pronounced the words firmly, but with a most affecting spirit of devotion, omitting certain solemn parts, which would have been superfluous under the circumstances. I feared he would have broken down before he got to the end, but he struggled on manfully, though several times, when he raised his face, I saw the tears on his cheeks. I cannot conceive a more pathetic figure than he made. Bareheaded, in his shirt-sleeves, his long beard accentuating his haggard features, his humid eyes, his hands grasping the Prayer-book often thrown up in an imploring gesture when he removed his gaze from the page to fix it upon the bright blue sky—I say it would have melted an iron heart to have seen him. And into this service there entered an element—of horror shall I call it?—that would be absent from the usual ceremony. I mean we could not think of the poor body lying at our feet without reflecting that there she was, dressed as in life, uncoffined, separated from us by a thin layer of sand, such as a breeze of wind might easily scatter, and leave her exposed in her dreadful lonesomeness. When I remembered her terrors, the fright the thunder-storm had caused her, her swooning away because she had not the nerve to hear of the sufferings a fellow-creature—one of her own sex too—had endured, I thought, "Great God! could she but see herself now!"

When the service was over, the two seamen and I went back to the raft, leaving the baronet and the women at the grave, and Norie to carve the letters and mind the fire, which I told him to feed with damp stuff, to raise a thick smoke.

I have said that we had already laid the foundations of the raft in the form of a triangle. I recommended this shape because it gave a kind of bows to the raft, and I believed that by affixing a broad plank of wood as an immovable rudder at the broad end, the thing would blow along steadily. We had plenty of nails and spikes, and the frame of the raft being afloat, we soon decked it. Of course the work was extra-

gantly rough, but that we cared nothing about, providing we made it strong enough to hold. The raft being completed, we set to work to rig her. We took the yacht's fore-top-gallant yard and securely nailed to it the best and lightest piece of stuff we could come at to serve as a yard. To this we bent the top-gallant sail, and all three of us buckling to it, stepped the yard that was to serve as a mast into a crevice in the middle of the raft, where we securely wedged, and then stayed it.

Although this description may run glibly, the job was a hard one, because our tools were few, and little to the purpose. The morning passed quickly while we were at work, and in the middle of it a pleasant breeze sprang up in the north-west, and kept the sea shivering as though the sunlight flashed in a mighty field of diamonds. It carried the smoke of the fire across the water in steel-blue coils, which looked to be leagues long, and which I was for ever breaking off my work to glance at.

We had scarcely set the mast up on the raft and secured it, when Norie, accompanied by Miss Tuke, came down to us, carrying a piece of deck-plank.

"Here's the inscription," said he, looking well pleased with his work; and he put the board down on the sand, that we might see it. The letters were bold, well cut, and each as long as my thumb. The inscription ran thus—

JULY —, 18—. "LADY MAUD"
WRECKED ON A BAHAMA CAY. EIGHT
SURVIVORS. SAVE US.

There were a great many letters in this, and I was astonished at the rapidity and accuracy with which they had been carved.

"It would have taken me two days," I said, "and then perhaps no one would be able to read it."

I gave the board to Tripshore, who nailed it at the masthead by standing on Hunter's shoulders.

"Why couldn't you build a raft big enough to carry us all away, Mr. Walton?" said Miss Tuke.

"We mustn't venture it yet," I replied. "Nothing but the certainty of perishing here should make us face the peril of going afloat on a raft."

"But is it likely," said she, "that we should be on the water long without meeting a ship?"

"Ah!" I replied, "if I could foretell that, I should know what to do."

"We cannot go on stopping here," she exclaimed piteously, clasping her hands.

"No; and we don't intend to stop," said I. "Look at the noble signal that smoke is making as it stretches across the ocean. Who knows but that at this very moment it may be seen, and help coming? And see that message," I added, pointing to the board the men were affixing to the masthead of the raft, "which will shortly be afloat, and which, for all we can tell, may be the means of delivering us from this island before another day is passed. Don't lose heart," said I, tenderly, taking her hand and looking earnestly at her. "Your courage has been our mainstay all through. Don't fail us when we most want you."

She colored up a little and averted her face, but made no reply. I beckoned to Norie, and, drawing him aside, told him in a few words what we were about to do, and begged him to go to Sir Mordaunt and ask him to draw the women into the hut, or keep them apart from us and out of sight until we had done. He walked off, and in a minute or two Sir Mordaunt called Miss Tuke, who left us. Presently I saw the baronet, leaning on his niece's arm, and accompanied by Mrs. Stretton and Carey, move slowly toward the interior of the island, as if he had a mind to see the place; and the moment they disappeared we set to work.

The rigidity of the body I had buried on the preceding night determined me not to disturb it. I explained this to the seamen, and Tripshore said he believed that poor Jim Wilkinson would make the best body for our purpose. The two corpses had been buried above high-water mark, and the places where they lay were distinguishable by the appearance of the sand there. But the men could not remember in which of the graves Wilkinson's body was, and therefore we had to clear away the sand to find it out.

Every nerve, every fibre in my body seemed to shrivel and shrink up at the

bare contemplation of exposing the poor fellows' remains, but I would not suffer my inward loathing and horror to master me. I was persuaded that the raft, if sighted, would serve our purpose more effectually if it carried a dead body than if it went bare; and the needs of eight human lives in dire peril, and without any prospect of preservation if help was not summoned, determined me to persevere in our scheme.

Tripshore was deadly pale, and worked with a dogged resolution, as if, like me, he would not permit his feelings to master him. Hunter showed no emotion at all. Happily, the first grave we uncovered contained Wilkinson's body. We raised it, and dusted the sand from its face, and carried it to the raft. I should have been willing to let it lie on its back, with a piece of canvas over its face; but Hunter, with whom this scheme had originated, said—

"No, no, sir; let's do the job thoroughly. He must be fixed sitting upright, and then they'll think him alive, and bear down. If they see him on his back, they'll say, 'Oh, he's dead,' and sail away."

I could not deny that he was right, so we sat the body up with its back to the mast, and lashed it in that posture; but so dreadful an object did it look, that I was oppressed with a deadly giddiness and sickness after we had completed the loathsome business, and had to sit for a while and keep my eyes closed.

Nothing now remained to be done but to make the clews of the sail fast and send the raft adrift. The first was easy enough, but the other very difficult, for calm as it was, the ground swell betwixt the beach and the reef was tolerably heavy, and would quickly drive the raft ashore and strand her if we did not mind. To guard against this, we carried a line round the mast, keeping both ends in our hands, and arming ourselves with pieces of timber to shove her clear, we scrambled across the limb of land, and reached the extreme point of it, where we hauled upon the line and brought the raft abreast. Then, unreeving the line, we went into the water as high as our waists, and by dint of shoving got the raft clear, when her sail at once caught the wind and away she crawled, dead to leeward, but very stead-

ily, the long rudder-like board astern of her heading her perfectly straight, and the dead body sitting in the shadow of the sail like a living man.

We scrambled back again to the beach, and mounted the hill to watch her, Norie joining us, and bringing the telescope with him. Sir Mordaunt and the women were coming slowly along from the west side of the island, but observing me to motion and point, they hurried their pace: but before they reached the hut they stopped and stood looking at the raft, that would be visible to them from that point. I saw Miss Tuke turn to her uncle, and then point to us and then at the raft, clearly astonished at the sight of the man on board, and wondering who it could be. Norie, before joining us, had hove a quantity of damp brushwood on to the fire, that sent up a dense column of smoke that arched over into a beautiful bend when it reached a short height, and went blowing along the sea, casting a long black shadow upon the water, in the very middle of which the raft crawled steadily forward, like a cart going along a straight road. The shadow on her made her an extraordinarily clear figure against the blue water and the sky of the horizon. I was sure that no ship, keeping anything like a good look-out, could miss her; and as she went further and further away, and became smaller upon the flashing waters of the south-east, I felt a new stirring of life in me: hope grew buoyant, and for a little time at least I was more light-hearted than I had been, ay, ever since that gale had burst upon the "Lady Maud," and driven us in darkness into these dangerous waters.

The three of us who had built that raft stood watching her until she was a mere speck in the wake of the smoke. Then muttering an earnest prayer to God that she might effect our purpose, I went down the hill, the seamen following me.

Catching sight of the turtle as I walked, I told Hunter to kill it: first, because I knew it is a cruel thing to keep those animals long on their back; and secondly, because its meat would save the other provisions, and be a relish for us, who, Heaven knows, stood in need of any comfort in that way that

we could come at. I was in no mood to watch him destroy the creature, so I walked over to the trees under whose shadow Sir Mordaunt and the others were resting themselves. On my drawing near, Miss Tuke asked me eagerly who the person was that had gone away in the raft. I was obliged to tell her, but I did so with reluctance and a kind of shame.

"Was he *dead*?" she exclaimed, in a thrilling whisper, and grasping Mrs. Stretton's hand.

I exactly explained our motive, but the shocked expression lingered long in her face.

I was worn out and overcome with the heat, and threw myself down upon the grass. Seeing my exhaustion, Mrs. Stretton filled a shell with sherry and water, and I swallowed the draught gratefully. She then came and sat by my side.

I had had little to say to her since we had been cast ashore, and small leisure to observe her closely. She had removed her hat, one that Miss Tuke had given her, and which the sea had soaked without tearing from her head—I say, she had removed her hat when under the trees, and her thick, black, beautiful hair had come away from its fastenings, and hung about her in a manner that gave a peculiar power and a wild kind of spirit to her dark, handsome, and uncommon face.

"You bear your sufferings with admirable courage," said I. "Hard as our plight is, your trials have been so heavily in excess of ours, that I can only admire and wonder at your fortitude and patience."

"It will not do to look back," she answered. "We might humbly wish that God's hand had fallen less heavily upon your poor friend, Mr. Walton."

"I hope," said I—we spoke in a low voice that could not be overheard—"that Miss Tuke does not think me wicked in helping to send a poor dead man in quest of succor. Heaven knows, whatever I have done, I have done for the best."

"Oh, be sure we all believe that," said she, with a note of rich and tender gratitude in her voice. And after a short silence, she asked, "Do you think we shall ever get away from this island?"

"Yes," I replied; for whether I thought so or not, the proper answer to her question was yes.

"Sir Mordaunt frets cruelly over his wife," she continued. "It is breaking his heart, I believe, to think of her lying in the sand there in the condition in which she was buried. He told me you had promised to get the men to make a coffin for her. Cannot that be done?"

"Yes," said I. "I had forgotten. After dinner it shall be done. And by the look of the sun it seems about time that we got our midday meal. How many cakes did you bake?"

"Enough for dinner and supper," she replied.

"Then let us get dinner now," said I; for by this time Hunter had done his business with the turtle, and with the help of Tripshore had dragged the great creature up to the hut.

As there was nothing else cooked but the meat in the tins, we had some of that; but in order to save the slender stock, I asked Mrs. Stretton and Miss Tuke to devote themselves that afternoon to boiling some of the salt beef in the kettle—the only cooking utensil we possessed—and I likewise requested Norie to cut up the turtle for salting and drying. I then in a low voice told Sir Mordaunt that I had not forgotten my promise, and that I would set to work after dinner to build a coffin for his wife's remains. He pressed my hand in silence.

It was a bitter thing to look at our miserable repast, and round upon our rude hut, and recall the "Lady Maud's" sumptuous cabin and plentiful good fare. Only a painter could give you any idea of the interior the hut presented, and of our appearance as we sat, or stood, eating with our fingers. No one who has not suffered in that way can imagine what it is for the civilized instincts to find themselves abruptly and helplessly plunged into a state of pure barbarism. The women used the knives when eating, and managed with less discomfort now that they had the little cakes as platters for their portions of preserved meat; but we males had to eat like monkeys, that is, there was nothing for it but to use our fingers for forks, and to Sir Mordaunt, who was a most fastidious man in his habits, this trifling hardship was a sterner grievance than the being without a bed, or the having no coat nor hat to cover him.

We made in that hut a complete picture

of a shipwrecked party. Sir Mordaunt, as I say, was without coat or hat; I was in my bare feet; Norie had not yet manufactured the extraordinary cap from a piece of canvas that he afterward wore. Though the sun had dried our clothes, yet the salt water had given them a most beggarly aspect, more especially the women's. Then as we had built the hut among the trees, we had the trunks of some of them standing among us and crowding the interior. Happily the grass made the ground a soft lodging; but taken altogether, the sail as a carpet, the yacht's timbers nailed roughly to the trees, the trees in the midst of the hut, coupled with our melancholy figures, one lying, another standing, a third squatting, produced one of the wildest and most striking pictures that can be conceived.

"I wonder," says Norie, filling the shell with water from the kettle, and eyeing it with an air of rueful wonder, "I wonder," says he, "if such a calamity as this ever befell a yachting party before."

"It may well have happened," said I.

"And it may happen again, sir," said Tripshore.

"If ever our misfortunes come to be known," exclaimed Sir Mordaunt, "they should make yacht-owners who undertake long cruises very cautious in their selection of skippers. And yet, Walton, as you know, I had the fullest confidence in Purchase. I never for a moment doubted that he was a first-rate navigator."

Tripshore looked at me.

"How long will it take the raft to get into the track of ships?" asked Miss Tuke.

This question started us on a new conjecture; but it was quite impossible to arrive at any conclusion, simply because we had no notion in what part of the Bahamas this island lay.

"If only the chart of these islands had been washed ashore," said I, "we should be able to form some idea how far distant the nearest inhabited land is by giving this rock a theoretical position. The only islands I can remember as inhabited are New Providence, Abaco, Andros, and Inagua. Of course there are others, but my memory does not carry them. Yet even the islands I name run from the high north away south as far as the Windward Passage; consequently

this cay cannot be very far from one of them. But how does that one bear? How far is it? How are we to reach it?"

"That's it, sir," answered Hunter. "If them questions could be answered, there'd be no call to worrit ourselves long."

"Suppose a ship sights the raft, what will she do?" asked Mrs. Stretton.

"Why, mum," replied Tripshore, "if her skipper has eddication enough to read the board, and has a mind to help us, he'll carry the board along with him to the port he puts into, and give information there, and a wessel will be sent to look for us. Or if he's bound on a long woyage, then I suppose he'd speak the first ship he met, and give her the news, who'd report the wreck on her arrival. That would be about it, sir, I think?" said he to me.

I answered yes, though if a government ship encountered the raft, she would probably start in quest of us at once.

"But," said I, in a hopeful voice, "be the vessel that sights the raft what she will, help is sure to come;" and so speaking, I went out of the hut, calling to Tripshore and Hunter to follow me.

When I had them alone, I explained Sir Mordaunt's wish; and fancying that Hunter hung back from the job, as one that seemed to him of a sentimental kind and not to refer to our present needs, nor to our prospects, I added that the baronet was sure to gratefully remember their action in this matter should we come to be rescued, and that they knew he was rich enough to make his gratitude a thing worth earning.

Tripshore stood in no need of an incentive of this kind, but it put a heartiness into Hunter, who said "he was always agreeable to turn to and oblige people, more 'specially when they was his boss, as he still reckoned Sir Mordaunt to be; though he believed that when sailors was cast away, as we was, the law left it to their own hoption whether they should continue as men, or be their own masters."

It was a dreadfully dismal job for persons in our situation to fall to. Nothing but my affection for, and my sympathy with, Sir Mordaunt could have induced me to take a part in such work. We managed it by collecting a quantity of deck-planks, and nailing them together into

a kind of long box. We worked close beside the grave, in the shadow of the hill. Indeed, out of that shadow we should not have been able to lift our hands, for the sun was fierce enough to roast us alive, and the gay wind that was blowing did not in the least degree qualify that scorching and blinding effulgence. In this tropical fiery splendor the coral sand tortured the eye that rested even an instant upon its glaring surface, while the sea in the south was a great tremulous blaze that seemed to fill the whole of that quarter with a fog of silver-white glory, so that the horizon all that way was as completely shut out as if a body of vapor had rolled down over it. Nevertheless, we worked very steadily; and, indeed, there was not much to be done, seeing that we did not stop to make the coffin sightly, but just nailed the boards roughly together, so that the poor remains could lie in the sand in a condition to be removed whenever the time arrived.

None of the others came near us. Norie tended the fire, but stopped short at that point. They all knew what we were doing, that we were engaged upon a solemn and dreadful task not proper to intrude on.

I dare say we were an hour and a half in making that coffin, such as it was; but when it was finished, the worst part remained. If it had been a hard trial to me to exhume the sailor's corpse, I know no words to express my horror at having to lift up Lady Brookes' body from the sand. Yet I dared not say I would not help the men, lest they should turn and refuse to go on.

No doubt I made more of it than I should under other circumstances. My nerves were unstrung by the trials and scenes and hardships we had gone through. Though I had been rendered somewhat buoyant in spirits by the raft going adrift, yet it was no more than a little fickle gleam of the sunshine of hope on my mind. It was clouded again, and my heart dark. Beside, it was a mighty trial to look upon a human face coming blindly up out of the sand—a face whose lineaments would reflect the horror that they excited in the imagination. Above all, was it a mighty trial to look upon a face I had known in life, whose lustrous eyes had often met mine, whose voice I

seemed to hear if I did but strain my fancy—to look, I say, upon that familiar face appearing amid the sand, as the seamen carefully scratched about with their hands, disclosing first one part and then another of the body, until, my God! she lay there, a fully dressed woman, with her eyes blind with sand, and her hands by her side, and the rings sparkling upon her fingers!

I asked Hunter to remove the rings. He pulled, but they would not come away.

"No matter," said I. "Lift her gently, men, and lay her in the coffin."

This was done, and the coffin boarded up. We all three then went to work to deepen the grave, and having buried the coffin, left the dismal place.

This job had heavily depressed me. We were red-hot with the heat and the toil, and went for a drink. But, in compliance with my wish, Miss Tuke and Mrs. Stretton had taken the kettle to boil some salt beef, and so to slake our thirst we had to walk across the island in the broiling sun to the well. This was very annoying, yet excepting that kettle, we had nothing in which we could store water.*

As we went to the well, I told Hunter to go to work presently, and clean the flesh out of the shell of the turtle, and then the shell would serve us for a tank. It was too great a tax, I said, to be obliged to cross the island every time we wanted a drink.

After reaching the well and quenching our thirst, we stood awhile looking away into the sea in the north. This side of the island was very flat, and yielded us but a narrow horizon. I saw the white ribs of a reef glancing in the dark blue water about a mile away in the north-west, and beyond that was a shadow upon the sea that looked like the eddies formed by a tide running over the shallow surface of another reef.

"Can we be among the shoals to the westward of Long Island?" said I, remembering on a sudden the swarm of little cays and reefs marked upon the chart over against that piece of land.

* We had the beef cask, but it was full of meat, and we dared not remove the junk from the brine in the cask, lest it should putrefy. We also had the sherry cask, but at that time we thought the wine too precious to let run.

"If so," I added, with a feeling of despair in me that I could not check, "I can't see how on earth we are to be rescued unless we make shift to get away on a raft, and leave the rest to Providence. No vessel is likely to come near these waters. The proper channels will be leagues away on either side."

"The water looks open enough out yonder," replied Tripshore, pointing into the north-east. "If we be in the midst of them shoals you speak of, they'd be showing all around."

"What part of these cursed islands we're cast away on, I don't know," said Hunter; "but whatever may be your determination, Mr. Walton, mine's this: I'm not going to sit down on this here rock and wait for something to happen. I don't say northen'll come of that there raft we sent adrift this morning; but meanwhile there's wood enough left to build a machine that'll float two men. I'm agreeable to go to work upon it, and when it's built, if no one else'll join, then, if you'll give me three days' allowance o' wittles, I'll put off alone and see what's to be found. Ye'll be discovering soon that it'll be better to take your chance o' drowning than stopping here."

"I don't see my way to that —" said I.

"But I do," he interrupted.

"Because," I continued, determined not to notice the man's mutinous manner, "we cannot construct a raft that will not be absolutely at the mercy of the wind. If we could reckon upon a north or an east wind blowing steadily for a week or so, then, indeed, our raft might drift to some inhabited shore. But the chances are almost all against us. The first bit of sea that got up would sweep us off the raft like chaff. Or we might be blown into the Atlantic without sighting a vessel, and wretchedly perish there."

"But what's to be done, then?" he asked fiercely. "Are we to stick here till we rot?"

"We must wait a little," I answered.

"Give that raft we have sent adrift a chance. Or that smoke we are making may be seen. Some safer means of escape than a raft may offer. If nothing turns up, then we must come to your remedy."

He muttered something under his breath, turned on his heel, and walked off, and he sullenly kept in advance of us the whole way across the island.

As we rounded the bushes which brought us within view of the place where Lady Brookes lay buried, I saw Sir Mordaunt at work upon the grave. I left Tripshore and went to him, and on drawing near I perceived that he was framing the grave with pieces of rock. He took my hand in both his and pressed it affectionately, and thanked me for having carried out his wishes. I asked him how he knew we had completed the task, as no one had approached us while we were at work.

"Norie," said he, "caught sight of you lowering the coffin, and came and told me."

"That is hard work for you," said I, pointing to the pieces of rock he had collected.

"I wish to know where she lies," he answered. "The wind and rain would soon level a mound of sand, but these stones will remain; and I have asked Norie to nail two pieces of wood into the shape of a cross, and carve her name upon it, and the date of her death, and then we will set up the cross securely at the head there."

It was an affecting thing to see him at this work. I thought he looked ill and worn, and his attire, and long beard, and humid eyes, and his slow movements, all combined to make the picture a pathetic one. I stood in silence, wondering at the tenderness of this gentleman for the memory of a woman whose character in life was even less lovable than I have thought right to describe it; and at the unselfishness of his nature, that left him heart enough, in the midst of our distress, hardships, and anxiety, to do all the honor that love could suggest to the poor creature who lay under the sand. To me, I own, all this seemed an idle duty. Had our escape been sure, no matter how long delayed, I might have understood the baronet's anxiety to preserve his wife's remains, that they could be removed hereafter. But, so far as we then knew, we ourselves were as people in the very valley of the shadow of death. One by one we might drop away before help reached us, if ever help should come;

and the state of mind which these thoughts induced made me behold but little of worth in the devoted memory that was influencing Sir Mordaunt.

However, I had the decency to keep my ideas to myself, nor at such a moment at least would I intrude upon him the fears which at that time oppressed me. I told him if he would leave the building of the grave to me, I would take care it was properly done, and the cross firmly erected. It was not fit work for him, I said.

"No, no!" he exclaimed. "This is my share. I could not assist in the other part. I had not courage even to approach and watch you. But this is strictly my duty—my religious duty. Do not offer to help me, Walton. It will soothe me to look back and recall this labor."

As this was his wish, I said no more, and went to the hut to rest awhile. I noticed Hunter on the beach, standing near the remains of the wreckage there, and looking about him, as I supposed, to see if anything more had come ashore. Norie was helping Mrs. Stretton to cook the beef and keep the fire going; but I presumed they had not been there long, and that they would not stop there long, for the heat of the sun and the fire together was not to be borne. Under the trees, and to the right of the hut, was Tripshore, operating upon the turtle, Carey looking on. I had given this job to Hunter, but it did not signify who performed it, and if Hunter was searching the beach he was well employed.

Inside the hut I found Miss Tuke kneeling on the sail, making cakes. Her sleeves were rolled above her elbows, her hair was rough, yet I never admired her more than I did then, and I thought it impossible that any posture should suit her better. I sat down near the plank on which she was moulding the cakes, and told her what we had been doing, and how I had left her uncle employed.

"He thinks of nothing else," she answered mournfully. "He seems to forget that we are shipwrecked, and may never escape from this dreadful island."

"On the contrary," said I, "he is acting precisely as a man would who firmly believes that we shall escape. He begged me to make the coffin, and is

himself making the grave, in the full conviction that he will come or send for his wife's remains for burial in England."

"But *how* are we to get away?" said she, pausing in her work, and looking me full in the face.

I could only repeat what I had said before—that we must hope the smoke of the fire would be seen, or the raft with our message upon it encountered.

"It will not take us long to burn all the bushes on the island," said she; "and then how shall we be able to make a fire? And how many days will you grant before supposing that the raft has disappeared without any ship having seen it?"

"What *can* we do if we are forbidden even to hope?" I replied, tormented by these questions, which only too accurately interpreted my own feelings. "The bushes are not all burned yet, and the raft has been gone only four or five hours. We must be patient, and have faith in God's goodness. Who knows what a day may unfold?"

She had too brave a soul to go on murmuring, yet it was clear that she understood our situation as accurately as I, and that she could not look away from the immediate present without her heart fainting in her.

"If the worst comes to pass," said I; "if, after waiting, we see no prospect of relief; then, before our food fails us, we must turn to and pull this hut down, and make as big and strong a raft as we can manage. But that alternative, as I have told the others, is so full of danger, that before adopting it our extremity should be greater than it is, and our patience all gone."

As I said this, Hunter put his head into the hut, and said there was a wooden case come ashore. It was too large for him to carry alone. He wanted to know where Tripshore was.

"I'll give you a hand," said I, jumping up; and I followed him to the beach.

It was a large, white wood square box, and glanced among the ripples which rolled up the beach. It lay close to where we had launched the raft. We waded into the water, and hoisted it out of the sand, and conveyed it to the hut, where we prized open the lid, and came

to a casing of tin. This we cut, and found the case full of biscuits, which had been perfectly protected from the water by the tin casing.

I called to Miss Tuke to come and look, and told her that every discovery of this kind improved our chances of escape, by enabling us to give the raft more time to do its work.

"I for one shan't stop for that, Mr. Walton!" exclaimed Hunter. I have been overhauling that wreckage down there, and there's stuff enough for my purpose."

"What do you mean to do?" I asked.

"Build a kind of catamaran," he replied, "and take my chance alone, if nobody'll come with me."

"You can do as you please," said I, noticing the obstinate look in the man's face; nobody will stop you. You're a sailor, and don't require any one to point out the risks you'll run."

Just then Mrs. Stretton and Norie arrived, the latter sweating under the kettle that was full of salt meat, from which the steam was soaring in clouds. Tripshore, hearing our voices, also came round to where we stood, and listened, with the gleaming knife with which he was operating on the turtle forking out of his hand.

"All hands being here, saving Sir Mordaunt," said Hunter, folding his arms and looking around him, "I'll put my case. Here we are, imprisoned on a island. Where it is, no one knows. Two blessed days we've been here, and ne'er a sail have we seen. My belief is, that if we was to stop here twelve months we'd see northern go by. What have we got to wait for, then? The raft that's gone adrift *may* do some good—I was willin' enough to lend a hand to build it—but it may come to northern; and are we goin' to keep all on waiting and waiting, when, maybe, that raft's gone to pieces? What I'm goin' to do is to build a sort of houtrigging machine as'll not capsize, and light enough for a man to shove along. If nobody'll come in it, I'll go alone. If I'm picked up, good; the wessel as picks me up'll come for the others; and if I'm washed overboard and drowned, well, I'd as lief rot in the sea as rot here."

"Let him do it," cried Norie, eagerly,

looking at me. "It's a chance, at all events."

"Hunter is his own master," I replied. "He knows the risks, and that the odds against him are ninety-nine in the hundred."

"Damn the odds!" shouted the man, angrily. "What are the odds here? They're *all* agin us. You know that, Mr. Walton." Turning to Tripshore, he said, "Will you give me a hand to build the thing I want?"

"Ay," said the other, "I'll give you a hand, Tom; but it'll be helping you to build your coffin, my lad."

"Well, when you're ready, come," exclaimed Hunter. "There's a spell o' daylight left yet."

So saying, he walked hastily toward the wreckage, from which he had already selected a portion of the material he required. When he was out of hearing, Miss Tuke said—

"Why are you opposed to his scheme, Mr. Walton?"

"I am not opposed to it, I am indifferent," I answered. "I should favor it if the chance of the man losing his life was not, as I believe it is, equal to a dead certainty."

"But he may sight a ship, and be the means of sending help to us," exclaimed Norie.

"Yes, he may—he may—and he mayn't!" I replied bitterly. "If there's any good in a raft at all, then the raft we sent away this morning should answer our end. If the thing is seen, the dead messenger aboard will not appeal less forcibly than a living man. If it is not seen, there is no life to be lost, no long hours of torment to be endured."

"But something must be done—some effort must be made," said Norie, in a low voice.

"My God!" I cried, "have we been idle? What more could we have done? Tell me what to do—give me an idea. If practicable, it shall be executed to the letter. But don't force us to throw away our lives in a senseless effort to preserve them."

"Tom means to go," said Tripshore, who stood by; "and he'll have his way. Only he shouldn't be let to use up all the nails, Mr. Walton. We may come to want 'em ourselves."

"Go you and help him, Tripshore,

as you promised," said I ; " but keep an eye upon the nails too, for, as you say, we may want them, though I hope not."

For here let me repeat that the idea of the eight, or, if Hunter would not stay, the seven, of us committing ourselves to the sea in such a raft as we should be able to construct, was intolerable to me. Of all marine fabrics, the raft has been the theatre of the worst sufferings. At the very best it is but a clumsy platform, at the mercy of the winds and surges. A very light sea will set it awash, so that you may reckon upon sitting up to your hips in water nearly all the time you are aboard. It needed no very vigorous imagination to conceive what our situation would be in a seaway, the water pouring in coils over the level stage, that would swing to the surges like an ill-balanced kite, our bodies soaked to the skin, our provisions washed away or spoiled. It was not to be expected that Norie and the women could realize all that was meant by the proposal to leave the island on a raft ; but to me it offered itself as a dreadful alternative, and though life was as dear to me as it was to the others, I felt that it would be a wiser resolve to stick to the island, and trust to God's mercy for a rescue, and if no succor came, then to die on dry land, than launch ourselves upon the sea in a raft, and take the risk of courting in that way all those dreadful sufferings, that protracted anguish, and that final extinction, which make some of the naval records the ghastliest and most terrible literature in the world.

CHAPTER XVII.

It was hard to tell the hour by the look of the sun, but I guessed it to be about four o'clock. I sat down on the grass near the hut, with my back against a tree, while Mrs. Stretton and Carey hung up the pieces of beef which had been cooked, and Miss Tuke finished her job of cake-making. The fire had waned ; but though we should not let it expire, it was impossible without incessant and painful labor to keep it throwing up a heavy smoke. Only a very thin trail of smoke went up now.

I asked myself, Even should the densest smoke we could get out of the bush be seen, would its meaning be understood ? Would it not be thought the

smoke of a steamer ? Or if guessed to come from this rock, the smoke of a fire lighted by some persons who had landed on a short visit ?

These were crushing thoughts, for, as you know, we had but two chances—the smoke and the raft ; and if we gave up the smoke as hopeless, we had nothing left but the raft, which might prove useless too, and what then was to be done ?

My dejection was so great for a time, that a feeling of utter indifference stole over me. I thought to myself, Well, if God has deserted us, what is the good of our striving ? If we are sentenced to perish here, why chafe our hearts into rags with thoughts of how to get away ? Every mortal creature has his appointed time, and if ours has arrived, let us not make ten thousand deaths of it by our fears and recoilings and our madness to escape it.

The breeze that had been blowing all day had fallen somewhat, and was now a gentle wind. The sun was still high, and the water on fire under it. It seemed cruelly hard that we should have this fine weather now when it was of no use, when had it come earlier it would have saved us from this dreadful fate, by enabling us to ascertain our whereabouts, and to steer the yacht accordingly. I looked at the reef where she had gone to pieces, and at the water beyond, but could see no fragment of her. There was a very slight swell rolling in from the sea, and the reef gleamed in it as the water rose and fell, and every now and then there would be a sudden beautiful play of foam, which glistened in a hundred tints in the sunshine, like the sparkling of light in trembling dewdrops.

All the while I looked I was saying to myself, " In what part of the Bahamas is this island ? What land is that visible from the hill-top there ? Is it possible that no vessel ever traverses those leagues of dark blue sea away yonder, near enough for her people to see our signal, or for us to spy her canvas or the smoke from her funnel ?" In this age, when all the oceans are crowded with shipping, it seemed scarcely conceivable that our fate should have thrown us upon an island in unnavigable waters. Remembering my passing mood at that time, I can understand those fits of sul-

lenness and of ferocity which have possessed the shipwrecked mariner as hope dies in his breast.

I sat watching the two seamen collecting the materials for a small raft on the beach, with a dull, unconcerned eye. I had never felt so hopeless before; but, thank God, the depression was but transient.

I had been resting and musing in this way for some time, when Sir Mordaunt came from his wife's grave, where he had been toiling since we had buried the coffin. His appearance it was that rallied me, by making me feel ashamed of the selfish character of my despair in the face of such an affliction as had come upon him. He walked very slowly, and showed many symptoms of great physical distress. I met him, and gave him my arm. He leaned upon me wearily, but said nothing until he had seated himself.

"Have you finished your task?" said I.

"Yes," he replied. "I can do no more. I have covered the grave with stones, and to-morrow, I trust, Norie will have completed the cross he promised to make and inscribe. I knew the labor would soothe me, Walton. Now that I have marked her resting-place with my own hands, my mind is calmer than it was."

"I hope you will not expose yourself again to the sun," said I, "nor attempt any more hard work."

"Ah, I am too old for hard work," said he, with a sad smile, laying his hand on mine. "And surely, Walton, shipwreck ages a man's heart terribly. Who could have imagined that our cruise would end in this way? Yet you all seem to bear up well. Where are the others? Where is Ada?"

"In the hut, with Norie. The other women will, I expect, be at work on the turtle."

"And what is Tripshore about?"

I explained, believing that he would take my view of Hunter's scheme; but instead, he exclaimed, "Why, the man is a brave fellow to venture it. Do you say he will go alone?"

"Who would accompany him?"

"Yes, indeed; but that leaves him so much the braver. Do you know, he may fall in with a vessel, or manage to reach some inhabited coast. It will help our chance, Walton."

He was eager and restless on a sudden.

He looked with animated eyes across the sea, and clasped and unlocked his hands.

"Yes," he repeated, "it will help our chances. Life is still precious, Walton. It would be a dreadful thing to die on this island—no living creature left to tell the world what has become of us. Some effort must be made."

I knew that as well as he. However, it would have been cruel to extinguish the hope, and, I may say, the new spirit which my explanation of Hunter's scheme had kindled in him, by representing its idleness. Indeed, I was heartily glad to see him waking up out of his grief, and taking an interest in our distressful position, and admitting the preciousness of life. His misery had been dangerously numbing his mind, and had he continued much longer in that mental condition, I have no doubt that he would have fallen melancholy mad. This quickening in him therefore gave me real pleasure, and I applauded myself for my good sense in carrying out his wishes with respect to his wife's interment, and in not hindering him by officious friendship from doing his part. The mind knows its own burdens best, and how to vent itself; and certainly one way of lightening melancholy is to let it expend itself in forms of its own choosing.

After Tripshore and Hunter had been working for an hour down in the creek, whither they had carried the stuff for the raft, they came up to the hut for their supper. It was time for that meal, as we could guess more by our appetites than by the sun; and as we had a mind to treat ourselves to a change of food, we set a piece of boiled beef upon the deck-plank, and each person helped himself to a biscuit.

It was easy to see how greatly Sir Mordaunt and the others were taken by Hunter's scheme, by the way they regarded him. They eyed him as if he was a hero. Almost as soon as he presented himself, he was asked by Sir Mordaunt what progress he had made with his raft.

"Why, sir," he answered, "I hope by noon to-morrow to have put this beast of a island a long way astern."

"You have great resolution and courage," exclaimed Sir Mordaunt. "I

pray that God may protect and guide you."

"He won't guide us here," answered Hunter, bluntly; "and protection'll be of no use if we're not to get away. As we'll be drowned, I says, as become a skeleton on a island. I know this, sir—I've got northen to do but to keep all on steering west, and I'm bound to come right."

"Wind and weather permitting," said Tripshore.

"Nothing'll divart me," said Hunter, sullenly. "Right or wrong, when that raft's built, I'm off."

He devoured his allowance of food rapidly, wild with impatience to fall to his work again. Tripshore, noticing the general sympathy with the man's scheme, made haste to finish his supper, so that the others might not think he was reluctant to assist his mate. I kept silent, resolved to say nothing more on the subject.

As Hunter was leaving the hut, he said to me, "I suppose you'll let me have the compass, sir?"

"It is Sir Mordaunt's property," I answered.

"Certainly you may have it," exclaimed the baronet.

"Remember," said I, "should we ultimately have to betake ourselves to a raft, we shall want that compass, to know in what direction we drift."

"But what raft do ye mean to build?" inquired Hunter. "Where's the wood? It'll be pretty nigh all used up by the time I'm done."

"There's plenty here," said I, pointing to the hut.

"Oh, I forgot that," said he.

"Let him have the compass, Walton," cried Norie.

"Yes, if he goes alone, he should be furnished with every requirement our miserable stock will yield," said Sir Mordaunt. "Hunter risks his life for us, remember, Walton."

"He knows," said I, "that my objections are not made to defeat his wishes, but to protect ourselves, and him too, for the matter of that."

The man, without answering, walked swiftly away, Tripshore following leisurely. It was not very pleasant for me to look round, and to see on the faces of our little company that they considered

my timidity was trying to deprive them of a chance of escape. Yet I could not mistake their manner. I would particularly refer to Miss Tuke and Mrs. Stretton and Norie. This touched me to the quick. Was it not to my interest as much as to theirs that Hunter should venture his life, if he chose, to find us help? I objected to his enterprise because I could not endure that the man should sacrifice his life to no purpose; and also because it seemed an unmanly thing to let him go forth alone into the great sea upon a little raft, though any one of us who had offered to accompany him would, in my opinion, have acted with criminal folly.

Depressed by the behavior of my companions, and greatly vexed by it—for I could put my hand on my breast and say with an honest heart that I had done my best for them all, and would strive to do more if time were given me—I took the glass and walked to the hill, partly to search the sea, and partly that I might be alone.

As I passed the fire, I stopped to throw some wood upon it. It was nearly out, but the wood soon kindled, and sent up a volume of smoke, the twigs and stems of the bushes being almost as dry as dead wood, whereas the leaves, being green, damped the blaze, and made a smoke like one of those burning heaps of leaves and stubble and rubbish which you have seen in fields. The sun was still very hot, but it was westerling fast, and its noontide fierceness was gone. The first thing I noticed on reaching the top of the hill was Lady Brookes' grave. Sir Mordaunt must have worked very hard, and I wondered where he had found all the stones and pieces of rock he had piled upon it.

He had raised them very near as high as a man's waist. There was no fear of that grave being missed, should the baronet ever be able to send for the poor lady's remains.

I sat down on top of the hill, with my knees up in front of me, upon which I rested the telescope. The gentle wind that was blowing was very sweet, though warm, and greatly qualified the heat of the sunlight. As I gazed around me, I thought, What a little bit of an island is this! What a speck upon the mighty Atlantic, whose vast waters washed the eastern heavens, and interposed nearly

four thousand miles of ocean betwixt us and home! I searched the horizon all that way, wondering, since the atmosphere was so clear, whether there would be land in sight; but I could see nothing that looked like land, nor any appearance of a vessel. All that was visible upon the water were the reefs I have before described, with here and there a shadow, that might well have passed for the reflection of a cloud, had the sky not been clear, but which I could not doubt would be a shoal.

I then brought the telescope to bear upon the south and west, and scanned those quarters very closely and narrowly. Nothing rewarded my search beyond the point of land we had before described. I tried hard to determine its features, but it was too far off: it was not more, indeed, than a faint blue cloud in appearance.

I put the glass down, and, folding my arms, looked idly and listlessly about me, with something of that vacancy of soul that had been in me a short time before. The two men were hard at work in the creek. They had made great progress with the raft, which consisted of several planks nailed to short beams; and they had contrived a sort of box amidships, like an open companion hatchway, meant, I suppose, for Hunter to sit and paddle in. There was a certain cleverness in the form of the raft, and for fishing, or for making short excursions, or even for venturing for the distant glimpse of land, it would have been a very valuable thing on a fine smooth day; but literally to go to sea in, it looked to me as worthless as a single plank, and I was more than ever persuaded that the man would be acting like a madman to quit the island on so frail and dangerous a contrivance.

The rest of the party had come out of the hut, and were sitting under the trees, which were, I believe, stunted *brasiletto*. There they could see the men working, and yet be in the shade. They made a sad group for me to watch. It was a cruel situation for women to be in, more particularly for a delicate girl like Miss Tuke, who had been flung on a sudden from the luxury of a fine yacht into a state of absolute homelessness, beggary, and harsh privation, backed and darkened by the shadow of terrible death.

Grievous was it, too, to look at Mrs. Stretton, and think that we had saved her from one desperate peril, only to plunge her into an even worse form of suffering; for suffering is to be measured by time. Another day might have terminated her anguish on the wreck; but who could guess how long our present imprisonment was to last, and how much misery we should have to endure before we were visited by death or succored by human hands?

My eyes, quitting my poor companions, wandered over the reef on which we had struck, and which from this height I could clearly see gleaming in the crystalline blue water. Only three of the bodies of the crew had come ashore, and I supposed that the others had been washed by the current away to sea. Thither also, no doubt, had gone the spars of the yacht and the other floating portions, and may be most of those stores which would have been so precious to us in our destitution.

I imagined there was a trickle of tide setting to the westward now, and I was letting my eye run that way, when I caught sight of a black object in the water, about three-quarters of a mile distant from the westernmost point of the reef.

I believed at first that it was a shark, but it looked too big for a shark. I snatched up the glass and pointed it. The instant the object entered the field of the lenses I perceived that it was a boat bottom up.

I would not credit my eyes at first, and continued looking and looking, until it was impossible for me to doubt that the object was a boat, with her keel just above the water, and portions of her bottom glancing in the delicate swell.

I was so agitated, that I trembled as though a wintry blast had struck me; my heart seemed to stop beating, and I felt as if about to faint; a cold perspiration covered my forehead; involuntarily my hands clenched themselves until my finger nails cut into the palm. I closed my eyes tight, to clear the brain, and held them closed for some moments, after which I pointed the glass and looked again; and being now quite sure, I sprang to my feet and hallooed to the men in the creek with all my might. They dropped their work, affrighted by

my voice, and stared. I put my hand to my mouth and bawled, "There's a boat, bottom up, out yonder! Come up here and look at her!" And I stood pointing in so wild an attitude that they might well have imagined I had taken leave of my senses. However, they instantly came running to the hill, and the others, who had heard my cry, came running too, all save Sir Mordaunt, who half rose, but sank back again.

Tripshore was the first to reach me. I gave him the glass, and pointed to the boat. Instantly he cried, "Ay, it's a boat! It must be the yacht's boat; her that the men launched, and that drowned them."

"What is it?" shouted Hunter, rushing up to us.

"Look, Tom! Isn't that the yacht's boat there?" exclaimed Tripshore.

He peered, and uttered a loud cry. "Yes, yes! that's her! that's the boat we launched, and that capsized with us. For the Lord's sake, Mr. Tripshore, let's go and secure her."

By this time the others had arrived, and a whole volley of questions was let fly at me. They thought it was a ship I had seen. But I had now recovered my composure; and after briefly answering their questions, and giving them the telescope, to look at the boat for themselves, I turned to Tripshore and Hunter.

"Is your raft ready to go afloat?" I asked.

"She'll swim as she is," answered Hunter, in a voice full of uncontrollable excitement.

"Will she carry you both?"

"Both?" he replied. "Ay, four of us."

"You'll want a couple of paddles," said I. "That boat is within a mile, and by paddling you'll fetch her easily."

"A couple of planks 'll do for paddles, Tom," exclaimed Tripshore.

"Come along!" shouted the other.

"Take a tow-line with you!" I bawled after them, as they dashed down the hill.

Two were enough to launch the raft, and as they were both seamen they knew what to do. Though I had pulled myself together again, my heart beat strongly. That boat, unless damaged beyond all possibility of repair, might save our lives. If she were indeed the boat that the

yacht carried amidships, then she would be big enough to receive the whole of us. And never had I seen the hand of God plainer in any circumstance than in this; for Hunter's raft, against the building of which I had put my face, lay almost ready to shove off in, so that we should be able to get the boat at once and save precious time, and be beforehand with the darkness, or with any wind that might come with the darkness.

Seeing the baronet wave his hand to us, I asked Mrs. Stretton to go to him, and tell him that the yacht's boat was there, and that the men were about to bring her in. She went at once, while the rest of us stayed on the hill-top to watch the boat and the movements of the men.

As I have said, the frame of the raft was finished, and, indeed, this was not a job that need have been long in doing, for the planks and pieces of timber were all ready there. The size of the raft was not bigger than the top of a dinner table, and there were two of them to put it together. Yet it was very nearly half an hour before they got away in the raft, in spite of Hunter having told me that she would swim as she was; the cause of the delay being they had nothing to serve them for paddles but planks, which they had to taper with the chopper at one end, in order to grasp them. In all this time, however, the boat barely drifted a hundred yards to the westward, showing the languor of the tide and its direction at that time. Yet my impatience was so great that it was a positive torture. I would not shout to the men, for I could see they were doing their best; yet it would have eased me to stand and roar, for I was mad to secure the boat, and every minute that passed seemed to my crazy anxiety like the mouldering away of our chance.

I was greatly tormented also by Norie's questions. He would ask me first one thing, then another; was miserably importunate; one moment wringing his hands, and saying the men would lose the boat; then shouting that the boat had vanished, and begging me for the love of God to look for her, and tell him if I could see her; and then, when I had pointed her out, raving again at the men's slowness. Miss Tuke hardly spoke; but her excitement and anxiety were fully as

great as mine and Norie's. Her eyes were on fire, and yet she was mortally pale; her bosom panted as though she was fresh from a race, and once she caught Carey's arm and held it, as though she were about to sink down. The sun stood over the point of reef where the yacht had beaten, in the south-west sky, and the heavens being cloudless, the sea within the compass of the reflection of the luminary was like a sheet of flashing gold. It was impossible to look at it; it was nearly as blinding as the sun himself. Fortunately the boat was to the eastward of that splendor, where the water was dark blue, beautifully pure in tint, and that which helped me to keep the boat in sight was the light swell, that would heave it up an instant and expose a portion of the streaming frame, which the sunshine touched and set on fire, so that at such moments the brilliant reflection in the wet planks might have passed for a sun-bright star shining in the soft deep azure of the ocean.

At last the raft was ready. Hunter got into the box amidships, that was big enough for one only, and Tripshore sat just before it, his legs under him, like a tailor. Both men kept their faces forward. They paddled nimbly, and though the raft was not more shapely than a stage that a carpenter works upon over a ship's side, they managed to impel it at a fair pace. They had to come down the creek, and strike the sea at the opening between the beach and the reef; but the water was very smooth, there was scarcely any tide, and in five minutes they were clear of the reef, and propelling the raft very steadily toward the boat.

I ran down the hill to the beach to watch them from that point, and the others you may be sure followed me. I found that I could see the boat as plainly from the beach as from the hill, and perceived that the men had it in sight too, by the steadiness with which they aimed the raft at it. We all stood in a breathless state, watching the strange figure of that raft, and the sparkle of the paddles as the men flourished them. Our lives might depend upon the amazing discovery of that boat, that veritable god-send, which lay floating there, and the one passionate thought in me now was, will she be in a fit state to carry us?

Nimbly as the men plied their paddles,

the raft took a desperate long time in reaching the boat. I knew that not only by my impatience, but by the passage of the magnificent flood of light upon the sea. Even when the raft seemed quite close to the boat, she was still a good distance off, and I waited and waited to see the flash of the little paddles cease, until I believed the men would go on paddling for ever.

But even so weary a waiting must come to an end at last. The paddles were dropped, and keeping my eye at the glass, I perceived the men lean over and endeavor to right the boat. Three times they tried, each time depressing the keel to the water's edge, but no further; but the fourth time they succeeded; and then, instead of her keel, I saw the gunwales of the boat, like a black line upon the blue.

I now supposed they would make the line fast, and begin to tow her; instead of which they fell to bailing her out, one with his boots and the other with his cap. This would be a tedious process; but on reflection I judged they would not be able to tow the boat full of water, for the raft was hard enough to propel alone. I watched the baling with a feeling of passionate expectation. If the boat was injured, the water would flow into her as fast as they threw it out; if uninjured, her gunwales would rise. I explained this to Miss Tuke and Norie, and we watched the boat as persons standing upon a gallows might watch for the messenger who is coming with a reprieve, but who may come too late.

At last I clearly perceived that the gunwales rose. I could not be deceived. The telescope was a good one: when I had first looked at the boat after they had righted her, her gunwales only made a thin line, and now they were showing to the height of three or four inches. By this I knew that if the boat leaked at all, the leak would be a trifling one, to yield to such baling as that; and in a transport of delight I shouted out that the boat was sound! that our deliverance was at hand! and ran to Sir Mordaunt, pointing to the boat, and calling that our deliverance was at hand! He was too much affected to speak; he got up, and stood looking. I gave him the glass, and asked him to judge for himself how the boat grew up out of the water. He

rested the telescope on my shoulder, and I felt the tube trembling in his grasp. He peered, and exclaimed, "There can be no question that she is the 'Lady Maud's' boat, Walton. I see the gilt stripe round her."

"She must be the boat that the men launched," I answered, "and that capsized with them. She must therefore have been floating about here ever since, and it is wonderful that we have not seen her before."

"She was our biggest boat?"

"Certainly she was!" I cried. "She will carry us all! We have but to rig and stock her with provisions and water, and sail away in her."

"Ah!" he said, in a trembling voice, "God has watched over us!"

I felt that as profoundly as he, and could have fallen on my knees. It was as though a miracle had been wrought, to find that boat there close to the island, manifestly uninjured by the heavy seas which the gale had raised, drifting into our sight in time to stop Hunter from risking his life on his miserable raft, and at the very moment when our prospects looked utterly dark and hopeless.

The men gave over baling after they had been at that work about three-quarters of an hour. The line of immersion indicated that there was still water in the boat, but she showed a good side, and was no longer the drowned thing she had been. The sinking of the sun warned them to stop baling; it was approaching the horizon, and there would be no twilight to help us when it was gone. They kept their places in the boat, and took the raft in tow, and by leaning over the side managed to paddle the boat along as fast again as they could have urged the raft. Indeed, they were not above twenty minutes in performing the journey. We stood on the beach to receive them, and when they were within ear-shot we all of us cheered and cried to them. They answered our shouts heartily; and so, paddling the boat around the point of reef, they brought her to the entrance of the creek and came ashore, bringing with them the end of the tow-line.

It would have moved you, I am sure, to have seen us shaking hands with the two men. We crowded round them, and only let them go because they said

they were wild with thirst. Norie and I then waded into the water, and, laying hold of the boat's gunwale, looked into her. There was not more than a foot of water in her, and this being as bright as glass, I could clearly see that her bottom was perfectly sound. Indeed, I could not perceive that she had sustained any injury, unless I except the loss of her rudder and her amidship thwart, that was started on the port side.

I called to Sir Mordaunt: "She is an old friend, and you were not mistaken. Here is the name 'Lady Maud' in black and white"—pointing to the stern.

In truth she might well have been called the yacht's long-boat, for, when on the chocks just abaft the foremast, she had the look of a long boat, with her square stern, plump sides, and motherly beam. Her brass rowlocks hung by their lariards; her rudder was, as I have said, gone, but the gudgeons were standing—that is, the eyes on which the rudder had been hung.

To secure her for the night, Norie and I hauled her to the head of the creek, which brought her close to the beach.

"There is nothing the matter with her," said I to Tripshore, as he and Hunter rejoined us.

"Nothing, praise the Lord," he replied.

"She'll want a new rudder," said I, "and we must rig her. But that is easily done. To-morrow morning we'll set to work and give her an outfit."

"Will she carry us all?" asked Miss Tuke.

"Ay, miss, and half as many again," answered Hunter. "That fore-tops'l yard there, Mr. Walton, will be the very thing for a mast. Pity we sent away the top-gallant-yard in the raft this morning, sir."

"Oh, we'll find something to bend a sail to," said I; glad to find that the man's mutinous manner had left him, and that he talked with his old civility.

As we strolled slowly back to the hut the sun sank, and so magnificent was the sight of the huge red and flashing luminary, poised like a vast wheel of fire upon the polished red water, that we all stopped to look at it, and kept silence as the orb gradually drew down. For a few minutes after it was gone, the sky in

the west seemed as though a great city was burning out of sight under it, so terribly splendid was the crimson glare upon the heavens. But this awful and majestic light faded fast, sea and sky took a kind of yellow color, and then they became gray, and quickly changed into darkness, and night came upon us with a single stride, with a bright moon overhead, and the water in the north full of starlight.

The discovery and possession of our boat had put us all into fine spirits. Instead of entering the hut, we seated ourselves upon the coral sand at the top of the beach, and clear of the grass, that soon began to sparkle in the moonshine with the dew. The air was moist, but it was deliciously cool, and it was pleasanter to sit in the light of the bland and beautiful planet than in the dark hut; and, moreover, there was something finely in harmony with our hopeful and grateful spirits in the peace of the sea, with the darkness and the stars in the north and east, and the flood of moonlight in the south, and in the soft creaming of the little breakers and the distant melodious wash of the swell over the line of reef.

We sat talking of our chances of escape, and in what direction we should steer the boat. I told them a story of three sailors who had sailed a smaller boat than ours over two thousand miles of sea, and related some of the hardships they had endured; how they never despaired, but manfully struggled on and on; until, after many days, and after they had measured the amazing distance of two thousand miles, they were picked up by a brig, and safely landed in England.

Then we talked over the provisioning of the boat. Miss Tuke asked how we should be able to carry water to drink.

"In the beef cask," said I. "We will test it. If it leaks, we must endeavor to make it tight."

"There's the sherry cask," said Tripshore.

"I know," I replied; "but we will carry the sherry with us, if the other cask will hold water."

"How much will it hold?" asked Sir Mordaunt.

"Between twenty and thirty gallons, I should say," I replied.

"And how long will that quantity last?" inquired Norie.

"Why," said I, "don't you see, Norie, that must depend upon how much we use. Twenty-five gallons will be two hundred pints. There are eight of us, and even a liberal allowance would give us a fortnight's supply."

"We could sail across the Gulf in that time" exclaimed Mrs. Stretton.

"Norie," said Sir Mordaunt, leaning toward the doctor, and speaking softly, though I heard him, "before we quit the island, you will keep your promise?"

"I will set about it in the morning," responded Norie.

I knew this referred to the cross that Sir Mordaunt wished to erect over his wife's grave. Hearing what had been said, I remarked that, as there would be a deal of work to be done in the morning, it would be wise to settle the programme at once.

"You, Norie," said I, "will carry out Sir Mordaunt's wishes. That will be your part, and we shall expect nothing else from you. You and I, Tripshore, will fit and rig the boat. Hunter, you will help Mrs. Stretton and Miss Tuke to empty the beef cask, and then test it, and if it leaks you must turn to and make it tight—if you can; and if you can't, then we must capsize the sherry and use that cask. Mrs. Stretton, you will cook more beef after breakfast, so that we can ship a fair supply; and, indeed, you and Miss Tuke and Carey will see to the provisions, for when Hunter has done with the cask, he'll join us at the boat. Is my programme to your liking?"

They all said yes, it would do very well.

"But what is my work?" said Sir Mordaunt.

"Why," said I, "you can act as overseer, and take care that there is no skulking among us."

My poor friend probably felt that this was about as much as he could do, for though he begged a little to be made practically useful, he gave over his entreaties very soon.

For nearly an hour we remained talking in this manner; but now the dew was falling like rain, and I advised the ladies to withdraw to the hut.

"Let us thank God, before we retire,

for the mercy and goodness He has shown us this day," said Sir Mor-daunt.

So we all knelt down upon the sand in the moonlight, while the baronet prayed aloud; and when our thanksgiving was over we shook hands, and all of our company, except the seamen and I, withdrew to the hut.

"We had better keep watch, as we did last night, my lads," said I.

"Ay, ay," they answered.

We debated, and then settled that Tripshore should stand the first watch, Hunter the second, and I the last.

"Is it worth while keeping the fire in?" asked Tripshore.

"No," I replied. "I am satisfied that no vessels approach these waters, and a fire is useless. The weather looks settled; we shall have the sun in the morning, and then we can light the fire. Keep your eye on the boat, Tripshore, and watch for any more wreckage that may come ashore."

So saying, I went to the hut, followed by Hunter, and dragging up a bit of the sail, so as to make a pillow, I put down my head, and was soon fast asleep.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

THE COMING OF THE MAHDY.

THE recent news that a false prophet had arisen in the Soudan, and, after defeating the Egyptian forces, commenced to advance with 7000 followers on Cairo, calls attention to a question which cannot fail to have considerable importance as influencing the course of political history in the Levant. For this leader, whether enthusiast or impostor, is one of the numerous fanatics who, in Arabia, Egypt, Syria, or North Africa, have lately claimed to be the expected "guide" of Islam, the Mahdy foretold by Mohammed.

The doctrine of the appearance in the last days of this religious leader is not found in the Koran itself, but it is noticed in the early traditions of the sayings of the Prophet's companions, which are inferior only in authority to the written word of revelation granted to himself.

Aly Ibn Massud is reported to have heard the Prophet predict that a deliverer should be born from his descendants, and bearing his own name, Mohammed Ibn Abdallah. The famous Imam Aly, the son-in-law of the Prophet, husband of Fatima, was told, according to tradition, that his future champion should rise from the descendants of Hussein; and in the fatal day of Kerbela, Aly comforted Hussein with the assurance that their blood should be avenged in the future, when God should raise up El Mahdy to stand in their place, the Lord of mankind.

The details of this expected interference in favor of Islam approach very

closely to those which are again and again repeated in the Jewish apocalyptic literature, and especially in the Sibylline books written at Alexandria, whence Virgil borrowed the language of his remarkable Eclogue. The connection with the name of Aly, the famous Imam, whose martyrdom divided Islam by an irremediable schism, indicates a Persian origin for a dogma which is nevertheless commonly believed by Sunnees; for even the wild Anazeh Arabs, who roam the deserts east of Damascus, have for years looked forward to the great catastrophe: and as the Bedawin are not conspicuous for piety or fanatical feeling (many tribes, indeed, being quite unaccustomed to the performance of the ordinary prayer called the Fathah), it seems clear that either the expectation of the Mahdy must be very widely spread, or that it has been industriously disseminated by a Moslem propaganda.

The coming of the Mahdy is to be preceded by a time of great and general trouble. Gog and Magog, in whom the faithful recognize (as do many among ourselves) the Russian power, must first burst the bounds set for them by Iskander Abu el Karnein, "the two horned" Alexander the Great, who has become in popular tradition a hero of Islam. The loss of the Khalif's dominions, swallowed up by the infidels, is expected to follow, and many Moslems believe that the present year (1300 of the era of the Hegira) is the appointed time. The hostile forces are to assem-

ble in the vicinity of Homs, or, according to others, of Aleppo;—and it is here that the great battle—the Moslem Armageddon—is to be fought between the faithful and the combined powers of heathenness. The latter are to be assisted by the anti-Mahdy and the beast of the earth, a mysterious monster (the old Aryan earth-cow) who appears in most Asiatic mythologies. According to the Arab version, the earth is held in the hand of a mighty angel standing on a foundation-stone (like the Jewish stone of foundation floating over the abyss and supporting the Temple), and this foundation-stone is again supported on the back and horns of the beast of the earth. The final result of the battle is decided by the appearance of El Mahdy, who will rally the dispersed Moslems, and put the infidels to flight. A long reign of peace is to follow, and is only terminated by the Yom-ed-Din, when Mohammed himself will descend to bestride the pillar which juts out of the great eastern wall of the Haram at Jerusalem, while at the same time Jesus, son of Miriam, will stand on the summit of the tall eastern minaret of the Damascus mosque.

The great gathering in the valley of Gehenna will then take place; the great scales (the very same in which Thmei and the Monkey god weighed the heart of the Egyptian of old) will be set up to weigh good and evil deeds; and the elect, whose souls were won from the Deity by the Prophet when playing for them with dice in heaven (just as Thoth played dice with Isis for the lost days of the solar year), will safely pass the bridge Sirat to enjoy the endless pleasures of the celestial paradise, the company of the black-eyed houris, the sweet songs of the angel Israfil.

But, although the coming of the Mahdy as above described is without doubt generally discussed by Moslems, and devoutly believed by those who are inclined to delight in mystic expectations, it cannot as yet be said to have exerted any important influence over the conduct of the masses—at all events among the Turkish subjects of Egypt, Syria, and Anatolia. It has rather created a mild millennial hope, which, among a fatalistic race, consoles for present failure and decay, and gives ex-

cuse for the postponement of energetic action.

The tyranny of the Turk, the cruel hardships resulting from the war with Russia, the great and increasing poverty of the peasantry, have given rise to a feeling of hopeless and abject despair, from which it seems impossible to rouse the minds of the oppressed. "If the Mahdy should come to-morrow, I would not go a step to meet him, for he could do nothing for me." Such is the answer of the Fellah, even to a Christian interrogator. It is in a time of trouble that such anticipations are usually most ardently entertained; for it is natural that the devout Moslem should expect divine interposition to rescue a condition of affairs which he believes to be against the established intentions of Providence, but which he yet sees to be beyond hope of human remedy. Yet in the dominions of the Sultan despair has seemingly so laid hold of men's minds, that even a hope in Providence is at length lost; and the wild fervor with which the Jews clung to a belief in the sudden appearance of the Messiah, whose feet should stand on the Mount of Olives, even in the last days of the great siege, when the Temple was in flames and the great towers fell sapped by Roman mines, is a feeling which finds no parallel in the apathetic minds of Turks and Syrians, who no longer turn with hope to either Khalif or Mahdy. "Give us," they have been heard to say, "even a Jew to govern us, but save us at least from the Osmanli."

Fanaticism is indeed not an attitude of mind natural to the Arab character. The doctrine of the Koran, and the practice of the early Khalifs, were alike notable for a tolerance which contrasts most remarkably with the narrow spirit of crusading Christianity. It was the cruelty of the Tartar invaders of Syria which gave rise to that oppression of pilgrims on which the great "atrocious agitation" of Peter the Hermit was founded. Charlemagne and Harûner-Rashid were as good friends as were the Princes of Antioch and the Sultans of Damascus; and when poor Saint Willibald, in the eighth century, was imprisoned in one of the Syrian towns as a vagrant and suspicious character, because his dress and language were

alike outlandish, he was nevertheless soon released as a harmless lunatic, by the governor of the place, who had seen a few like him before.

The same spirit reigns among Arabs of the present day, and results in scenes hardly to be expected in a Moslem country. The visitor to Jerusalem may see the young Rabbi, who believes himself to be the true Jewish Messiah, walking unhurt in the streets, although he has not yet succeeded in gathering disciples of his own. Some years since he might watch the poor sailor (once lightning-struck) who, dressed in white, and staggering beneath a wooden cross some fifteen feet high, announced himself as Jesus of Nazareth, and inscribed men's names in his book of life; but that troubled brain now lies at peace in the English graveyard, while at the gravehead the cross he carried has been fixed with touching propriety, and is surrounded with that crown of thorns which he at one time actually wore. An American prophet driving a wagon, and married to an Arab wife to the disgust of his lawful spouse, who has appeared unexpectedly to claim him, has taken the place of the Englishman, and is equally tolerated by the Moslem population. Within the city itself, close to the Moslem quarter, fifteen American devotees await the appearance of the Messiah on Olivet, and pass their time in prayer and song. Yet these people are suffered to live unmolested, and can walk the streets without fear of being stoned.

Nor are these quiet and solitary enthusiasts the only Christians whose proceedings might be expected to attract the jealousy of Moslems. The inhabitants of Hebron—a city which retains more of the old-fashioned hatred of Christians than perhaps any town in Syria—have recently seen our Royal Princes honorably escorted by the Pasha to the interior of that sacred sanctuary, which is still, as a rule, unprofaned by the curious infidel; yet no voice of protest was raised by the crowd, which gaped with open mouths, anxious only to see the grandchildren of the great English Queen who rules more Moslems than the Padishah himself.

Not long afterward the peasantry witnessed again a religious ceremony,

which alarmed even the Turkish Government so much as to induce them to make counter-demonstrations. They saw a thousand pilgrims from France—women, men, priests, and monks—file slowly down the narrow and filthy street which leads to the Holy Sepulchre—clothed mostly in white pilgrim cloaks, marching two and two, with embroidered banners, the stout peasant side by side with the dainty Parisienne, the gray-bearded devotee with the *calotin* youth of sixteen, the best blood of France with the poorest village *curé*. The deep bass of the men, the sweet full voices of the women, united in a pilgrim hymn which echoed through the dingy streets; yet no curses were heard from the Moslem crowd which looked on, nor was any attempt made to break the order of the procession, protected merely by two French *cavasses* at its head.

A few days later a Moslem counter-demonstration was indeed organized; but it was by the local officials, not by the native population, that it was set on foot. The eldest son of the military governor, with some other boys, was taken to the Haram to be circumcised. He was mounted on a gaily dressed camel, carrying a *mahmal* or closed quadrangular tent, such as is annually sent to Mecca with the Haj, adorned with green silk hangings, and surmounted by a wooden crescent on the pyramidal roof. Behind him other children were mounted on horses, and dressed in military uniforms, with diamond ornaments and tiny swords. Before him a barbarous band of drums and cymbals headed the procession; and a convict who had been painted over with tar and then rolled in cotton, was led by two chains from his neck, to increase the effect of the spectacle. Yet this strange ceremony seemed to the apathetic populace equally uninteresting with the Frank pilgrimage, concerning the political meaning of which they had been just speculating; and the Government, having failed to excite enthusiasm, appeared to think it prudent, by an unusual parade of the garrison, and by the pompous entry of two rusty field-guns, dragged up from Jaffa along forty miles of execrable road, to remind their subjects of the military force at the disposal of the Pasha.

Jewish families from Russia have also recently poured into Palestine, and have settled at Gaza, where they will find little competition in trade, but at the same time few customers to enrich them. The peasantry have not even objected to the installation of this new tribe—unpopular as are, nevertheless, the Hebrews among the modern Canaanites. The Fellah, in short, like the widow of Sarepta of old, seems to say in his despair, "I am gathering two sticks, that I may go in and dress for me and my son, that we may eat, and die."

So far, then, as can be judged by an observer not admitted into the confidence of the more strict Moslems, who belong to the ancient families attached to mosques, or to old Arab school foundations in the principal towns, there is no formidable recrudescence of fanatical expectation among the mass of the people in the Levant. Nor is such a spirit to be found among the nomadic tribes which roam over the desert districts. Recent explorers have shown that the Bedawin can scarcely be classed as Moslems at all. Their usual religious beliefs appear to be connected with the primeval stone-worship which was the Arab religion before Mohammed. Aly Ibn Abu Taleb has become to them a mythical character like Zeid, Zir, Antar, or any of the heroes of the Beni Helal. Legends which seemed based on the history of Moses, Joshua, and Samson, are attributed to the mystical Imam. Persian folk-lore has been found to exist among the 'Adwan Arabs, and the cromlech has been discovered still in use. The Bedawin of the Belka are a prayerless people, with a superstitious belief in the power of their dead ancestors; but they are at the same time sharp politicians, who look forward to deriving benefit for themselves in the confusion which would accompany the disruption of Turkish rule. They might gather round a political Mahdy for purposes of plunder and revenge, but they could never be attracted by religious zeal to fight for the faith of Islam as a losing cause.

We may turn again to inquire whether among the Derwish sects a spark of fanatical fire may exist, capable of setting Islam in flames; but it must be confessed that, unless utilized for a political

propaganda, there does not appear to be any symptom of spontaneous zeal among these mysterious brotherhoods. There are twelve original orders of Derwishes, each vowed to obey its chief, and each initiated into mystic doctrines. Of these, the Malawiyeh or dancing derwishes, whose Persian founder Hazret Moulana is buried at Koniah in Lycania, are perhaps the most venerated. They are recruited from the respectable shopkeeping class, and have monasteries not only at Koniah, but also at Aleppo, Tripoli, and other places: they are distinguished by the sugar-loaf hat of tawny felt, round which the green turban of a Hajji is sometimes wound. Those who have seen the solemn ceremony of their dance, when, clothed in white skirts flying disc-like round their waists, they rotate like great human tops round the central figure, and who compare their movements with the sacred spectacles of India, can hardly doubt that the original meaning of the ceremony was a symbolic representation of the movement of the planets in their orbits, round the centre, which, according to the Ptolemaic system, is represented by earth itself.

The Rifi'ayeh sect, followers of the "Saint of God, Rifi'ai," wear black turbans in Egypt, and are remarkable as eaters of scorpions and serpents, piercing themselves like the Baal priests with swords and knives, and drawing snakes from their holes by a magic power not understood by others. The ceremony of the Dôzeh, in which the chief rides on horseback over his prostrate disciples, is performed by this sect, who are found wandering over Egypt and Syria. A third famous order is that of the followers of Seiyid-el-Bedawi, who claim divine powers for their chief, and tread unhurt on fire, or eat live coals, serpents, and scorpions. They perform also the *Zikr* or "remembrance," standing in a circle and vociferating the formula "No God but God" until they sometimes fall into an epileptic fit. A fourth sect is that of the Ahmediyeh, who wear red turbans and carry red banners, and among whom still lingers the worship of the ass, which, strange as it may seem, is one of the oldest cults in Asia, and is said still to exist among the Anseiriyeh north of Lebanon.

The Barhamiyeh derwishes are distinguished by green banners and turbans ; and the Kadiriyeh (who adore the sacred shoe of their founder), carry fishers' nets in procession—a survival of a very ancient Egyptian custom. Many other orders, varying in power and respectability, from the rich dwellers in monasteries to the ragged wanderers with shaggy locks and gleaming spears, are scattered throughout the Moslem East ; but all are grouped round their respective chiefs, forming secret societies vowed to unquestioning obedience.

It is nevertheless not improbable, though at first it may sound like a paradox, that the sympathies of the mystic sects may be more closely allied to the free thought of the West than to the commonplace orthodoxy of exoteric Moslem teaching. It is at least an accusation which has been brought against many secret sects, that the highest degree of initiation consists in the negation of all religious doctrines. It was with such infidelity that the Templars were charged in the acts of accusation which are still extant. It was with the neglect not only of religious, but even of the most elementary moral principles, that the Gnostics were to all appearance sometimes justly reproached ; and we know that in the Buddhist system the highest truths include repudiation of the deterrent dogmas by which lower and coarser minds are sought to be influenced. It is, moreover, very suggestive, that in an Arab account of the gradual and Jesuitical persuasion of converts among the Ismaileh—one of the earliest mystic sects of Islam—the disciple is described as advancing to final scepticism with respect to all religious systems. He is first taught the ordinary dogma of the Imamat, or successive reincarnation of the Divine power. He is told that the spirit of the future Imam, who, like the Mahdy, is to come in the last days, has already appeared—a spark of the divine essence, under the forms of certain historic personages, just as Zarathustra himself, again and again, born to convert the world, is once more, according to the Persian faith, to precede as a herald the future universal monarch. In the next stage, the Shi'ah novice is taught the value of such tricks of

sleight-of-hand and magic formulæ as shall win respect from the ignorant, to whom they are made to appear signs of supernatural power : he learns the secret gesture of the sect, like the Gnostic handshake, the mason's grip, or the quiet passing of the fingers across the beard, whereby members of the Derwish orders recognize one another. In the final and most confidential initiation, the Ismaileh novice is taught to laugh at his own faith in Imams, not less than at the superstitions of the most ignorant of pagans ; and is told that all historic systems are alike but symbols of one truth, of the worship of *life* under its two aspects, male and female, which have existed from the unknown eternal past, and will exist for a limitless future. He is thus brought back to the basis of the very earliest and rudest ideas of the Asiatic races, to the meaning of fire and water worship, Agni and Indra, Siva and Vishnu, the *lingam* and the *yoni*. The great prophets, he is taught, merely repeated what was shadowed forth in the rough stone monuments of the early Arabs, dedicated to Allah and Allat ; and the hope of a future Imam gives place to a scepticism in which the existence of the Divinity Himself is finally denied.

As far, then, as it is possible for the uninitiated to speculate on the arcana of the Moslem esoteric teaching, it seems highly probable that among the Derwish leaders no real belief in the coming of any future Imam or Mahdy exists ; and that although the lower grades may be taught the ancient dogma of successive incarnations of the Deity, and may through vows of obedience be bound to follow their chiefs in any course of action which they may dictate, it is improbable that these organizations will be carried away by any fanatical enthusiasm, unless selfish motives, personal or political, should lead to the recognition of some Moslem champion as the Mahdy of popular tradition.

But between these two classes—the untaught and the philosophical—there is a middle class of the orthodox inhabitants of cities and towns, whose religious tenets present a far more dangerous narrowness of view, and among whom fanaticism has a real existence. Such are the white-turbaned youths

who study in the Moslem schools, the venerable elders whose green turbans bear witness to their performance of at least one pilgrimage to Mecca. Such are the doctors of the Tenzil, or plain exoteric interpretation of the Koran, who take the Scripture literally, without seeking for any mystical hidden meaning. They do not, indeed, represent the mass of the nation, and their voices might be silenced by the popular enthusiasm for a Western protecting power; but their presence, their hatred of all that is non-Moslem, their eager dissemination of scandalous misrepresentations of Christian dogmas, their zealous attempts to win the peasantry to the side of Islam, must not be for a moment forgotten by those who would understand aright the tendencies of modern Moslem thought. Comparatively few in numbers, these narrow-minded orthodox believers are, nevertheless, very much in earnest; and their power lies in the veneration with which they are regarded, and in the prestige resulting from ancient birth and high social position.

It is among this class—Sokhtas, Ulemas, Kadis, Sheikhs, and Imams of the great mosques, gentlemen of old family, living in houses which have belonged to their ancestors for many centuries—that a real belief in the coming of the Mahdy, and in the future triumph of Islam, exists. It is by such doctors of the Hanifeh school of Sunnees that the Sultan's claim to the Khalifate is supported, and the propaganda of Pan-Islamism (or, more properly, Pan-Sunnecism), with the Padishah as religious head, is vigorously fomented. Among them are found men sincerely devout and completely convinced, no less than hypocrites who look forward to the good things which may be obtained through the re-establishment of the old order, uncontrolled by the public opinion of the Western infidels. If the care of the Moslem lands bordering on the Mediterranean should pass into the hands of men selected from such a class, there can be little hope, not only of the spread of civilization and progress, but even of the just government of the various races who are so inextricably intermixed in all parts of the Levant.

With the origin of the doctrine of the Mahdy's advent we are not at present specially concerned. In India, the appearance of a universal king and of an independent religious teacher, to be born in future days, dates back at least three thousand years. In Persia, the coming of Sosiosh is first mentioned about 300 B.C.; and the dogma is developed so fully in the works of the Sassanian period, that it seems to have been probably from Persia that the Moslems first derived the idea of the Mahdy. The Messiah of the Jew, the Mahdy of the Samaritan, cannot fail to be recalled to our minds when we read the details of the eschatological expectations of Islam; while, among the Druses, the Indian idea is fully developed, and the future incarnation of Hakem as a universal monarch is to be accompanied by a similar appearance of Hamzeh as a religious teacher.

The sudden development of a system like that of the Druses—a faith which has only existed for about eight centuries, and which, nevertheless, is now held by at least a hundred thousand souls—is, however, an historical fact which, at the present time, is eminently instructive. A Hakem or a Hamzeh might spring up in our own times quite as easily as in the year 1000 A.D., and they would find in the East a condition of things at least as favorable as that existing when the Persian heretics, Hamzeh and Darazi, proclaimed the Fatimite Khalif Hakem to be the expected Imam or incarnation of the Deity.

Those who have studied the Druse religion by itself are not always aware that it was but a natural outgrowth of the older Ismaileh heresies which resulted from the influence of the Mazdeism of Sassanian Persia on the young religion of Mohammed. They have supposed that some mystic teaching of high importance is concealed by the silence of the Akkals, or initiated caste, among these strange people, and have, perhaps, hardly given enough attention to the indications observable in the prayerlessness of the Druses, in their disregard of all ritual, and in their license as regards the denial of their faith—indications which go to prove that the highest initiation among their leaders is to a

scepticism like that of the Ismaileh or of the Buddhist philosophers.

The followers of Hakem and Hamzeh were at first distinguished from the Moslems of Egypt only by one tenet, that the incarnation generally expected had actually taken place in the birth of the then reigning Khalif, Hakem bin Amr Illah. As a descendant of Fatima, his claim was by no means unnatural; and whether or not he believed in his own supernatural character, there can be little doubt that he found, in the assumption of a religious pretension so august, a very powerful political weapon, with which, had he been a wiser and less extravagant man, he might have hoped to revolutionize Islam, and to obtain general recognition as a universal Moslem ruler.

If, then, in our own days a man of real genius should arise—a man not hampered by too narrow an orthodoxy, or hindered by scruples such as prevent the truest and the best from advancing the interests of personal ambition by trading on the follies or the feelings of the untaught; if, at the same time, he were an Arab by birth (a fellow-countryman, at least, if not a supposed descendant of the Koreish Prophet), a prince or a sheriff, well versed in the Koran, learned in the subtleties of the traditional interpretation, of ready wit and eloquence, a popular hero in short, and a shrewd politician as well—such a man would find in the expectation of the Mahdy, and in the present condition of all Islam, an opportunity for the attainment of widespread power, and for the indulgence of the most unbounded ambition, such as has not arisen for many centuries. He might revolutionize the history of the East, and make the religion of Islam, which seems already to show symptoms of decrepitude and disintegration, an enthusiastic faith, uniting the various scattered races and sects which now turn to Western Christian states for deliverance from Moslem rulers.

Of such a leader we have not yet heard. The Turkish Sultan, whatever may be the value of his claim to the Khalifate—practically or theoretically—is quite incapable of pretending to the character of Mahdy. The military adventurer whose intrigues and boldness

have given so much trouble in Egypt, has not yet dared the master-stroke of proclaiming himself to be the expected prophet, although he has been represented as a descendant of Fatima—a claim which was doubtful even when advanced by the so-called Fatimite Khalifs, and which must nowadays be regarded as extremely apocryphal. Perhaps Arâb Pasha is too sincere and devout a Moslem to have ever thought of so trading on the religious feelings of his fellow-religionists; perhaps he is aware that he has not the qualities required to play such a part. At all events, he has not announced himself to be the Mahdy, although he had much to gain by so doing.

The Nejed chief, concerning whom we have heard so much from Mr. Blunt, has as yet given no very evident symptoms of political genius or wide ambition. He would probably shrink from the impiety of aspiring to the sacred character of a reincarnation of the ancient Imams; and many who know the Arab character well are forced to doubt the capacity of the Bedawin for political union or sustained effort. The Turks despise the Arab tribes, which they break up at will by intrigue, or defeat with inferior force in the field; and the Turks are perhaps the best authorities we have in the matter, although to some of our politicians at home the Arab races appear to be considered as invincible as they believe the Boer or the Zulu to have proved themselves.

Mr. Broadley, in his work recently published on Tunis, gives an interesting account of the Senoussia, a sect founded by Mohammed Senoussi, the father of the present Senoussi el Mehdi, in regard to whose appearance he gives the following prophecy: "On the first month of Moharrem in the year 1300 (12th November 1882) will appear El Mehdi or Messiah. He will be exactly forty years of age, and of noble bearing. One arm will be longer than the other. His father's name will be Mohammed, his brother's Fatima, and he will be hidden for a time prior to his manifestation." In spite, however, of the scope which the agitation in Northern Africa has afforded his pretensions, it does not appear as if this personage were to make his mark more than other impostors.

As we scan the political horizon, we fail, then, to discover at present the future leader who might make the millennial dream an actual reality, and successfully assume the character of the Mahdy. Solitary enthusiasts spring up from time to time, and disappear after a brief interval of celebrity. The coming man of genius is as yet unrevealed, and is perhaps never destined to come at all. If so, the tendency of political history seems to point clearly to the decay of Moslem influence, and to the extension of Christian power in Egypt, in Syria, and in Anatolia. The Pan-Islamic scheme must perish through the weakness and artificiality of its character, through the disunion of Moslem tribes and sects, and the evident contradiction between the Sultan's pretensions and the plain words of the Koran, unless fresh life is inspired into the movement by a really able and impetuous leader, venerated as a sacred person, and idolized as an Arab hero.

We are just at the present moment approaching a crisis in the history of this Moslem expectation. The Sunnees hold that the Mahdy will come in the year 1300 of the Hegira. That year will in a few months dawn upon us. The Druses say that Hakem will come in the ninth century after his disappearance. Some signs of the end are, it is true, not yet fulfilled. Gog and Magog, have not yet drunk dry the Sea of Galilee. Ed Dajjal, the one-eyed anti-Mahdy, marked on his forehead with the word *Kaffir* ("infidel"), has not yet been reported to have rallied the Jews in the East previous to riding on his ass from Irak to Syria; the sun has not yet risen in the West; the patient earth-beast still supports his ordinary load; the smoke which is to fill the earth has as yet only been seen in our great manufacturing cities; the Sultan of Turkey still awaits the discovery of treasures in Euphrates, which would be so valuable just now; the Kaabah at Mecca has not been destroyed as yet; and beasts and birds have not begun to speak like men. Yet, on the other hand, there are signs already fulfilled to which the pious may turn for edification. Faith and truth have of a surety decayed among men in the East, if not in the West; unworthy persons have come to honor;

slaves have been promoted above princesses of birth; tumults and seditions have been stirred up; war between the Turk and other Moslems has commenced in Arabia; and distress so great has spread over the Moslem world, that men envy the dead who can suffer no more. If ever there were a time when the Mahdy might be expected to appear, surely it is the present year.

The signs whereby the Mahdy is to be known are, it is true, very specially enumerated. In India, in like manner, the requisites to be fulfilled by a Buddha before he could be acknowledged, were more numerous than the marks which denoted an Apis. Yet believers have never proved themselves very exacting in inquiring into such details, when once convinced of the general appropriateness of character in their leader. The Mahdy should be an Arab, and his name should be Mohammed Ibn Abdallah; but he might easily assume the first name, and the second ("servant of God") might be regarded as an appellation only, and as evidently appropriate to the father of so illustrious a son, whatever were the name by which he was more commonly known. The descent from Fatima might be proved without difficulty to an uncritical public. Eloquence and knowledge of religion are possessed by most men in the East, and such qualities are apt to be extolled beyond their deserts in those who have become popular. Genius is almost the only necessary quality for an actual Mahdy; and who shall say that a genius may not yet manifest himself?

The important question for the present is, therefore, the course that England should pursue in face of the present temper of the Moslem world in the Levant. Since the days of the Bulgarian agitation, Englishmen have no doubt learned much concerning the ideas and habits of the Turkish and Arab Moslems; but they have yet much to learn. That the recent massacres at Alexandria should have been thought, even for a short time, to be the result of a widespread fanaticism, argues a very imperfect acquaintance with the feeling of the lower classes in Egypt. Had the massacre taken place twenty years ago in the interior—as at Damascus in 1860—it might perhaps have been due to re-

ligious hate; though even in the instance mentioned, the lower classes were incited by their rulers, who were actuated mainly by motives of local political origin. But that in a city where the Christian element is so strong, where the nationalities are so mixed and so numerous, and where the original severity of Moslem life has been so entirely undermined by intercourse with the West, a genuine religious outbreak should take place, while Cairo and Damascus, Hebron and Hamah, remained undisturbed in their usual tolerance of the infidel, was a supposition which no one acquainted with the character of the population in the Egyptian seaport could easily entertain.

The phantom of a national Moslem party in Egypt is not less the creation of minds unfamiliar with the thoughts and lives of the lower classes in the Levant. The natural quickness of the Arab enables him easily to acquire a superficial acquaintance with the ideas and phrases of Europeans, a knowledge as rapidly and imperfectly attained as is that of European languages. The Egyptian donkey-boy will very soon make himself understood in broken English; but the Arab who can speak correctly any language, even including his own, is not easily to be found. Thus with the control and with the establishment of native newspapers, the terms "freedom," "nationality," "constitution," "patriotism," became familiar to mouths which glibly repeated what was never felt at heart. With grim irony the military despots, who have presumed on the weakness of recognized rulers, paid back the foreigner in terms newly imported by his own representatives; and the cry of "Egypt for the Egyptians" was at once so clever and so impudent, as to deceive many who did not consider by whom it was raised.

When once we pause to reflect on the position of Arabi and his followers, it must seem clear that they cannot represent the feelings of the masses of the nation, whom by their insolence and short-sighted self-sufficiency they have ruined. It is impossible to suppose that those who have increased the useless army of Egypt from 12,000 to 15,000 men, and thereby added a quar-

ter more to the military burdens, and to the petty tyrants of the country, can really represent the wishes of the poor and timid peasantry, who are bound to a compulsory service which they hate. It is impossible to think that it is the will of the people that they should be left without that employment which has so largely depended on European direction and capital, and subjected to hostile attack from European nations, with whose colonists they had so long maintained cordial and useful relations.

If England only appreciated the advantages which she really possesses, she would become aware that her influence with the oriental populations is such as to place her in a far better position than is enjoyed by any other European nation. English firmness, justice, tolerance, and good-nature are extolled by the Arabs above all qualities of the Germans, whom they dislike, and the French, whom, as a rule, they cordially hate. The English Queen is known as a great Moslem ruler. English Protestantism is favorably contrasted with the degradation of the Greek Church, and the cunning of the Latins. English power, as evinced happily in recent events, has caused our name to be respected, while our toleration and patience are equally appreciated. It is not mere national conceit or Arab flattery which gives rise to such impressions, for the facts are admitted even by foreigners, and the native exhibitions of opinion are too genuine and too spontaneous to be doubted.

So long as the real Mahdy does not actually appear, England has no cause for fearing the intentions of the Moslem Arab races. The peasantry are favorable to her, and the wiser heads of the upper classes see clearly the benefits of her rule, and contrast them with the miseries of Moslem mismanagement. If such a leader as has been suggested in the preceding pages should appear, we should hope to find in him also a man of sufficient breadth of view to be above religious hatred of the fanatical class; and in such a case an alliance natural and powerful would result.

It is not our business, as some have proposed to us, to manufacture such a Moslem revival, but if it comes upon us spontaneously we have no real reason to

fear it. Our time-honored duty has been to work for the freedom of other peoples, and to strive against the tyranny of unjust governments. Our misfortune has been of late to take the opposite side against our will, and to abet unjust despotism taking the guise of patriotism. So long as we avoid the errors of French intolerance in North Africa, and go on in the work we have begun, we need not fear the harm which the Pan-Islamite propaganda would do us, because it will fail to convince the

mass of the Moslem races against the evidence of their senses.

The actual Mahdy will be, if he comes, a man of genius, with whom we might hope to be able to deal; the traditional Mahdy is a myth with which we have little to do; but we must never forget that, though his coming is but a dream, it is nevertheless a dream which in the devout East may any day become a reality, and give rise to new forces as yet dormant in the Moslem world.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

A TENNESSEE SQUIRE.

THERE is perhaps no part of the United States where life goes on more calmly than in the region of the Cumberland Mountains, Tennessee. This beautiful wilderness is thinly peopled by a race of "natives"—that is, white settlers and squatters, who are as unaffected by the fierce activities of their fellow-citizens in the Eastern and Western States as if they were inhabitants of another continent or men of another age. Their homesteads are remote from highways; and these highways are so little frequented, that weeks may pass without a stranger appearing. Having very imperfect means of transport for corn or cattle to paying markets, they grow just sufficient for their own use; and simple wants are easily satisfied in a subtropical climate.

Maize is the staple food, wheaten bread being rarely eaten. Swine-flesh of the toughest and least nutritious sort furnishes much of the animal food. Milk is little used. Intoxicating drinks are rarely partaken of, though a good deal of peach-brandy and corn-whiskey are said to be made illicitly. But these are sold to saloon-keepers in by-places, and the money expended in powder, shot, and the few articles required for a primitive household.

Tea and coffee are the favorite stimulants of Tennessee natives, particularly the latter. When whiskey is not made, game is sold at the nearest town to obtain what is needed; and often the hunter will go ten miles with a pair of deer-hams, half a dozen turkeys, rabbits, or other spoils of the chase; and glad is

he to bring back a few pounds of green coffee in exchange.

Hunting is indeed the real business of the Cumberland mountaineer, farming being a mere incident. To roam in the boundless wilderness with a long rifle, accompanied by a dog, is the occupation and the joy of the half-wild men of the Tennessee forests. Wonderful shots are they, rarely failing to bring the deer down by a bullet through the heart. But though loving solitude more than society, the hunter is kindly, hospitable, and anything but a misanthrope.

In a sparsely peopled country where there are no hotels, the traveller must either carry a tent and provisions, or seek shelter and food from the dwellers in the land. I took the latter course; and never was refused the best that the house afforded. Many hosts repelled all attempts at payment; some even objected to be thanked. The system of demanding and giving hospitality is so common that it is never considered as a benefaction or a favor. What the squatter gives to-day, he himself may have to ask for to-morrow. Business, the chase, a political errand, sends him a day's journey from home, or leaves him belated. That causes him no disquietude. The wanderer goes to the nearest house, assured of a frank and hearty reception. It matters not that he is a stranger. He is received without embarrassment, with genial politeness. But it is necessary to observe that a change is coming over frontiersmen. A host of tramps are prowling over the

United States, worse than their fellow-vagabonds in England, and perhaps more difficult to reclaim. The maraudings and brutalities of these men have made farmers suspicious, and chilled something of their native kindness. Still, the honest stranger is welcomed in a manner that compares favorably with the hospitality of cities; for in these remote wilds, poor people living hard lives, are more neighborly than the inhabitants of London, Paris, or New York.

One of my pleasantest remembrances of Tennessee travel is connected with a short stay I made at the house of a certain Squire named Harker, who lived on a lonely road some distance from Jamestown. The weather was very hot, and my horse and self were tired with a five hours' rapid ride through forest and fell. It was nearing noon, the Tennessee dinner-hour, as I came in sight of the Squire's log-cabin, to which I had been directed by those who had marked out my itinerary. The barking of a great wolf-hound brought out the Squire. He appeared about sixty years of age, tall, spare, and lithe as a young man. His hair was steel-gray, face close shaven, skin browned by weather; his eyes light blue, calm and benignant in expression.

"I come to ask for something to eat for my horse and myself," I said.

"Yes, sir," he replied, expectorating deliberately. "Come in."

With that he led my horse to a trough fed by a mountain stream; and afterward put the tired animal into the stable, throwing before him some corn-cobs and a bit of coarse hay. Then we went toward the house.

Sitting by the fire was a woman, of dubious age, fifty-five or sixty-five. Although the weather was so hot, she was crouched over the blazing logs. Her face was yellow-olive in color, thin to emaciation, haggard and wan. Her eyes had a dreamy quietude in them, like those of a person habituated to soothing drugs. Her figure was gaunt as a skeleton, and scantily draped in a faded cotton gown; the outline of her long angular limbs being rendered more observable by an obvious lameness. In her mouth was a long and much used clay-pipe, the bowl black as ebony.

She paused an instant in her puffing as I entered, then proceeded to smoke without the least embarrassment.

In the chimney-corner near to the mistress of the household stood a beautiful young girl of fifteen, tall as my host, slim as a poplar, with dark pensive eyes, pale olive complexion, and dark hair loosely gathered into a knot. She smiled a childish welcome, which had the effect of destroying the charm of her innocent beauty, for it displayed teeth repellently black. She did not reply to my inquiries respecting her health; for a sudden disquietude passed over her face; her dark dreamy eyes were suffused; she passed hastily to the door. Quick as light she extracted a quid of tobacco from her pretty mouth, and then returned to her mother's side. I tried to appear oblivious of these little incidents, and advanced to shake hands with a young man coming from an inner room. He was shorter and more squarely built than his parents and sister, but the contour of his face and his eyes left me in no doubt that he was the son of my host. A lump of tobacco was in his lower jaw, giving him the aspect of a man suffering from excessive gumboil. He greeted me with kindly gentleness, and sat down.

The interior of the house was extremely rude. Evidently, from its dilapidation, the cabin had been built many years. The logs were blackened by the weather; the floor was patched and uneven; and through many a cranny the sunlight gleamed. Four beds were visible, two in the general room where I was, and two in a little room half-screened by a curtain. The beds were clean, covered with patchwork quilts, but humbler than the couches of our superior peasantry. A few thoroughly uncomfortable chairs were scattered about; a round table was in the middle of the floor; a rough culinary bench was under the window near the back door. The fireplace was a stony chasm, without grate, oven, or other cooking apparatus. A large pot, like that used by gypsies, stood upon the hearth. Such was the furniture of this home in the wilderness.

I cannot say that the house was dirty, untidy, or in any way wretched. It lacked altogether that snugness and

comfort that English people associate with home. There was no sign of poverty, of that pathetic confession of a desperate fight with circumstances, so often seen in the neat homes of the poor in England. And the family had no semblance of being "hard up."

Mrs. Harker was badly, meanly, scantily dressed, worse, indeed, than any laborer's wife in rural Britain. But she did not seem to be aware of it. Miss Harker wanted a new gown, better shoes, a competent hair-brush, and a general reformation in her ideas of attire, though evidently unconscious that she was at variance with correct standards of taste. The worthy Squire wore a pair of pants that had deserved retirement long ago. His shirt was coarse as sail-cloth; and though clean, wanted the skill of an abler laundress than his household afforded. His Wellington boots, into which his pants were thrust, were hoary with the mud of years. Blacking is unknown in the Tennessee wilds, and is as superfluous as hair-powder. Shirt, pants, boots, comprised the whole costume of the Squire and his son; as gown, shoes, stockings, seemed to do for the ladies. Let no fastidious dame or scrupulous dandy find fault with such heretical notions of dress. I was myself at that time wearing simply shirt, trousers, and shoes, and feeling that these were a burden grievous to be borne. The temperature was nintey-eight degrees in the shade; in the sun, one hundred and twenty degrees. Teufelsdröckh might have learned something more of clothes-philosophy had he been Squire Harker's guest.

The doors and windows were wide open, permitting a faint current of air to pass through the room; air laden with the perfume of azaleas, growing like rank weeds in the forest, and with the faint odor of the prairie rose. A humming of bees and buzzing of flies came rhythmically athwart the pauses in the conversation. Outside, the intense white sunlight glittered on every reflecting surface; and the ineffable violet sky soared to an immense height. Across it, here and there, swam rolls of snowy cloud, like pillows of carded wool. The remote firmament, the slow-gliding clouds, the hushing sun-glare, the droning insects, the quiet talk of my enter-

tainers, the stillness of the forest, seemed all harmonious with the calm of a tropical noon.

Hurry here was impossible, rapidity of thought an absurdity, rapidity of action suicide. Life was a wakeful dream, in which to smoke lazily, to exult serenely at the dawdling pace of Time hobbling along on padded sandals, were the only duties.

My hostess informed me that she had long suffered from ague and rheumatism. She had taken all sorts of doctor's stuff, but with little relief. She rose to fetch the bottle containing her medicine, and then I saw how lame she was. Her left hip appeared to have lost its power of articulation. She moved with pain and difficulty, using a strong stick. I was very sorry for her, and we soon became confidential. In talking over remedies, it was clear that the quack was mighty in the land, and that Mrs. Harker had suffered much therefrom. And the school-master was feeble. The commonest news of the time was unknown to the family, or had filtered in by small drops of hearsay. All literary, scientific, or other culture was absent from this household. I was nonplussed at every step, having to begin *de novo* with almost every topic. But I thoroughly interested my friends, who began to look upon me as an extraordinary person, when I tried to explain the genesis of malaria and rheumatism. Diseases were accepted by the Squire's family as mysteries, which no knowledge could fathom, and which medicine could only mitigate.

"I guess you'll like to eat?" said Mrs. Harker after awhile.—"Get dinner ready, Susan." This to the daughter.

During the conversation, which was not interrupted, I observed how the meal was prepared; indeed, I could not help it, as it went on under my eyes. After throwing more wood on the fire, Miss Harker half-filled a tin bowl with Indian meal; into it was dredged some "raising-powder;" water was added, and a paste made in a few minutes. The pot on the hearth was partly filled with hot ashes, and small lumps of dough placed on them; the lid was put on, and the bread-baking was in process. A kettle was placed on the fire, and while the water was heating, the

coffee was ground. Afterward, thick slices of bacon were cut from a rusty flitch, that looked like a section from a pine-slab. A huge heavy frying-pan was filled with the bacon, placed on the fire; and soon the odors of the pan pervaded the room, effectually overwhelming the fragrance of the azaleas and roses. Meantime, from a hidden store-room, an up-piled dish of apple-jam was brought, and a strange-looking substance resembling cream-cheese. A few cracked cups, plates, and small dishes, very heavy and thick, furnished the table equipage.

The meal was soon prepared; and I took the place assigned me by my host, who immediately sat down on the one side of me, his son taking the other. I waited for the ladies to take their places; but they showed no disposition to do so. Feeling uncomfortable, I ventured to suggest that Mrs. Harker should take my seat, which seemed to surprise my friends. No; the women would dine afterward. The Squire did the honors of the table in a generous fashion, piling my plate with bacon, filling my dish with jam, and pressing the hot cakes upon me. Miss Harker supplied the coffee. Her mother continued to smoke and talk in the chimney-corner.

The experience I had subsequently of Tennessee manners and customs showed that the Squire's family was much like others. In no instance did mothers and young children sit down with the father, elder boys, and myself. The old paternal system, which has almost died out in Western Europe, flourishes in the American wilds. No doubt, when strictly *en famille*, the members of the household eat together; but before guests, mothers and youngsters retire into that subjection out of which the race has slowly emerged. But there was no brutal ignoring of the feeble members of the family, no attempt to pass them by. Politeness toward the stranger and the devotion of the host to his guest, seemed to be the reason for this arrangement. I must say, however, that hospitality loses much of its charm when women and children become servitors and spectators instead of fellow-banqueters. And in the settled parts of America there is such an equality in the family, that I found the

squatter's custom more singular than if I had been in another country.

I had made acquaintance with American "pork" prior to meeting it at my host's table. Its harsh fibre, its rancid fat, its want of all that is gracious in looks and in flavor, and particularly its immense demands upon gastric energy, were well known to me. But it was the *pièce de résistance*, and must be eaten. The cream-cheese turned out to be butter, such as would have made an English dairy-maid stagger, and British butter-eaters grateful for oleomargarine or other product of the chemist's workshop. Out of respect for its author Miss Harker, and at the pressing request of her father, I strove to do it justice, but failed totally after one trial. Few people in our Islands are condemned to "corn-bread;" and I sincerely congratulate them. It is altogether wanting in the charm and the sustenance found in our staff of life. Perhaps were it fermented and baked like our wheaten bread, it might be more agreeable and nourishing. The cakes prepared by the hands of my young hostess left much to be desired, not for me, but for herself and family, who had to eat them three times a day for life. The apple-jam was neither sweet, sour, nor savory—the completest neutrality in preserved fruits I had ever tasted. Sugar is dear in the United States, and many other plants besides "cane" are utilized for obtaining saccharine matter. One of these is sorghum, much cultivated in the South; and I suppose my hostess had preserved her apples by this means.

Coffee strong, fragrant, and abundant, was the refreshing and invigorating item in the dinner. Its excellence atoned for a multitude of culinary foibles and failures; and though unsupported by sugar, cream, or milk, it was a tower of strength in itself. Coffee plays an important part in frontier-life, and will advance in estimation as whiskey recedes. A generation of farmers, squatters, and pioneers is growing up to whom alcohol is objectionable in any form. A solid rock of opinion is rising against strong drink in every part of America, and I found it nowhere more pronounced than in the Tennessee Highlands. Coffee gives all the stimulant the climate requires.

Dinner being over, the Squire and I went out to see how my horse was faring ; then we went to see his tobacco field, about which we had talked during the meal. Outside the house, everything was as untidy and neglected as within. Under a shed lay a rusty plough, traces, chains, harness, and other gear. A broken wagon was slowly disintegrating in one corner, a mud-splashed rickety buggy in another. An ancient loom was in an empty stall. Corn-cobs, maize-litter, and rubbish from cow-house and stable, were lying in the yard in every stage of decay. A dismantled snake-fence had once separated this yard from the peach-orchard ; but storms and rot had made many gaps, through which gaunt hogs prowled at will. Neglected as the trees were, they were thick with fruit, promising a crop that would have made a little fortune in Covent Garden. But the largest proportion of the peaches was destined for the Squire's hogs. About fifty magnificent apple-trees were in another orchard, literally bearing as much fruit as leaves. Such trees are impossible in England. The Squire was not enthusiastic in his admiration of peaches and apples, listening to my remarks upon the coming harvest with genial indifference.

Beyond the orchards was a field of maize, so roughly cultivated, that the hogs might have made the furrows, except that there was some attempt at straight and continuous lines. A few days' work had sufficed for ploughing and sowing ; a few days' labor would gather the corn ; then the Squire's duties as a husbandman would be fully discharged.

Near the maize-field was the tobacco-patch, covered with vigorous plants, upon which the owner glanced with a complacent eye. Beside them was a long strip of cotton-plants revelling in the sun, but sorely hampered with weeds. Cotton was grown to supply the family wants, the women picking, spinning, weaving, dyeing, and making the garments. About half an acre of potatoes completed my host's cultivated land.

It is not considered impertinent to ask a land-owner in America the extent of his possessions ; and in reply to my inquiry, the Squire told me he owned

about eight hundred acres. Not one hundredth part of this was tilled ; but that did not strike Mr. Harker as uneconomical.

What surprised me most was the absence of a kitchen garden. No salads, no cabbages, no beans or peas, none of the herbs cultivated by the peasants of Europe. And not one cultivated flower, save the rose-bush by the front-door, and that appeared to be an accident. A ragged, ignored vine scrambled over a corner of the house, the only natural embellishment.

Such was the home of Squire Harker, a justice of the peace, an intelligent man, a sober, industrious American citizen, in whose veins ran the impulsive, domineering Anglo-Saxon blood. Sequestration from society, the infatuations of a hunter's life, want of culture, had made him indifferent to the hopes and ambitions of his age. He had his compensations in such health and vigor as no city dweller can know ; he had, too, a peace of mind that passes the understanding of this restless age. He bore his sixty years with greater ease than many an Englishman half the number. He enjoyed the present hour calmly, and looked with absolute undismay at on-coming age, confident in himself and trusting in Providence.

But it was different with his wife and daughter ; theirs was the fate of the squaw, mitigated by the tendency of the race. Life for them and others similarly situated, was a narrow and unembellished drudgery, though not of killing hardship. Rude and monotonous diet, which suited hunters, destroyed all the graces and sapped the vitality of the women. Rarely did they quit the precincts of the house ; there was no change of scene for them, save the leafing and unleafing of the forest. They had work enough to keep the mind from stagnating, but not varied sufficiently to excite invention, not severe enough to rouse slumbering energies. Fancy had no exercise, and thus speech was ungraced by the common elegancies of language. By the way, it is remarkable how taciturn and slow of utterance the backwoods people are.

Vacancy of mind, deficient exercise of the imagination, and loneliness, tempt many of these women to seek the sooth-

ing delights of tobacco. The perfidious anodyne becomes a tyrant necessity, and damages the health, ruins the beauty, and increases the torpor of soul. America is said to be the land of faded matrons. But from my own observation, I believe improper diet, especially the invariable "hot biscuit," does more damage to face and figure than the rigors of climate. Bad water, malaria and various febrile diseases do great mischief to form and color; but rough and ungraceful homes are greater foes to female loveliness. I have seen ladies of middle age, who have lived in superheated rooms amid the excitements of New York's perfervid existence, confirmed toppers of ice-water and devourers of "candy," who were nevertheless quite

as well preserved as English ladies of the same age.

The fact is, women need the society of their own sex more than men. Body and mind degenerate for want of sympathy, criticism, and emulation. Six months' residence in Cincinnati would have developed Miss Harker into a brilliant young lady, as incapable of chewing a "quid" as of cannibalism; and the same environment would have cured her mother of the languors and vapors which oppressed her like an atmosphere of carbonic acid. The progress of civilization in America, in another half-century, will render the fate of women wholly free from the privations endured by Squire Harker's worthy wife and charming daughter.—*Chambers's Journal*.

EXPLORATION IN GREECE.

BY A. S. MURRAY.

THE parable of the lost piece of silver, if altered and applied to modern instances, would often represent the loser as being rapidly hemmed in by a small crowd eager to search with him, so strong is that element now in human nature which impels men, even when no personal advantage is to be gained, to the recovery of what it seems must somehow be recoverable. Naturally this extended application of the parable holds good no less in higher phases of action, where there is no clearly defined loser, and where the seekers call themselves voluntarily to the task without right or claim to any share in the ownership. Of this character are the modern explorations in Greece. Yet in one sense the explorer of to-day who moves heaven and earth to find the ruins of some ancient Greek temple may fairly rank among the real owners of it, that is if he has allied himself unalterably to the spirit of ancient civilization. If he has not made this alliance, he is so to speak a mere bystander who scrambles where he thinks the piece of silver had been lost, and when he fails fails utterly and without pity; while the explorer, on the other hand, who is possessed of the true spirit will be shielded from all reproach should he not succeed. For him complete failure is impossible so long as the merit of

proving that nothing has been left for him to find is to some almost as important a fact as the recovery of the thing itself would be to others. It is not strange that under so favorable an arrangement the love of exploration in classic lands should greatly increase among men who from their learning and capacities may claim a share in the inheritance of the old Greeks. In this country, however, it may be argued that for some years there has been no such increase. On the contrary there has been depression amounting almost to a standstill. But fortunately there is a wide difference between depression, be it ever so low, and the extinction of a spirit which has done so much to set England in the front of those nations that have been most indebted, and most ready to confess their debt, to the civilization of ancient Greece. In this as in other spheres of action there must be times of stagnation. After awhile the fervor of enterprise subsides, or rather when Governments begin to feel that they have been virtuous long enough in their supplies, a lull ensues. It has begun in Germany—what may happen to the French cannot be ascertained. They seem still on the flood. But in England it has been low water ever since 1875, when the excavations at Ephesus were com-

pleted, after a long and heavy expenditure. From that time, back to 1856, if we take Mr. Newton's expedition to Halicarnassus as the commencement of our last era of activity, we have a period of about twenty years during which, including the extensive and protracted excavations at Halicarnassus on the one hand, and at Ephesus on the other, Carthage has been partly explored, and the temples and tombs of Cyrene have been made to yield their remains, if not exhaustively, yet on a large scale. The fruits of a very successful clearing of tombs at Camirus in Rhodes were acquired for this country in 1864, while in the same island, on the ancient site of Ialysus, a series of antiquities of great interest were obtained through private liberality.

Next to operations supported by the Government, those of the Dilettanti Society have ranked first. The Society of Dilettanti, like the Government, has its eras of activity. With both it is a question of supply, which sooner or later ceases to be equal to the demand. The last era of the Dilettanti began about twenty years ago, and may be divided into two nearly equal parts, one of which was spent in exploring; the other was employed in preparing the results for publication. It will thus be seen that they balance matters evenly, and set an example against haste in rushing into print. They are entitled to boast of, I believe, a longer existence than any other learned society in this country. When they print it is done in folios. In their plates they seem to spare neither trouble nor expense. In their expeditions they have taken care to get men of well-proved capacity to conduct them. But they do not dig in tombs. It is to temples that their traditions lead them—traditions handed down from the last century, when the influence of Stuart had made the architecture of Greek temples a model for public buildings. In their clinging to temples the object is now not the same; the Greek model has had its day, and may not have another. The object is the attainment of knowledge in the first instance, and the presentation of it in the second, in a fashion acceptable to men of fastidious taste in things that appeal to the eye. In the literary element they are less exacting, and per-

haps with good reason, since it may fairly be doubted whether there is any one still living who would expect pleasure in the pages of a folio. What they write is written for practical purposes. Yet there are places where the text, studded with calculations, appears to present this difficulty, that a reader who might understand the figures would be nearly baffled to follow the connecting tissue of words.

The folio lately issued by the Dilettanti represents their excavations at Priene, and the exploration of temples at Teos and in the Troad. The director was Mr. Pullan, who had previously been architect in the expedition to Halicarnassus, and it is only just to him to say that, in getting done what must be done in a country where nothing is more resented, constant success proved the judiciousness of his appointment. From his reports it is clear, if it was not well known before, that the Turkish official has a talent for diagnosing the character of the man with whom he has to deal, and of yielding, if he must yield, with that gracefulness which obliterates the enormity of the demand he has made, or, at least, ought to obliterate it if a *modus vivendi* is to be established.

To clear the temple of Athena at Priene was the principal aim of the mission, and the task could not but be promising. For there on a high plateau the temple lay in a huge mass of dislocated columns and disjointed members. Apparently an earthquake had produced the collapse, but there had been a fire, perhaps long before, and a consequent, if not a previous, spoliation of the treasures. For us it is hard to understand those frequent fires in the ancient Greek temples, springing at times from very simple causes, as when, for example, at Argos, an aged priestess fell asleep, and could not prevent the lamp from setting fire to certain fillets near it, whence a conflagration arose and destroyed the temple. We make too small allowance for wood used in the construction of the interior, as well as for tables, chairs, and cupboards to contain the treasures and articles of service in the ceremonies. However that may be, there is the fact of frequent fires, from one of which the temple at Priene had suffered, doubtless at a time when the town had ceased to be able to renew or repair it.

Into this huge heap of ruins a clearance had to be made to see what had been left standing. Fortunately much had been left, and fortunate also is the director of such operations to find amid his daily cares and hopes the compensation of seeing nature display her varying moods of light and cloud, storm and calm, across the broad plain of the Mæander, as it lies below, separating him from innumerable mountains. Behind him, as he looks on the plain, rises a high rugged cliff with vultures circling round its summit, except when storms of rain and wind lash vainly on the rocks. But in time the splendid natural scene becomes familiar, troubles are smoothed over, except for the occasional approach of brigands, and at length the temple has been cleared, measured, drawn, photographed, and so far secured that certain of its members, together with many interesting inscriptions, have been transmitted to England for presentation to the British Museum. Then the gain has to be counted.

For the history of Priene the gain has been considerable. The architectural features of the temple have been mostly ascertained. Sculptures there are few, the most interesting being certain broken slabs of frieze representing a Gigantomachia, in which occur figures and motives said to resemble closely the reliefs found a year or two ago at Pergamum, and now in the museum at Berlin. Should the resemblance extend to artistic execution, it will be necessary to introduce a change in certain dates now generally accepted. For it is not to be supposed that a period of nearly a century and a half could have passed over the art of Asia Minor without marked and considerable effect. The sculptures of Pergamum have been dated in the reign of Eumenes the Second, B.C. 197-159, while the construction of the temple at Priene is held to have been completed in the time of Alexander the Great, that is previous to B.C. 330. That Alexander dedicated the temple is a matter of fact proved by the inscriptions on its walls still existing, which show also that in return for this favor he had allowed the people of Priene to escape taxation. Either they had impoverished themselves to build the temple and had thus evoked his pity, or his

object in not imposing taxes was to enable them to continue the structure. In the latter case a considerable delay may well have occurred in the troublous times that followed the death of Alexander, and in connection with this view of the question it may be worth notice that a colossal statue within the temple—whether a statue of the goddess or not—had not been placed in position till the brief reign of Orophernes, about B.C. 158. A few silver coins struck by him were found under the pedestal. If this could be assumed to have been the principal statue of the goddess, it would be evident that the completion of the temple had been protracted to a date contemporary with Eumenes the Second and the Pergamum sculptures. On the other hand it is possible, perhaps very probable, that the Pergamum sculptures were executed for Attalus the First, B.C. 241-197. But even then there would be about a century between them and the date of Alexander.

The frieze from Priene has evident faults such as would be expected from an indifferently gifted but well-trained artist shortly after the death of Alexander. It is only with reluctance that we can believe work of this character to have been possible previous to that event, and yet there are things to make us hesitate. Between the two friezes of the Mausoleum there is a marked distinction of style. Even in the frieze of the order there are occasionally figures which if found by themselves would not be associated with that building in the present state of knowledge. But there can be no question of their having been made previous to the death of Alexander. Again, the sculptures from the temple of Artemis at Ephesus claim to belong to the fourth century B.C., however much we may be disposed to resent the claim.

One more feature to be remarked in the enterprises of the Dilettanti is the reward which the director of the excavations obtains in seeing his drawings, restorations, and general results carefully and excellently published. For the directors of Government excavations there are no doubt also rewards, but not of this specially appropriate kind. It is for them to find a publisher for themselves, and that is a search which has only once been successful in our last era

of exploration. I refer to the work of Mr. Newton on Halicarnassus, Cnidus, and Branchidæ. From it to Smith and Porcher's book on Cyrene, and again to Mr. Wood's on Ephesus, is a melancholy descent if we consider the importance of the results actually obtained in these excavations.

It would be impossible to convey in any reasonable space a sense of the impetus which these three Government expeditions have given to the study of ancient art and archæology. At Halicarnassus it was a race to recover one of the most famous buildings in antiquity—the monument of Mausolus—on which Scopas and Praxiteles had with others exercised their gifts. It may be that the sculptures found after an arduous search are mostly the work of the others. Yet some are clearly the work of an artist of the first rank. For example, among the pieces of the broader frieze there is a charioteer whose head and neck bear the closest resemblance in style to a head which I saw lately at Tegea, near the ruins of the temple built and adorned by Scopas. Those who have seen the head at Tegea feel that it must be from his hand, and as regards the Mausoleum head I have the same conviction. Nor does the bending action of the figure, with its beautifully sweeping drapery, seem other than worthy of him. Apart, however, from any direct question of Scopas and Praxiteles, it was to the sculpture of the Mausoleum almost alone that we were obliged to look for the characteristics of their school, until the comparatively recent finding of the Hermes at Olympia.

At Ephesus the possibilities were infinite, when, after some years of experiment on a small scale, the track of the great temple of Artemis was fortunately discovered. It was a long track to follow certainly. Yet the task, even with its heavy expenditure, could not but be urgent when it was recollected that the temple itself had been admired in the later centuries of antiquity to the extent of being regarded as one of the seven wonders, and that among its ruins might still be found one or more works of sculpture directly from the hand of Polycletus, Pheidias, or Scopas. In this last respect hopes were not realized. Nor can it be said that the ruins of the temple itself in the end justified all ex-

pectations. Even the fairly well-preserved figures on the sculptured drum of a column, though carefully calculated for effect at a height, are yet not more than good examples of what is called academical art, that is to say, the production of a man who has been perhaps thoroughly trained in the traditional rules of his profession, but superadds to this training no brilliancy of gifts. In some other examples the coarseness of the work might be overlooked if it were not for the imbecility of the composition. These, however, are qualities which the German excavations at Olympia have taught us to be prepared for even in times of the highest excellence in art.

While the operations at Ephesus were proceeding, some anxiety existed as to the final answer that would be given to the question, whether the temple built in Alexander's time had been an entirely new construction, or whether part of the previous building had been saved from the fire and utilized. In the end there was no evidence of such salvage. The destruction appears to have been complete. The ruins, however, had not been all cleared away. For under the pavement of the new temple were found some fragmentary reliefs which had belonged to its predecessor, and had in some instances suffered much from the action of fire. These fragments constitute the best results that were obtained at Ephesus for the history of ancient art. At the same time all that has been gained in the interests of art may be said to be small in comparison with the importance of settling forever the site of one of the wonders of the ancient world. Nothing else could stop the vain dreams of men, or hinder them from squandering energy and means in digging where mere fancy led.

At Cyrene the excavations of Smith and Porcher in 1860 were neither extensive nor costly to the Government, and if the sculptures obtained were mostly illustrative of decadence in the art, there were also among them several examples of more than usual interest. A bronze portrait head renders to the life a young man with an Ethiopian strain in his blood, and it shows how a sculptor may combine intense realism in the formation of the features with an idealiza-

tion of the expression on the face. At the same time the hair is conventional in treatment to a degree which is welcome when we bear in mind that in this respect the Ethiopian is by nature singularly ill-suited for artistic effect. In this case it is conventionalism invented during a ripe period of art, as opposed to the older form which had its origin in the very simple process of reproducing the hair by means of fine threads or hairs of bronze soldered down side by side, with natural curls at their ends, till they covered the whole head. Such a treatment might be termed the extreme of realistic imitation, and is specially interesting as being one of those cases capable of exact proof, in which what in after times appears to be pure conventionalism, had its origin in a very simple contrivance to get over a difficulty.

The principal want in Cyrene up to now is that of sculpture from the archaic and highly advanced periods, during which successful athletes and owners of horses and chariots were winning contests at the games in Greece, and were recording their triumphs in great works of sculpture at the scenes of their exploits. It is, of course, only a probability that copies of these works were retained to adorn Cyrene also. Yet this in itself would be enough to lead to high expectations in a diligent search on the site, while the mere fact of great artists having been employed on such commissions suggests the further likelihood of their services having been called in for other purposes in these early times of widespread artistic appreciation. Of this age the only reminiscence is a marble head, identical in type and measurements with the heads of the Choiseul-Gouffier Apollo in the British Museum and the Apollo on the omphalos at Athens. So close is this identity that all three must have been made with scrupulous exactness to one original, if the statue in Athens be not itself the original. In style these sculptures belong to the period of transition from the archaic manner in Athens to the ripe treatment of Pheidias. There are, however, some who would consider them rather as later imitations of this transitional stage, founding their argument on the obvious fact that the anatomical markings in the

two statues are toned down to a degree which must be admitted to be exceptional till we reach the later school of Pasiteles. This view is in a way favored by the finding of the Cyrene head among sculptures not older than the end of the fourth century B.C. At the same time in all three cases the copying has been so minutely exact that we may fairly regard them as representing on the whole the true style of the original.

The cemeteries of Cyrene had from time to time attracted attention, but it was not till 1866 and 1868 that Mr. Dennis, with his previous experience in Sicily, was fortunate in recovering a series of painted vases, most of which had to judge by their style been imported from Athens in the fourth century B.C. Several of them bear dates ranging toward the end of that period. That is to say, they bear the names of the magistrates at Athens who held office in the years when they were won as prize vases in the Panathenaic games. The precise dates of these magistrates are known from other sources, and from this circumstance the quality of vase painting at a particular time is ascertained, and forms a standard for the comparison of other examples. Produced in large numbers, these prize vases cannot be expected to exhibit the best art of their day. In this respect they are in fact considerably behind other specimens from Cyrene, presumably of the same epoch. Still the manner of the time is evident in them, and apart from this strictly technical question there is a matter of some human interest attaching to vases recovered intact from among the dust of their ancient winners.

The results of these various explorations have enriched the British Museum with material for observation and study in many directions. As yet this material has been but sparingly taken advantage of in this country; but should the recently established journal of the Hellenic Society continue as it has begun, something will have been done to remove this reproach. The society in question has many other aims, including among them at present a limited plan of exploration in Asia Minor. On the whole, however, it has been the students of Germany and France who have made the most use of the accumu-

lations of the British Museum, and the result abroad has been a strong impulse toward excavation. M. Carapanos has succeeded admirably at Dodona, Dr. Schliemann has repeatedly astonished the world by the things he has found no less than by his accounts of them, MM. Salzmänn and Biliotti worked the tombs of Rhodes like a precious mine, and General Cesnola relieved Cyprus of innumerable objects of interest and substantial value. In addition to private enterprise the Governments of Germany, France, and Austria have been in the field with extraordinary success. What has been done by the Germans at Olympia and Pergamum has been abundantly described and discussed. But the French also have met with splendid success in Delos, especially in the recovery of sculptures dating from an early age, when the art was working its way to mastery of material and the expression of details. Austria sent two expeditions to the island of Samothrace, and though the sculpture there found was not of the first order, yet the effort on both occasions would have been justified by it alone, without consideration of the new light obtained for the history of Greek architecture. Russia has continued indefatigably her researches in the Crimea, with the result that, so far as concerns the contents of Greek tombs, the Museum of St. Petersburg now ranks as one of the foremost, if not actually the first in existence.

If there were at the present moment in this country a desire to begin a new era of exploration, there would be found no scarcity of eligible scenes where Hellenic civilization had once flourished. From Greece itself we are practically shut out so long as there is no English Institute in Athens gradually to prepare students for the superintendence of work of this kind. For it is now an obvious fact that qualifications which at times have passed in Asia Minor and elsewhere would now be the subject of ridicule under the active criticism of students resident or traveling in Greece. High qualifications are required when the explorer is allowed no right over what he finds except that of being first in the field to explain and circulate its merits. But they may be dispensed with when the sculptures or other antiquities brought to light become

a solid possession of the finder or its patrons. Here, as elsewhere, England regards possession as nine points of the law. She must therefore look to lands where it is possible. It is possible, but not without difficulties, in Asia Minor, and it is possible in Cyprus without any difficulty.

Except the sculptures of the Parthenon, little has survived from antiquity that can surpass or compare with those obtained by Sir Charles Fellows in Lycia and deposited in the British Museum. Yet he left much of Lycia unworked; and as he left it so it has remained, but for the quite recent expedition of the Austrians. They may be said to have annexed it archæologically for whatever it is worth. At Ephesus the English operations ceased with the clearance of the site of the temple, leaving untouched the deep accumulation of alluvial soil around it. Very possibly on the fall of the temple much of its sculpture had been projected on all sides to a considerable distance, and on this theory it is natural to expect, as Mr. Wood does, that a clearance of the surrounding soil would be attended with fruitful results. He commends his plan of further operations also by the circumstance that the land to be worked on is still the property of this country. Apart, however, from the site of the temple, there must have stood in its proximity many statues and lesser buildings of which remains might still be found, and perhaps there is no better method of reaching them than by proceeding outward from the temple on all sides. Otherwise a more uncertain prospect could not well be surveyed than the broad flat plain of the Cayster, covering with its deep alluvial soil no one knows what.

On the other hand, there would be no great uncertainty in opening the ancient tumuli of Lydia. From the attempts already made by Mr. Dennis and others, it is hardly to be expected that anything imposing in the way of art would be met with. Yet at the worst the form of construction adopted in these sepulchres would be ascertained, and this would be no small matter in these days, when the history of elementary skill occupies the attention of so many thoughtful persons. Without leaving Lydia there is Sardis waiting to be explored, or, going north-

ward, there is the Troad, whither the successes of the Germans, including Dr. Schliemann, have attracted a small band of Americans, less prepared, perhaps, as yet for excavating than for prospecting. Even well into the interior are many sites calculated to repay favorably the increased cost of advancing upon them. In every case there will be, besides expense, many vexatious difficulties.

When General Cesnola had completed his excavations in Cyprus, the vast quantity of antiquities he had obtained encouraged a belief that he had fairly ransacked the island. But this belief was soon after dispelled by the arrival of Major Cesnola with another huge collection, said to be in many respects of great importance, though hardly rivaling that of his more fortunate brother. General Cesnola's services to classical archæology are justly reckoned as of the first order. Other explorers of Cyprus in times past have met with no startling fortune, and so far have contributed to the prospects as they now stand an element of uncertainty. The tombs may be relied on for quantities of common pottery, specimens of which already abound in museums and even in private collections. With this it would not be easy to deal. At the same time there are many parts of the island not yet explored, and from them it might reasonably be hoped that the tombs would yield occasionally a higher class of vases, which would repay the search and redeem the character of the ancient Cypriotes in respect of this branch of art. It is not as if they had altogether neglected it, and, like the people of Tanagra in Boeotia, taken rather to terra-cotta statuettes for the furnishing of their tombs. On the contrary, the Cypriotes would seem to have been as distinguished for the quantity as for the commonness of their pottery, unless by experiments in new localities matters assume a different complexion. As yet most of our specimens have come from one district, and exhibit none of that love of artistic enrichment which carried the Greeks so far beyond consideration of the intrinsic value of the article operated on. The clay of the vase seemed

at the outset a poor substance for the Cypriote, and he cared little apparently to refine it.

The sculpture no less than the pottery is largely pervaded by a dense commonness of skill as well as of material. Yet exceptions like the two splendid marble sarcophagi found by General Cesnola raise the hope of obtaining examples of this art which would make us independent of New York when we have a mind to study this subject. For the history of architecture in Cyprus almost nothing has been done, though the field of inquiry is extensive, and apparently not costly to work. There need be no expectation of marvels in design and construction. The most to be hoped for would be evidence of many forms of transition between Oriental and Greek methods of building. The antiquities of Cyprus have already proved a key to more than one mystery. They are not things of average beauty and attraction that appeal to the cultivated classes generally. They are peculiar, and appeal to the special student.

It would be unjust to conclude without acknowledging the intelligence, zeal, and liberality of the Greeks themselves in the conduct of explorations, such for example as those at Spata and Epidaurus. For several years they have been making preparations to excavate at Eleusis, where they have been obliged to build a new village for the inhabitants whose houses it will be necessary to pull down. At Tegea in Arcadia they have the prospect of heavy expense before they can hope to uncover the famous temple built there, and sculptured also by Scopas. The modern village of Piali is built above it. But their most pressing undertaking is doubtless at Olympia, where they have inherited the task which the Germans left incomplete; a large district still remains deeply covered with alluvial soil. It is an outlying district, where there cannot be much hope of important rewards, and we are therefore bound to sympathize with the Greeks in finding this vast amount of labor and expense, so to speak, thrust on them. It is for this reason that the search for them cannot be delayed now without injury.—*Nineteenth Century*.

IN THE FOREST.

BY S. REID.

THE wind had gone with the day,
 And the moon was in the sky,
 As I walked last night, by a lonely way,
 To a lonely path in the forest gray,
 That we loved, my love and I.

They said, "She had gone to her home
 In a land that I did not know."
 And the winds were still, and the woods were dumb,
 But I knew that she could not choose but come
 To a soul that loved her so.

I had longed for her return,
 And she came and met me there,
 And I felt once more the swift blood burn
 Through my heart, as a foot-fall rustled the fern
 And a whisper stirr'd the air.

And through where the moonlight streamed
 She passed, and never a trace,
 Yet sweet in the shadow the glad eyes gleamed,
 And the shade more bright than the moonshine seemed
 For the brightness of her face.

And I stretched my empty hands,
 And I cried in my weary pain,
 "Is there—away in the unknown lands,
 A heaven, where Time reverts his sands
 And the past returns again?"

Good Words.

GREAT MEN'S RELATIVES.

IN the friendship of great men, once they are passed away, there is this advantage, that you are not obliged to like their relatives. Clarendon says the English could have endured Oliver, if it had not been for the other Cromwells. He, they acknowledged, had a natural nobleness of demeanor: Henry gave himself airs, and it was too evident that the part of heir-apparent rather bored Richard. Certainly it is pleasant to know the best thoughts of Hooker's mind, without one's converse being broken upon by the shrill voice of Mrs. Hooker; or to sail with Nelson into Aboukir Bay without having to follow him to Merton and see Sir William Hamilton trying to look happy.

And yet there could be few more interesting subjects of study than this of great men's relatives. The moment one

is not bound to admire them, or be civil to them, one can profitably spend an hour in their company. They may at least teach us what not to be, and how not to do it. Sometimes we may learn from them a more useful lesson—that greatness is not necessarily goodness nor happiness. The moral is old enough, but none the less requires to be enforced again from age to age. Gray imagined a Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood. Well, poor Richard was that—a better man than his father, if old-fashioned canons of right and wrong are to hold, if ambition be at best but a splendid sin, if the meek are really blessed, if a good cause has no need of legions. Quintus Cicero, again, strikes one as a healthier type of man than his eloquent brother, for all Mr. Trollope's pleadings. Quintus has left us no Tus-

culan disputations; but the record of an orderly and honorable life is worth a good many arguments on the immortality of the soul. Who would have been the most reliable friend in need, Goldsmith or his brother, the original of the Vicar of Wakefield? Whose lot was the more enviable, Napoleon's or Lucien's?

It is amusing or sad, according as you are of the Democritan or Heraclitan school, to take any prominent historic character, whom hitherto you have only known in his public or literary capacity; and try to find out "all about him," as if you were employed by a Private Inquiry Office. You know that Wolsey was a pluralist, but were not perhaps aware that he had a natural son whom he made an archdeacon; or that Milton's brother Christopher turned Catholic, and was knighted and made a judge by James II.; or that Wesley's wife had a great deal to put up with from the Pontiff of Methodism; or that Lord Stowell's harshness broke his son's heart.

But there are more agreeable discoveries to be made. For instance, one would be glad of further acquaintance with Mr. Anthony Bacon, the "loving and beloved brother" of Francis, as the latter addresses him in the prefatory epistle to the first edition of the *Essays*. Anthony seems to have been prevented by ill-health from realizing the high expectations his friends had formed of him. "I assure you," says Francis, "I sometimes wish your infirmities translated upon myself, that her Majesty might have the service of so active and able a mind; and I might be with excuse confined to these contemplations and studies for which I am fitted." The next edition of the *Essays* was dedicated to Sir John Constable, for Anthony "was with God," as Francis informs Sir John Bacon's wife, whom he described in 1603 as "an alderman's daughter, a handsome maiden, to his liking," proved ill-suited to him, or he to her; for the truth is difficult to get at. If one may judge from the sentiments expressed in the *Essays*, Bacon was hardly what is termed a marrying man. He scorns the poetic ideal of love, "as if man, made for the contemplation of heaven, and all noble objects, should do nothing but kneel before a lit-

tle idol, and make himself a subject, though not of the mouth (as beasts are), yet of the eye, which was given him for higher purposes." And "he was reputed one of the wise men, that made answer to the question when a man should marry: A young man not yet, an elder man not at all."

In Bishop Hall's autobiography we get a glimpse of another Bacon, Sir Edmund, grandson of Sir Nicholas, and consequently nephew of Francis. He does not fail to exhibit the family characteristic of prudence. In 1605 Sir Edmund invited Hall to accompany him to Spa, or the Spa, as he calls it, representing "the safety, the easiness, the pleasure, and the benefit of that small excursion, if opportunity were taken at that time, when the Earl of Hertford passed as ambassador to the Archduke Albert of Brussels (*sic*)."

Once on Belgian soil, Hall soon got into theological discussion with a Jesuit, whom he conceived he had worsted. Father Baldwin, however, an English Jesuit, sent Hall a polite invitation next day to come and renew the argument with himself. "Sir Edmund Bacon, in whose hearing the message was delivered, gave me secret signs of his utter unwillingness to give way to any further conferences, the issue whereof might prove dangerous, since we were to pass further, and beyond the bounds of the protection of our ambassador." In a subsequent discussion with a prior of the Carmelites, Sir Edmund, "both by his eye and tongue," wisely "took off" Hall, as the latter confesses.

Sir Edmund might have proved a useful private secretary to his uncle. On the whole you find quite as many cases of great men's relatives proving useful to them as of their being encumbrances. It is a good thing to see brethren working together in unity, as the Wellesleys in India, or the Wesleys in England, or the brothers Grimm, or the Schlegels. The ablest lieutenant of Frederick the Great was his brother Henri. "There is only one of us," the king once said, pointing to Prince Henri, "who has never made a mistake." It is melancholy to remember that Henri hated the brother he served so well. Frederick did all he could to win his affection in vain. A pair of brother soldiers not

less interesting to Englishmen are Henry V. and John Duke of Bedford. General Churchill, too, served with credit under Marlborough. The fame of the Napiers is still fresh. One would like to couple the Howes, but it is not fair to the hero of the 1st of June. Sir William was a brave soldier and nothing more.

Partnerships between fathers and sons are too numerous to be noticed, but there are a few curious instances in which the father has seconded the son. A certain King of Media appointed his father to a satrapy, and the sire quietly served under the son. But since the hereditary principle first found favor among men, no sovereign can have felt himself altogether a king while his father lived. Philip II., was constantly receiving advice from the ex-emperor, and must have felt bound at least to excuse himself when he did not follow it. How much the paternal superintendence annoyed him he showed by delaying the payment of the paternal pension. There are fathers, again, and more of them, perhaps, than we suppose, who have been content to be the humble admirers of their sons, and to bask in the rays of their good fortune. Old Mr. Richard Clive had never thought his son good for much till the news of the defence of Arcot arrived in England, but he gradually became immoderately proud and fond of his son, who joined filial piety to his other qualities. Robert cleared off the mortgages on the family estate, settled £800 a year on his parents, and insisted that they should keep a coach. Mr. Clive now began to mix in fashionable society, and was presented at Court. The King graciously noticed him, and asked where Lord Clive was. "He will be in town very soon," said the honest squire quite aloud, "and then your Majesty will have another vote," which was true enough, but not intended for publication. One can scarcely be surprised that it was never thought expedient to confer a peerage on Mr. Richard Clive. On St. John's being created a viscount his father obtained a similar title, though by some blunder his patent was dated after his son's, so that the latter had the precedence. Their descendant still sits in the House of Lords as Viscount

Bolingbroke and St. John. The above precedent, however, has by no means been invariably followed. It is pleasant to read how Rowland Hill, when he returned from the Peninsula a peer and a general, quietly took his seat at his father's table in the old Shropshire manor-house, not according to his rank, but simply according to his birth as a younger son. It is noteworthy that Lord Beaconsfield, with his usual good-nature, turned Mr. Abney-Hastings into Lord Donington to lessen the distance between him and his son, the Earl of Loudoun.

One fact the student of history should not lose sight of. Great men, the best of them, think far more of their relatives than of the public; otherwise they would be, as Bristolle says of the man who should prefer an habitual condition of solitude to society, either gods or brutes, either more or less than men. When one says that they think more of their relatives than of the community at large, one is not necessarily implying that they would prefer a son's interest to that of the State, but simply that that son's welfare and happiness is probably a more frequent subject of reflection than schemes of legislation or war. The circumstance is, by comparison, honorable to humanity. Vulgar personal ambition, ambition purely for self and selfish enjoyment, is rare. Cordially as he detested Shaftesbury, Dryden admits that that statesman neither plotted nor toiled for himself:

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide,
Else why should he, with wealth and honor blest,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest;
Punish a body which he could not please,
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
And all to leave what with his toil he won
To that unfeathered, two-legged thing—a son.

Then it is a truism to observe that statesmen honestly conceive their own kith and kin to be endowed with higher aptitudes for administration than they may actually possess. Again, granted two men, one rather cleverer than the other, but the second a Secretary of State's cousin: could one blame the secretary for choosing his cousin as under-secretary rather than the slightly cleverer man? The minister might

argue with justice that the inferiority of talent in his kinsman was compensated for by the fact that he knew him well ; for no one will deny that it is an advantage to a chief to be thoroughly acquainted with the character and dispositions of his subordinates. Hence the shrewd and by no means cynical remark of Palmerston's, " The best man for any place is the man I like best."

The Complete Patron ; or, A Guide to Ministers, has yet to be written ; and very difficult it would be to lay down anything more than the vaguest rules for the distribution of loaves and fishes. But there are bright examples and examples to be shunned. After Robert Grosseteste had been named Bishop of Lincoln, his rustic brother called on him and solicited preferment. The Bishop replied that if he wanted a new plough or a yoke of oxen he would cheerfully pay for them ; but, he added, " A peasant I found you, and a peasant I shall leave you." The good Bishop might have put the truth a little more politely : possibly he feared that anything less than the plainest speech would not be understood. Napoleon once found himself in exactly the opposite position to Grosseteste, with a poor relative who only begged to be left alone and positively dreaded the idea of elevation out of his own homely sphere. It was quite a surprise to the Emperor, in the heyday of his glory, to learn that a mere parish priest in Tuscany bore the name of Bonaparte, and descended from a common ancestor with him. Straightway an aide-de-camp was despatched to Italy to ask the abbé what he would like. The Emperor wanted him, if only for the sake of the family prestige, to accept a bishopric ; and it was hinted that the purple would soon follow. The padre would none of these honors at any price ; and ended by convincing the officer of his sincerity. Napoleon shrugged his shoulders at his emissary's report, but did not insist.

To the question, What caused the fall of Napoleon ? Talleyrand would have replied in two words : " His relatives." The Prince of Bénévent's answer is as correct as any that could be framed. Properly supported by Joseph in Spain, by Jerome in Westphalia, by Louis in Holland, by Murat in Naples,

the Emperor would have been invincible. Talleyrand tells us that he warned Napoleon of the inevitable consequence of intrusting important interests to men like Jerome and Joseph. "' Make them,' I said to his Majesty, ' arch-chancellors, arch-electors, and so forth, as much as you please. Give them any number of honorary distinctions. Do not think of giving them real power.' " The ablest opponent of Napoleon during the first half of his career committed the same mistake on a smaller scale. Pitt, whose name was considered synonymous with patriot, would not see that his brother, Lord Chatham, was wholly unfit for high office. For more than six years, including two of war, he kept him at the head of the Admiralty, till something like a public outcry compelled the incapable Minister to resign. Pitt soon recalled him to the Cabinet as Lord President. The second Chatham was so dull a man that George III. hesitated to give him the Garter which he had offered to Pitt, and which the latter at once begged for his brother. Finally, the King consented, on the distinct understanding, as he wrote, that the honor should be considered as bestowed on the Pitt family in general. It is fair to Pitt to add that others than himself formed a mistaken estimate of the Earl's capacities. Even after the terrible fiasco of the Walcheren expedition, Lord Chatham was thought good enough to be Governor of Gibraltar. In 1789 Pitt had as colleagues in the Cabinet, his brother aforesaid, and his first-cousin, Mr. (afterward Lord) Grenville, the Home Minister, who was just thirty years old. His Viceroy of Ireland was another first-cousin, the Marquis of Buckingham. The elder Pitt was equally partial to his connections, with results, at one time, mournful for his country and almost fatal to his own reputation. But in the administration of 1757-61 he found room for them all, without perceptible injury to the public. His brother-in-law, Lord Temple, held the Privy Seal ; Temple's brother, George Grenville, was Treasurer of the Navy ; James Grenville had a snug post, and Henry Grenville was duly provided for. On the other hand, it was no small gain to Pitt to be able to

command the vast parliamentary influence of his relatives by marriage. There is no doubt he was devoted to Lady Hester; but he had loved wisely.

As a rule, great men have oftener helped their relatives than been helped by them. It is strange to see how, at the commencement of their careers, some men of genius, who might have been expected to start in life backed by the eager friendship of powerful kinsmen, have—for all practical purposes—stood as much alone as the typical Scotch boy who comes to London with sixpence in his pocket. Read Byron's account of his first visit to the House of Lords. He seems, one of his biographers remarks, to have had "a keen and painful sense of the loneliness of his position." He could not find a single peer to introduce him, and this from no lack of cousins in the Upper House. After wandering about for a while, he made his way into a room where the fees were to be paid—there is never any difficulty in finding such places. Next he entered the House itself. Only a few lords were present, and Byron was afraid to look at them. Without turning his eyes to the right or to the left, he advanced straight up to the woolsack to take the oaths. In the Chancellor's seat sat Eldon, who tried to put the bashful lad at his ease, spoke kindly to him, and held out his hand. Byron replied to these advances with a stiff bow, and gave the Chancellor the tips of his fingers. He subsequently offered a lame excuse for his pertness, as one must consider it, remembering Eldon's position and the fact that Byron was then only known as the author of *Hours of Idleness*. "If," says Byron, "I had shaken hands heartily, he would have set me down for one of his party; but I will have nothing to do with any of them. I have taken my seat, and now I will go abroad." Where, all this time, was Lord Carlisle, whose "obliged ward and affectionate kinsman" had dedicated to him those very *Hours of Idleness*? In the preface to the volume in question Byron had spoken of the Earl's works as having long received the meed of public applause to which by their intrinsic worth they were well entitled. In *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, published a few days after

the author had taken his seat in Parliament, one perceives that the season of compliments between the obliged ward and his guardian is at an end:

Let Stott, Carlisle, Matilda, and the rest
Of Grub Street, and of Grosvenor Place the
best,
Scrawl on till death release us from the
strain,
Or common-sense assert her rights again.

"It may be asked," comments Byron on himself, "why I have censured the Earl of Carlisle, my guardian and relative, to whom I dedicated a volume of puerile poems a few years ago. The guardianship was nominal—at least as far as I have been able to discover; the relationship I cannot help, and am very sorry for it; but as his lordship seemed to forget it on a very essential occasion to me, I shall not burden my memory with the recollection;" and so on, and so on, in a style of increasing petulance, till Byron stoops to italicize the word *fools*, that the reader may be under no mistake as to its application.

It is to be feared the twain were never reconciled. But Carlisle was no fool. In his youth the Government of the day held him to be so well worth enlisting on its side as to confer the order of the Thistle on him when he had but just completed his nineteenth year. On his coming of age he was immediately sworn of the Privy Council. In 1780-2 he held the post of Viceroy of Ireland. Young Fox, in a letter to Richard Fitzpatrick, supposes he will have heard of Carlisle's green ribbon. "I think it," he observes, "one of the best things that has been done this great while." Which may well cause a smile. The Fox of 1767 was not exactly the Fox we think of as we contemplate the tomb in the Abbey, or recall the beautiful eulogy of Scott. But, it may be observed in passing, he was always too warm-hearted a man not to be something of a nepotist. He observes somewhere that a job and a fraud are very different things; and a little job for the sake of a relative would not have appeared to him too much amiss. From his nephew's memoirs of the Whig party one gathers that in the summer of 1806 he was meditating a pretty formidable one—no less than putting Lord Holland at the head of the Foreign

Office. Now, Lord Holland, though with age and experience he developed into a meritorious politician, was at that time a young man absolutely unknown to the great body of the public except as the co-respondent in a divorce case, when he had been condemned to pay £6000 damages to Sir Godfrey Webster.

If relatives could ever have helped a man of genius too feeble to help himself, that man was Cowper. His father, as every one knows, was the second son of Spencer Cowper (a younger brother of the Chancellor, and first Earl Cowper), who was appointed Chief Justice of Chester in 1717, and afterward a Judge in the Court of Common Pleas. Nor were the Cowpers unmindful of their duty to the young poet, for whom they procured the snug place of reading-clerk to the House of Lords. He had nothing to do in ordinary times but to read aloud the titles of bills, and draw a salary of £800 a year. Even for such work he felt too nervous, and in a few weeks' time was compelled to resign his appointment. Before the close of the year he had to be placed under medical care. The Cowpers made the best of a bad business, and succeeded in placing another of their name—a near relative of William's—in the vacant post. Macaulay speaks of his silver voice and just emphasis, from which one presumes that the new clerk chanced to be the right man in the right place.

The poet has left a sonnet addressed to this Henry Cowper, on his "emphatical and interesting delivery" of the defence of Warren Hastings. "Thou art not voice alone," he assures him, "but hast beside both heart and head." Cowper was happy in his relatives, and rewarded their care of him in the manner they must have loved best. Among those whose memory his verse preserves may be cited his cousin, Anne Bodham—

Whom heretofore,
When I was young, and thou no more
Than plaything for a nurse,
I danced and fondled on my knee,
A kitten both in size and glee.

He proceeds to thank the gentle Anne for a purse she has made him, winding up with the slightly commonplace remark that he values the receptacle more than the gold it contains. But one

may be sure the lines went the round of many an admiring tea-table. Possibly the great Mr. Newton himself deigned to praise them. In the epitaph on his uncle, Ashley Cowper, he draws so fine a character that one can only hope the facts were as true as doubtless the writing was sincere.

The lines on his mother's picture are not so much poetry as the simple expression of his thoughts by a poet, which many will hold to be the same thing. How fresh and natural are such recollections as the following :

Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly
laid ;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionery plum ;
The fragrant waters on my cheek bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and
glowed.

Pope has some equally genuine lines, in another style, on his own mother. When he prayed that the tender office of rocking the cradle of reposing age, of making languor smile, of exploring the thought, and of explaining the asking eye, might long engage him, he spoke from the heart, for he had proved himself a devoted son. Mrs. Pope lived happily under her son's roof till the age of ninety-three. She was forty-eight when she gave birth to Alexander—in the year of the glorious revolution. Pope's panegyric on his father may be described as the truth well put. Old Mr. Pope was in no sense a remarkable man ; and his son accordingly makes the most of his negative virtues. Marrying in his own sphere of life, he is praised for not having married discord in a noble wife. Then he is described as a stranger to civil and religious rage—

No courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
Nor dared an oath, nor hazarded a lie.

Quite so ; and for the best of reasons. Mr. Pope was a Roman Catholic, and extremely timid. The only course for honest men of his creed in the days of the penal laws was to keep quiet, if they valued their lands or their necks. There was no choice for them but between self-effacement and a life of plots and conspiracies. Even Pope's reputation, and the fact that he was only a Catholic in name, might not always have saved him from persecution, as he

acknowledges, but for the good-nature of the government. Pope senior pushed prudence to such a degree that he was afraid to invest in the funds lest Parliament should one day take to raising money by confiscating all the seizable personalty of Papists. He had amassed a fortune of about £20,000 as a linen-draper, and, in the fashion of a ruder age, locked up this sum in a strong box. The greater part he spent before his death.

"For they said, He is beside himself." Who said? His kinsmen, of course. Not only is the prophet too often without honor among those who should appreciate him best, but he may find it the hardest struggle of all to persuade them of his honesty or sanity. Mahomet blessed the name of Khadijah because she believed in him when no one else did. In truth, he might well have taken heart from the moment he had succeeded in convincing his wife. Had his first spouse been the petulant beauty who made light of Khadijah as old and ugly, the Crescent might never have been reared against the Cross, and history might be an entirely different book. When Joan of Arc determined to accomplish the deliverance of France, the first and most formidable opposition she had to encounter arose from her parents. They said they would rather see her drowned than exposed to the contamination of a camp. They seem to have scarcely had common faith in their daughter. Finally, it was an uncle—not her father—who consented to take her to Vaucouleurs to see the Sire de Baudricourt. The remainder of her task was comparatively easy. Only the first step cost trouble—the step across her own threshold. A homelier instance of the domestic difficulties of genius is found in the life of Mme. d'Arblay. Ere she was sixteen, Frances Burney had written a good deal, chiefly short stories for the amusement of her sisters. Her step-mother, however, disapproved of these literary recreations, and administered some good-humored lectures on the subject. Fanny proved a dutiful child. Not content with relinquishing her favorite pursuit, she burned all her manuscripts. Perhaps the world did not lose so much after all. "Evelina" appeared when the author

was twenty-six years of age. Alexandre Dumas the elder long remained sceptical of his son's powers as a writer. He is said to have been finally converted by a perusal of "*Les Aventures de Quatre Femmes et d'un Perroquet*," published when young Dumas was twenty-two.

Milton's father attempted to dissuade him from the cultivation of poetry.

Nec tu vatis opus divinum despice carmen . .

Nec tu perge, precor, sacras contemnere Musas. . .

The old gentleman possibly wished his son to be a good scrivener and no more. But this has been the common fate of bards. A quainter, though by no means an extraordinary, example of mistaken projects for a son is seen in the case of Hampden. His mother pressed him in his youth to ask for a peerage, which no doubt a man of his birth and wealth could have obtained of James I. for the asking—and the paying. Hampden could have rendered good service in the House of Lords, but the acceptance of honors from the king must have more or less attached him to the Court party. With all his honesty he might have been led to see many things with a different eye. The course of our annals need not necessarily have changed for that; but who knows? Suppose Hampden a peer, and, for his abilities and firmness, the trusted minister of Charles as well as James. Suppose Hampden convinced that the power of Parliament required checking, and that the Crown should persist in the attempt to raise taxes on its own authority, who would have resisted the writ of ship-money? If one might hazard a guess, one would answer, Thomas Wentworth. Having Hampden on its side, the government might have taken no trouble to win over Wentworth, or have felt that there was not room for both in one party. And we may depend upon it, Wentworth was determined to make himself a name.

Brougham's mother showed more wisdom than Hampden's. When she heard that Henry was Chancellor, she quietly said, "It's well, but for my part I had rather he had remained Mr. Brougham, and member for the county of York." The peculiar distinction of representing the undivided county of York would

have ceased with the passing of the Reform Bill, but Brougham could not have been shelved by the Whigs in 1835 had he retained the facilities for making himself troublesome which a seat in the House of Commons alone could give. It may have been some foreboding of the future which in 1830 caused him to manoeuvre for the Mastership of the Rolls, then tenable by a member of the Lower House. But it was felt that such an arrangement would have left him too powerful.

John Paul Richter's mother seconded her son in remarkable fashion. While he was yet waiting for fame, working steadily but gaining little, she was not satisfied with making their home as tidy and comfortable as might be, but toiled hard to earn a little money by spinning. Her receipts were duly entered in a book, from which one learns that for the month of March 1793, they amounted to two florins, fifty-one kreutzers, three pfennings—about four shillings in all. She had her reward. In 1796 came the brilliant success of "Hesperus," and when the widow Richter died (in the following year) she was happy in the knowledge that Germany at length ac-

knowledgeed John Paul for one of her great men.

It would be difficult to lay down a single proposition on the subject of heredity to which just exception might not be taken, but the fact about which one may feel surest seems to be the influence of the mother, whether consciously or unconsciously exercised. An unpleasant illustration appears in the characters of Letitia Bonaparte and Napoleon. She was sly, not to say given to fibs. He has been described as "the most colossal liar that ever lived." Readers of their Bibles need not go to secular history. Rebekah and Jacob offer a parallel case. But in nine cases out of ten the influence is for good. About the only mistake in Mr. Reade's delightful novel of "Hard Cash" consists in his making Mrs. Dodd pray that her son might never be a brave man like his father. What true mother would utter such a prayer? "Either this or upon this" has the more genuine ring; and if Englishwomen forbear to repeat a modern equivalent of the words to their soldier-sons, it is in the proud consciousness that no such lesson is needed.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

ENGLAND.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

LAND of my fathers' love, my fathers' race,
How long must I in weary exile sigh
To meet thee, O my Empress, face to face,
And kiss thy radiant robes, before I die!

O England, to my creed, the humblest dust
Beside thy haunted shores and shadowy streams
Is touched by memories and by thoughts august,
By golden histories and majestic dreams!

O England, to my mood, thy lowliest flower
Feeds on the smiles of some transcendent sky,
Thy frailest fern-leaf shrines a spell of power:
Ah! shall I walk thy woodlands ere I die?

Thy sacred places, where dead heroes rest,
By temples set in ivied twilights deep;
Thy fragrant fields, topped by the skylark's crest;
Thy hidden waters, breathing balms of sleep;

Thy castled homes, and granges veiled afar
 In antique dells; thy ruins hoar and high;
 Thy mountain tarns, each like a glittering star,—
 Shall I behold these wonders ere I die?

Thine opulent towns, throned near the subject main,
 Girt by great fleets, their weary canvas furled,
 Deep-laden argosies, through storm and strain,
 Borne from the utmost boundaries of the world:

O'er all, thy London! . . . every stone with breath
 Indued to question, counsel, or reply,—
 City of mightiest life and mightiest death,
 Shall I behold these marvels ere I die?

But most I yearn, in body as in heart, to bow
 Before our England's poets strong and wise,
 Watch some grand thought uplift the Laureate's brow,
 And flash or fade in Swinburne's fiery eyes!

And other glorious minstrels would I greet,
 Bound to my life by many a rhythmic tie:
 When shall I hear their welcomes frankly sweet,
 And clasp their cordial hands before I die?

Fair blow the breezes! . . . high are sail and steam!
 Soon must I mark fair England's brightening lea;
 Fulfilled at length the large and lustrous dream
 Which lured me long across the summer sea!

Alas! . . . a ghostly triumph! . . . false as vain!
 O'er dreary hills the gaunt pines sob and sigh;
 Pale is my dream, pierced through by bodeful pain:
England! I shall not see thee ere I die!

—*Belgravia Magazine.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

UNDER THE SUN. By Phil. Robinson. With a Preface by Edwin Arnold. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

When the author of a new book is heralded as "the new English humorist," the proverbial infrequency of angels' visits immediately suggesting itself to the mind, one instinctively wipes his critical spectacles a second time and adjusts them with more than usual precision for a careful examination of the phenomenal appearance. Mr. Robinson's volume comes to us recommended by the English critics with unusual warmth and enthusiasm. They have already discovered in it the likeness of Charles Lamb, of White, of Selborne, of Thoreau, and of Oliver Wendell Holmes, and "suggestions" of many others. One writer even ventures to express the belief that the shades of Addison and old Isaac Walton smile benignantly upon this new can-

didate for membership in their happy brotherhood. Happily for Mr. Robinson, however, the reader very soon finds upon opening this daintily bound book, that his merits are such as not to be fairly determined by the comparative method. His qualities as a writer of charming sketches in a new field are delightfully his own, and it is the individuality, not the equality, of his excellence that will win for him a place on the choice shelf beside these "literary magnificos" with whom his admirers have hastened to name him. It is pleasant to have the warm commendation of Mr. Arnold, but without the assurances of his preface these sketches would have easily secured a hearty welcome from all lovers of delightful literature.

Mr. Robinson is an Anglo-Indian who has become thoroughly familiar with the characteristic features of the land of fables and

burning sunshine, and he writes as from an overflow of abundant resources. His pictures of every-day life and scenes in India are drawn with an exceedingly delicate touch and enlivened by a rich and cultivated fancy. Nothing of their kind could be more nearly perfect than the descriptions of the Indian seasons, "The Hot Weather," "The Rains," and "The Cold Weather," bringing one into harmony and sympathy with surroundings which would inevitably be uninteresting, if not wholly repellent, as described by the ordinary historian. But the author's chief interest is in natural history and his most charming sketches are of the animal world. Nothing that has life is too insignificant to attract his attention and win his affection. He loves to think of the things of "the speechless world as races of fellow-creatures that have a very great deal in common with ourselves, but whom the pitiless advance of human interests is perpetually dispossessing, and who are doomed to extinction under the juggernaut of civilization." He writes of frogs, squirrels, monkeys, cats, parrots, and crows, and always in a way to please old and young alike, combining with keen observation a delicate sense of humor. While he studies the life of these "fellow-creatures" earnestly, almost reverently, he never fails to discover some comical or picturesque feature, thus giving us a book of "light and laughing science," as Mr. Arnold happily names it. Nothing escapes his quizzing propensity, from the elephant down to the flies and mosquitoes that swarm about the veranda of his bungalow. The chapters entitled "Monkeys and Metaphysics" and "Cats and Sparrows" are filled with this delightful species of unnatural natural history, as it may be called, and especially in the opening chapter, "In my Indian Garden," the author's fancy is as sportive and many-hued as the bright plumed denizens of his orange and peepul trees. Every page brings its surprises of quaint and humorous observation, and they are the observations, not of a trivial, but of a highly cultivated and thoughtful mind. This combination of a light and airy gracefulness of style with a profound knowledge of the objects of nature characterizes Mr. Robinson's pages throughout. He observes the life in his Indian garden with all the patience of a man of science, and gives us the results of his researches adorned with all the fascinating grace of a man of letters.

Two or three of the longer sketches show that the author can wield a facile pen in quite another direction. "The Man-eating Tree" and "Hunting the Soko" are tales in the weird manner of Poe, appealing through a vivid realism to the sense of the mysterious

and terrible in a remarkably powerful manner. The latter is a story which, like the "Fall of the House of Usher" and De Quincey's "Three Memorable Murders," should not be read by nervous people late at night. Something of the charm exercised by all of these little essays and sketches is undoubtedly due to the newness and strangeness of the scenes, being taken from a field practically unknown; yet we feel sure that Mr. Robinson could not fail to interest his readers with pictures from any field. It is to be hoped that we may be favored with another selection from the sketches in his Indian portfolio.

CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY AND POLITICAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE UNITED STATES.
By Simon Sterne. New York: Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.

A prominent English gentleman, recently returning from a five months' trip in the United States, reports to his countrymen that instead of finding, as he had expected, general political enthusiasm among our people, he found politics to be a "close profession." Although this judgment, like so many of the hasty generalizations of foreigners who visit us, may be in some measure unfair, yet it requires only a brief consideration of our political methods to convince one of its essential correctness. If politics is to be made something more than a "close profession" which, for the most part, admits to its full practice only those who have been fitted in a training-school of corruption, it will be accomplished through the diffusion of a more thorough and correct knowledge of the fundamental principles of government. The frequency with which books upon the Constitution have issued from the press during the past year would seem to indicate a quickened and increasing interest in governmental affairs, and a still more significant fact, perhaps, is the introduction of political history into the schools as a regular part of the course of systematic study in history. Mr. Sterne has apparently prepared his work with the double purpose of meeting this desire for information and of arousing a more vigorous criticism of political and legislative movements among the intelligent classes who stand aloof from practical politics, but with whom reforms must originate if at all. That he thoroughly believes in the necessity for reform is shown by the following rather melancholy summary of our political affairs, with which he closes his preface: "The methods of legislation are woefully defective, primitive, and corrupt; the existing system of representation is faulty, inharmonious, and unphilosophical; the tariff legislation, a mass of injustice and incongruities, resulting in the collection of revenue at

the highest possible expense to the consumer. Municipal government is a prey to jobbery and venality of every description. The Civil Service goes by favor, not by merit, and political parties divide upon all conceivable questions except those of principle, and unite in almost every attack upon the public purse or against personal rights in form of monopoly interests." The remedy for these lamentable evils, Mr. Sterne believes, is in "an honest, earnest, and persistent appeal to the good sense of the people," which has in the past been able to cope with evils even more formidable than these.

The plan of this book differs widely from that of most books of its kind. A brief account of the origin of the Constitution is followed by a clear and concise statement of its leading provisions, as interpreted by the Supreme Court, with frequent illustrations of their application. Next in order are two chapters, entitled respectively "The Post-constitutional History of the United States" and "Current Questions Productive of Changes in the Constitution," which occupy nearly one half of the space and constitute in reality the most important part of the author's work. In these chapters the two great political parties are criticised in a bold and unsparing manner. Mr. Sterne evidently believes that the severest chastisement that can be administered to either party is a bald statement of the facts of its recent history. The great license assumed by the Republican party in construing the Constitution during the war and the reconstruction period is clearly illustrated, and the "carpet-bag" governments of the South and those institutions known as the "Returning Boards" are described in a manner that is anything but complimentary to their originators. Among the current questions which are discussed at length are the "spoils" system, the Chinese difficulty, governmental control of the railroads, the granting of public lands to private corporations, the navigation laws, the tariff system, and the admission of Cabinet officers to seats in the House of Representatives. A chapter is added upon "State Constitutions," and an appendix contains the full text of the Articles of Confederation, the Constitution, and the Amendments. A carefully compiled index is also worthy of mention.

Mr. Sterne has been rather sharply censured already for what is regarded as his lack of discretion and good taste in presenting such an unfavorable account of our political affairs in a book apparently intended for the English market; but it is doubtful whether any account of leading political events during the past ten years could be written, with strict adherence to the facts, which would present a very flattering picture to the thoughtful for-

eigner. Moreover, Mr. Sterne would evidently maintain that to write honestly about fraud and corruption is to call them by their right names, regardless of any considerations of public or private policy. To those who believe, or appear to believe, that the machinery of government was invented for promoting, not the "general welfare," but the particular welfare of the members of a "close profession," his book will be exceedingly offensive. Critical zeal occasionally betrays him into a tone of bitterness which is hardly in keeping with the calmness of history, but the sincerity of his convictions and the general fairness of his statements cannot be denied. Portions of his book would serve the advocates of reform a good purpose as a campaign document. The verbal infelicities which are of frequent occurrence are much to be regretted, for some of which, however, the printer is undoubtedly responsible.

THE HISTORY OF THE ANCIENT BRITONS. By Thomas W. Powell, Author of "Analysis of American Law" and "The Law of Appellate Proceedings." Delaware, Ohio: T. C. O'Kane.

This is a work of nearly five hundred closely printed pages, upon the preparation of which incalculable labor has been bestowed, and it deserves the attention of all who are interested in the early development of the English people. The study of this subject has occupied the leisure hours of the author during the better part of a long lifetime, and the diligence and care with which he has gathered his material is attested by the vast array of foot-notes containing citations from writers of almost every age and nation, in support of the theories which he advances. His conclusions are in some respects original and widely at variance with the generally accepted views of the leading historians, especially concerning the much-disputed origin of the ancient Britons. There is a romantic interest attaching to these early possessors of western Europe which is even deeper than the enthusiasm inspired by the legends of Arthur, Cadwallon, and Llewellyn. So far as authentic history is concerned, they have been left practically without a habitation and a name, until the era of Roman conquests among the northern barbarians, when Roman scholars began to venture beyond the Alps with calamus in hand. Who were these early wanderers in Europe, who came to be known as Celts? Whence and when did they come to England? Mr. Powell grapples boldly with these difficult problems, and he has gleaned from every possible source facts that serve to illustrate the obscurities of this prehistoric period. If the reader is not willing

to accept the solutions here offered, he will certainly be grateful to the author for the carefully collected materials, upon which he may base his own judgments.

Perhaps the most interesting and important feature of the work is the refutation of some of the widely-accepted theories as to the part which should be assigned to the Celtic race in the formation of the English people. Mr. J. R. Green maintains, in his "History of the English People," that the Saxons so completely exterminated the original Britons that they were able to build up their own institutions in a practically unoccupied country, free from all contamination with the natives. Mr. Wright, on the other hand, maintains that the inhabitants of Cornwall and Wales are not descended from the ancient Britons at all. In either case the aim is to show that English life and character are independent of Celtic influence. These theories, Mr. Powell declares to be the "most flagrant violation and falsification of history to be anywhere found," and he presents very strong historic evidence in support of his view of the question. The rapid advancement of the Saxons in the arts of civilization, as compared with the kindred tribes left behind upon the continent, was directly due, he believes, to the mingling of the two races in England. So thorough and continuous was this mingling that, Mr. Green to the contrary notwithstanding, it would be almost impossible to find an Englishman who has not more or less Celtic blood in his veins, even to the reigning Queen, who is Queen simply by virtue of a few drops of Celtic blood that have come down to her through the Tudor and Stuart lines. Mr. Powell combats vigorously the prejudices of those who boast of their Saxon lineage, prejudices which often amount to hate and malignity, and which have betrayed historians into gross misrepresentation and calumny. Indeed, instead of the name Anglo-Saxon, which was never a true name, we should call ourselves Anglo-Britons, a name which would at least have the merit of historic accuracy.

The narrative deals mainly with the early periods of English history, but a sketch is given of the Celtic portions of the British kingdom down to the present time, thus forming a fairly complete history of the Celtic race. An appendix contains several valuable notes upon certain "Errors in History," chief of which is the argument of Gibbon concerning the birthplace of St. Helena, the mother of Constantine. The author establishes a strong probability that she was a native of Britain. The volume contains several maps, and also illustrations of Celtic religion and art.

KINLEY HOLLOW. A novel. By G. H. Hollister. New York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

The story of Kinley Hollow is intended to illustrate the life of New England at the beginning of this century, and as an aid to the realization of a state of society of which the last vestiges are rapidly disappearing, it will be found exceedingly interesting and valuable. The scene is laid in Connecticut, near New London, and the cast of characters is made up from the notables of a small country village. The prevailing theme of the story is religion, and the life of the community into which the reader is introduced is centred about the church and its immediate relations. The minister and his two deacons are leading characters, and are made to represent in their conduct and character as many differing phases of the Puritan theology. The noble, gentle, and liberal-minded Dr. Stanyan is sharply contrasted with the cold, harsh Deacon Everett, who holds to the extreme rigidity of his uncompromising creed; while in the character of Deacon Trowbridge, a vociferous and sanctimonious show of beliefs and doctrines is made the cloak for a selfish, unscrupulous, and vindictive nature. A revival, an auction, a jury trial, an ecclesiastical court, instituted for the trial of the minister on a charge of heresy, are all described in a picturesque manner and at times with much dramatic power. The character-drawing throughout is remarkably clear and vigorous, and some of the characters are almost unique in their excellence. It is a long time since anything better of its kind has appeared than the sheriff, Oliver Cromwell Bramble, with his Yankee dialect and quaint mixture of wit, shrewdness, and piety; and "Grandfather Barker," who has a weakness for auctions and for Shakespeare, is perpetually denouncing his favorite enemies, Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Pope, and expresses, in season and out of season, his Episcopalian prejudices against Calvinism, is one of the happiest of the author's creations. Indeed, these two characters alone are good enough to make the success of the novel. The troublesome stream of love which runs through the story is its least pleasing feature, and the rivalries of the young students from Yale form only a subordinate part of the interest. There are many descriptive passages which reveal much more than the ordinary appreciation of natural beauty. The reader will find many charming places while following the hero in his frequent rambles about the rugged ledge that overlooks Kinley Hollow, and beside the mossy-banked brook that dances along at its base.

SOCIAL EQUALITY: A Short Study in a Missing Science.* By W. H. Mallock. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

This is a book which may well puzzle the critic. Can it be an elaborate mystification? Mr. Mallock is a very clever man; and it is possible that he manages to take himself seriously as a political reasoner. Yet it seems unkind to make such an assumption needlessly. The book forms a very fair squib. It has the same kind of likeness to a treatise by Mr. Spencer that a certain very clever sermon had to a production of the Master of Balliol. It imitates all the forms of logic, and parodies the dogmatic arrogance often imputed to men of science. Mr. Mallock alternately patronizing and pooh-poohing Mr. Herbert Spencer, and Buckle and Adam Smith, and Louis Blanc and Mr. Bright, amusing himself with their errors, commending their happier guesses, and comparing himself at one time to Mr. Darwin, at another to the "Angel sent to Balaam," is really giving a very pretty example of his own skill as a caricaturist. Moreover, he adopts explicitly the doctrines which he has been in the habit of condemning as materialistic, fatalist, cynical, and so forth, and it may therefore be inferred that he is simply acting the part of his antagonists for the purpose of making them ridiculous. Yet we hold that Mr. Mallock is serious, and shall venture to treat him accordingly, even though he may be the first to turn round and laugh at us as dupes of his clever imposture.

Mr. Mallock announces himself as the constructor of a new science. It is a curious science, indeed, inasmuch as it consists of a single proposition, and that proposition, according even to its propounder, a truism. However, Mr. Mallock tells us that great discoveries have often consisted in putting familiar facts in a new light, which is the case with Darwin and himself. We must, therefore, look at his theory a little nearer. The "missing science" which he is kind enough to supply is nothing less than the science of human character. Before Mr. Mallock nobody had perceived that political or social doctrines implied some knowledge of human nature. This slightly amazing assertion requires explanation; and we may say briefly that it seems to rest upon a misunderstanding of the doctrine to which Buckle gave prominence—not, it must be admitted, in unexceptionable language. Buckle said that we could ascertain truths about the actions of aggregates or of the average man, though we could not ascertain such truths about individual components of

the aggregate. We could know that so many people would commit suicide in a year, though we could not say whether a given person would commit suicide. Mr. Mallock apparently takes this as a denial that the individual acts from motives, and he therefore takes some trouble to prove that venerable proposition. Buckle was the last man to deny it. It is, however, another question whether we can obtain anything like a scientific theory of motive; and this is the point upon which Mr. Mallock supposes himself to have improved upon Buckle. How far he has really improved may be inferred from the proposition which he endeavors to establish. His doctrine is first stated in this form: that "all productive labor that rises above the lowest is always motivated by the desire for social inequality." It afterward appears, together with its proof, in another shape. The cause of civilization "has always been the desire of or else the pressure of inequality." The cause absent, civilization has been absent; with its decline civilization has declined. Therefore "any social changes that tend to abolish inequalities will tend also to destroy or diminish our civilization." Here is Mr. Mallock's "science" in a nutshell. We will briefly discuss its value.

First, however, let us observe that, true or false, it is not a scientific theory of character. Mr. Mallock himself explicitly declares that it admits of "one exception." Artistic production is not, he says, always due to the motive assigned. He admits implicitly another vast exception. His theory is not applicable to "productive labor of the lowest kind"—a vague class which he does not take the trouble to define. Hence by his own showing the proposition is only true, as Buckle said was the case with all such propositions, of the average man. In fact, his last form of statement is the most tenable. The statement that civilization goes along with inequality may possibly be scientific, for it is at least laid down as absolutely true, and not admitted by its author to be subject to an indefinite variety of exceptions. A proposition is not "scientific" (though Mr. Mallock does not seem to have any clear understanding of what science means) so long as it is a mere rough empirical truth. It becomes scientific only when it admits of being at least an approximate statement of an unconditional law. The assertion affects to be such a statement in its last form alone; but in that form it is not a psychological theory at all, for it tells us nothing as to the laws of character in virtue of which a desire for inequality is necessary to civilization. Mr. Mallock's "science of character" has therefore the peculiarity that on the very face of it it lays down no scientific proposition about character whatever.

* "Social Equality: a Short Study in a Missing Science." By W. H. Mallock. (London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1882.)

We do not insist upon this merely to illustrate the looseness of Mr. Mallock's logic, but because it may lead the way to explain his very simple-minded sophistry. His proposition—taken as a description of social, not of individual, phenomena—may be regarded as a very vague statement of an obvious truth. Mr. Herbert Spencer has expounded at great length the process of social evolution, by differentiation and integration and so forth; and there can be no doubt that all such evolution implies some kind of inequality at every step. Organization means a separation of functions. And therefore Mr. Mallock would be justified in saying roughly that society could not be evolved without an evolution of many inequalities. But when he takes this most harmless and vague statement and turns it into a psychological theory, and as giving the sole motive to progress, he is forced to invent the queerest psychology we remember to have met.

What makes people desire inequality? Most people want more than their share. Therefore, says Mr. Mallock, they want it because it is more than their share. Let us see. A child wants the whole jam-pot. Is it because the child wants to be better off than its brothers? Surely it is because the child wants to satisfy its own appetite for jam, and does not care enough for the satisfaction of its brothers' appetite to restrain its own greediness. It would want the jam just as much, or perhaps more, if its brothers had gone out to tea. When there is too little jam for the family there will be a scramble; the strongest will get most; and this will therefore be inequality. But the inequality is not desired in itself, though inequality is the necessary result of the disproportion between appetite and supply. The inequality is not, in other words, the efficient cause of the desire, but the incident of the working of desires under certain conditions. This simple bit of psychology seems to be beyond Mr. Mallock. At any rate it is fatal to theory. This appears at once when we look at his reasoning.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE author of "Hogan, M.P.," is engaged upon, and will shortly publish, a translation of Prosper Mérimée's "Colomba."

THE centenary of the Swedish poet Esaias Tegner is to be celebrated by a translation into German of his complete works.

THE second volume of Mr. C. A. Fyffe's "History of Modern Europe" is nearly ready for publication. It covers the period from 1814 to 1848.

A MARBLE slab has been placed in the house in Paris, at the corner of the rue des Jardins-Saint-Paul, in which Rabelais is reported to have died.

DR. GEORGE MACDONALD will shortly publish, with Messrs. Sampson Low, a volume of essays, chiefly on literary subjects, to which he has given the not very pleasing title of "Oris."

A NEW word has been added to the French language. This is "interviewer," used as a verb, not as a noun, which has been called into existence by the press in connection with M. de Lesseps.

THE fourth volume has just appeared (Paris: Germer Baillière) of the "Histoire illustrée du Second Empire, with sixty illustrations, including several from the pencil of M. Frédéric Régamey. It comes down to the end of 1866.

DR. BERNHARD STUDER, Professor of Geology at the University of Bern, the French chemists MM. Boussingault and Bertholet, the Roman archaeologist Sig. Fiorelli, and the astronomer Struve, of Pulkowa, have been nominated by the German Emperor foreign knights *pour le mérite*.

AN Austrian paper announces that Prince Nicholas of Montenegro is about to publish a drama in three acts, in verse. The piece is entitled "The Empress of the Balkans," and is in Servian; but it is added that the author contemplates translating it into French.

M. MIGNET, the veteran historian, who is now in his eighty-seventh year, has intimated his intention of resigning the office of permanent secretary to the Académie des Sciences morales et politiques. It is thought that M. Jules Simon will probably be chosen as his successor.

AN historical and ethnological society has been founded at Athens whose aim will be to do for the middle ages and modern times what the Archaeological Society does for ancient Greece. It is proposed to establish a museum for the reception of all kinds of historic objects, including MSS. and other documents.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & CO. will publish almost immediately an *édition de luxe* of Mr. R. D. Blackmore's masterpiece, "Lorna Doone," being the twentieth edition in a period of eighteen years. It will have full-page illustrations of scenes, events, characters, etc., from drawings made on the spot by Mr. W. Small, and engraved by Mr. J. D. Cooper; and also head-pieces and initial letters by Mr. W. H. J. Boot, consisting of views in Devon and Somerset.

M. TOURGUÉNIEF's numerous admirers will be delighted to hear that a decided improvement has taken place in his health. One of his friends who paid him a visit last week at Bougival, near Paris, where he possesses a charming *dacha*, or summer residence, on the slope of a hill crowned by shady woods, found him able to move about a little, and to converse as brilliantly as ever. He is for the present restricted to a milk diet; but he looks forward to a return to an ordinary fashion of life, and even to a possible visit to Russia next year. The novel which he was to have finished this summer has been laid aside for the present, but his visitor found him engaged upon a shorter story, which will probably appear in the *Vestnik Evropy* of St. Petersburg.—*Athenaeum*.

THE twenty-fifth anniversary of the death of Auguste Comte was celebrated at Paris on September 5th. A large number of his disciples met at his grave in Père-la-Chaise at ten in the morning, where a discourse was delivered by M. Lagarrigue, of Chili, who dwelt upon the international character of Positivism. In the afternoon, a meeting was held in Comte's house, rue Monsieur le Prince, at which M. Lafitte, the French director, gave an address, mainly devoted to Comte's institution of a systematic education in the sciences. In the evening there was a large dinner at the Palais Royal, at which many workmen and their wives were present. The English Positivists were represented by Dr. J. H. Bridges and Mr. Frederic Harrison, among others.

SCIENCE AND ART.

WHAT IS DEW?—Dew is a moisture of the atmosphere deposited on a cool surface—another form of condensation, in fact. Cold water in a tumbler will produce a "dew" upon the outside of the glass when carried into a warm atmosphere. Such is the dew upon the grass. It is produced by the air depositing moisture as it becomes colder after a warm day, when much vapor was absorbed. Warm air can hold more water than cold air, and the saturation point being reached, the excess falls as dew, at the dew (or saturation) point. It should be remarked that one use of clouds was to prevent rapid radiation of heat which it keeps below. Under these circumstances—viz., when a night is cloudy—we shall find much less dew upon the grass than when a night has been quite clear, because the heat has left the atmosphere for the higher regions, and has then been kept down by the clouds; but on a clear night the air has become cooled rapidly by radiation, and, having

arrived at saturation point, condensation takes place. Dew does not fall, it is deposited; and may be more or less according to circumstances, for shelter impedes the radiation, and some objects radiate less heat than others. Hence some objects will be covered with dew and others scarcely wetted.—*Scientific Recreations*.

A NEW TELEPHONE.—It is known to be advantageous to utilize both poles of a magnet in the telephone. How should the wire be placed, relatively to the magnet, to give the best effect? is an important question. M. d'Arsonval has lately become convinced by experiment that in the two-pole telephones (as those of Gower, Siemens, Ader, etc.), the really active part of the wire is that lodged between the magnetic poles. The rest of the wire may be regarded as mere useless resistance. The point, then, is to have the whole coil between the poles. M. d'Arsonval, accordingly, makes a telephone with a bent bar-magnet, one pole of which terminates in a short cylindrical piece, with a coil round it, while the other terminates in a ring piece, surrounding the coil. These two poles are in the same plane and very near the plate. The complete instrument is very light, yet it is said to transmit the voice with extreme distinctness and with such force that, if a trumpet mouthpiece be added, one can easily hear throughout a room.

PHOTOGRAPHING EXPLOSIONS.—The United States engineers recently photographed the explosion of a wreck, which was blown to pieces by submarine charges of dynamite, to ascertain, among other things, how long the spectacle really lasted. The result was exceedingly interesting. There were six cameras employed, and the instant of the explosion, as also the several instants when the exposures were made by shutter, were electrically timed by a chronograph. A photograph taken one tenth of a second after the explosion showed the vessel broken, and a column of water 70 feet high; a photograph secured 1/5 second after the instant of explosion showed a column of water 160 feet high; a third photograph, taken 2/3 seconds after, showed the column at its full height of 180 feet, while fragments of wreckage were in the air, but none had fallen to disturb the surface of the water; a fourth picture, taken 3/3 seconds after, showed the column falling, and the surface of the water disturbed; while a fifth photograph, secured 4/3 seconds after, showed that all was over.—*Photographic News*.

NEW SAFETY LAMP.—At a recent meeting of the Paris Société d'Encouragement M. Gruner drew attention to the miner's lamp in-

vented by Herr Birkel, engineer at the Pechelbroun Colliery, which is intended to remedy the disadvantage possessed by lamps having a short glass cylinder below the wire gauze, of only indicating the presence of gas, and of requiring almost constant watching when danger is apprehended. The Birkel lamp has a glass cylinder below the gauze, which latter is completely covered by a double case of sheet tin. The outer case slides upon the inner, which is fastened to the gauze. For the entrance of air, and the exit of the products of combustion, the tin cases are provided with apertures which may be opened to a greater or less extent, or closed entirely, by turning the outer case. If the width of these apertures be brought, by turning the outer case, to 6 or 7 millimetres (0.236 or 0.276 inch), the air which can enter is not sufficient to support combustion when the atmosphere becomes explosive, and the lamp goes out immediately. In practice, the miner will generally prefer to leave the apertures at their normal width when merely passing through a few puffs of explosive gas, rather than be plunged at once into darkness.

DYEING BY ELECTROLYSIS.—At the recent Paris electrical exhibition a glass-case full of beautiful aniline dyes, prepared by the action of the electric current on aniline salts, attracted considerable attention. It represented the products of a new industry and the inventor of the process, M. Goeppelsroeder, of Mulhouse, was awarded a gold medal for his researches. This ingenious chemist has quite lately extended his experiments in the direction of dyeing, and he is now able to form and fix aniline dyes within the tissues of cloth or paper fabrics by the action of the electric current. These dyes can be formed of various tints, and according to any pattern. The cloth is placed between two metal plates, and steeped in a solution of the aniline salt to be decomposed. For a black color he uses the chlohydrate. An electric current is sent through the cloth from one plate to the other by connecting the two plates to the two poles of a voltaic battery or a small dynamo-electric generator. One of the plates has the desired pattern or inscription cut in relief on its under side, that is to say, the side next the fabric; and the current decomposing the salt along the projecting lines of the engraved plate, leaves a black pattern of the design within the tissues of the cloth. The colors are fast, and will not wash out. By a similar process colors already on the cloth can be effaced entirely or blanched in certain places according to a determined pattern. M. Goeppelsroeder is actively pursuing his experiments, and may discover new results.

MISCELLANY.

THE POISON OF MUSHROOMS.—Professor Ponfick, of Breslau, has lately made experiments on the common mushroom, of which the following are the results. All common mushrooms are poisonous, but cooking deprives them, more or less, of their poisonous qualities. The repeated washing with cold water which they usually undergo to clean them takes away a portion of the poison, and boiling does the rest; but the water in which they have been boiled is highly poisonous, and should always be carefully got rid of. Experiments made on dogs showed that if a dog ate 1 per cent of its own weight of raw mushrooms it fell sick, but recovered; if it ate $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent the poison had a more violent but not fatal effect; and if it ate 2 per cent it was inevitably fatal. The water in which mushrooms had been boiled was far more poisonous than even the raw mushrooms, while the mushrooms thus boiled could be taken without hurt to the amount of 10 per cent of the weight of the dog's body. Washing with cold water does not remove all the poison, so that mushrooms thus prepared are poisonous when taken in large quantities. Dried mushrooms are still dangerous for from twelve to twenty days, and also the water in which they have been boiled. They require to be dried for at least a whole month, and are only really safe after four months' drying.

COFFEE AS AN ANTISEPTIC.—Mr. W. J. Hammond, Engineer, and General Manager of the Western São Paulo Railway Company, Brazil, bears pleasant witness to the virtues of coffee, and strongly denounces the use of adulterants. Many people will be able to indorse his high opinion of the value of "strong pure black coffee as a stimulant when the body is run down through physical labor;" but his assertion that, beyond this stimulating power, coffee has great disinfecting properties, and is used by many who have to travel through miasmatic districts as a preventive against fevers, will be new to many. He states that the Rev. Father Kenelm Vaughan, who but a few years back made a journey by land from Panama down to the River Plate, passing in and among and over the Andes during a space of three years, used coffee only as a stimulant, although he had once to run the gauntlet through a long rock-bound valley in Columbia, in which the water remained stagnant year after year, and the narrowness of the gorge prevented sufficient sunlight and heat entering to dispel the vapors. When asked what he took in this horrible place, called by the natives by the significant name of "Valley of Death," he replied—"Why, coffee, of course!" This

same gentleman also reports that since the natives in the pestilent districts near Guayaquil in Ecuador have substituted coffee for their former beverages the death-rate has fallen very considerably.—*Colonies and India*.

THE VOICE OF LIZARDS.—A correspondent writes to *Land and Water*: "During the last few weeks I have seen it discussed in the columns of the public press whether lizards are voiceless; also if they possess venomous organs. Some years since, when at Moulmein with my lamented friend, the late Dr. F. Stoliczka (where we were engaged in collecting zoölogical objects), the latter question arose regarding the large *Tuck-too* lizard, so common in all dwellings in that country, and to the bite of which some Burmese attribute venomous qualities. They likewise assert that every succeeding year following their birth the number of *too's* at the end of its speech increases by one more, so that at four years old, when giving tongue, it would vociferate '*Tuck-too-too-too-too*.' Everybody who has been in Burmah (unless deaf) must be acquainted with the voice of the *Tuck-too*, while the little 'cheep' of the wall-lizard may be heard anywhere in the East. The succeeding Sunday I went to church, where the service was attended by the civil and military officials, as well as by the rank and fashion of the station. The chaplain, having completed the service, had entered the pulpit prior to commencing his sermon, when a curious interruption occurred. The text was duly enunciated, and the padre was about to begin his discourse, when a large *Tuck-too* appeared on a desk just below his reverence, and lifting up its head in front of the congregation, showed that it possessed a voice, by giving an unearthly *tuck-too-too-too-too*, every succeeding *too* apparently louder than the previous one, and a considerable interval elapsing between each. With every call it elevated its head and distended its throat, while during this performance the clergyman had to stop, as his words were drowned by the voice of his lacertilian opponent. That evening, while we were at dinner, and discussing the voice of the *Tuck-too*, regretting that so far we had been unsuccessful in collecting good examples, we heard from one corner of the ceiling one of these lizards commencing his call. We speedily obtained a long bamboo, and by a fortunate stroke knocked the *tuck-too* down. My friend at once pounced upon his prey, but the lizard was active and seized its captor by one finger, inflicting a severe wound. Down went the *tuck-too*, the non-venomous qualities of which were no longer discussed, warm water was brought, the wound well cleansed, and everything done appropriate to a venom-

ous bite, which symptoms fortunately never supervened. During this time our little dog had destroyed the value of the lizard as a specimen by biting it to pieces, in doing which it appeared to think it was avenging its master's injuries, as well as performing an immensely courageous act."

ENGLISH AND FRENCH NOVELISTS.—Which of our novelists, now that Dickens and Thackeray are gone, is as well known throughout Europe as a writer even of the rank of M. Cherbuliez, whom no one would class for a moment with the very greatest writers? Partly from their good fortune in writing in a language which everybody can read, and partly from the peculiar quality of the French mind, which makes their writing almost necessarily more clear-cut, vivid and interesting than that of any other nation, French books are read from Lisbon to St. Petersburg, while ours are kept for home consumption, or at best are pirated by our cousins across the Atlantic. One is bound to admit that, so far as novels go, France deserves her good fortune. There is, of course, a great deal to be said against the matter of French novels, and it is a painful truth that the worst in this respect are the most successful—that M. Zola sells his thousands all over Europe where M. Cherbuliez sells his tens—but when all this is admitted there remains the fact that the average French novelist knows his trade better than the average English novelist, and turns out a better piece of work. On the one hand, he has a keener sense of the artistic necessities of a book; on the other, he takes more trouble. Then, again, it must be remembered, he is not the slave of his publisher and of a vicious system of publication which aims, not at the production of good literature, but at keeping up a bad supply to meet an unhealthy demand. The circulating library is fatal to literature. It encourages "skimming" on the part of the reader and scamping on the part of the writer. An author who writes a novel must write to the orthodox length, must fill three volumes—not because he has of necessity enough to say, but because the trade demand it. It is needless to point out how disastrous this is to all true conceptions of literary work, and how in the end it defeats itself by destroying the habit of buying books. While books are as monstrously dear as they are in England, people will not buy; they will borrow. The dear book and the circulating library are the two clay feet on which the Colossus of the English book trade supports itself. Till they are replaced by something stronger, Colossus will not stand firm.—*London Times*.

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